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CANADA.—POLITICAL JUGGLING.

Mere mechanical sleight of hand, even that of the immortal Ramee Samee, is little wonderful in our estimation. The juggler only cheats others—that is a trifle. Commend us to the man who can cheat himself. And, in the political world, just fix upon the first man you meet, and it is ninety-nine chances to a hundred but he is up to this trick. The best way of shewing how people accomplish this, is to describe a few examples.

In 1815, the Polish nation was assigned to the Emperor of Russia; he pledging himself to preserve their nationality, and respect their peculiar laws and customs. Many years earlier, the Canadians were assigned to Great Britain; and, in addition to sundry and divers royal edicts, an act of Parliament, passed in the year 1791, pledges the governing country to preserve the nationality, and respect the peculiar laws and customs of the governed. By both the Emperor of Russia and the government of Great Britain, these solemn pledges have been violated. By both the Poles and the Canadians of French extraction, recourse has been had to arms, when it was plain that nothing else could avail them. The Poles have been subdued and punished as felons. According to the latest accounts, the Canadians are on the eve of being subdued, and are about to be punished as felons. The nationality of the Poles has been abrogated—they have been forced to adopt the laws and institutions of Russia. The constitution of the Canadians is abolished, (or, to use the Jack-Ketch-like phraseology of diplomacy, *suspended*,) and the laws of England are to be forced upon them. No two cases can be conceived more exactly parallel. Yet the identical "prim praters," who have been making every town and village ring again with well-mouthed denunciations of the Emperor of Russia, and glowing eulogiums of Polish heroism, are encouraging Ministers in the crusade against Canadian liberty. "And why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye? Or how wilt thou say to thy brother, Let me pull out the mote out of thine eye; and, behold, a beam is in thine own eye? Thou hypocrite, first cast out the beam out of thine own eye, and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye." Lord Durham is not the only British statesman who has been taking lessons in the school of the Emperor of Russia.

Again, some years back, a political adventurer (we use the word in its dyslogistic sense) was clever enough to gull the electors of Westminster, for two years, into the belief that he could represent them in Parliament, and at the same time play at soldiers in Spain. It is not, however, to him, but to his ministerial eulogists, that we wish to direct attention. *The Globe*, and all its tribe, were in ecstasies at the heroism of the man who allowed himself to be shot at, for the interests of humanity—and a large sum of money. They indignantly repelled the epithet "mercenary," when applied to him. But no sooner is a hint given that American riflemen may take a part in the disturbances of Canada, than a volley of abuse is opened upon these adventurers *in posse*, by the eulogists of Evans. And yet the parallel between the cases is tolerably exact. In Spain, one portion of the community is for a Constitution, another for Don Carlos: in Canada, one party is for a Constitution, another for British supremacy. In Spain, the Carlists are upheld by the Legitimists of Europe: in Canada, the faction which arrogates to itself the title of the British party, is upheld by the forces of Great Britain. In Spain, the Constitutionalists accepted the services of a foreign legion, and the legionaries were vouched to us as being "all honourable men:" why should not the Canadian Constitutionalists accept, in like manner, the services of an American legion? or why should the circumstance of serving in such a legion, be accounted dishonourable by those who defended and lauded Evans? We admit that the cases are not exactly parallel. There is no necessary community of interest between Great Britain and Spain: on the other hand, it is the interest of every native American, that no spot of that great continent shall be a servile dependency of any European State. The American volunteers in Canada, will be men each acting on his own impulse—lovers of democracy, who come to aid in rearing a new democratic government, and to settle under its protection—"to win a country, or to lose themselves." The legionaries of

Evans were men of a very inferior description; allured by the prospect of pay and plunder, to fight for a time on a foreign soil, for the glory and emolument of an individual, rather than from devotion to a sacred principle. If there be any difference between the bepraised Spanish Legion and the reviled contingent American Volunteers in Canada, that difference is favourable to the latter.

Yet, again:—"The cause for which Hampden bled on the field, and Sydney on the scaffold," is a standing toast with those very Whigs who are denouncing scaffolds and gibbets to the Canadian patriots, and justifying the burning of their stores and houses. Yet John Hampden refused payment of a tax illegally imposed; and the Canadians declared their resolution to resist the unconstitutional transference of the power of taxing them from their own Territorial to the Imperial Parliament. John Hampden called out the militia of Bucks; and Papineau organized the Six Counties. And as to the bugbear of republicanism, what were the political tenets of Algernon Sydney?

It is melancholy to see men playing such tricks with themselves, and loving or hating the same thing, not according to its own merits, but according to the name which they arbitrarily choose to apply to it for the time being. There is but one remedy for it—let in more light upon them. The juggler plays his tricks with most effect in an uncertain light; the self-deluder bewilders himself most effectually in the dim twilight of half knowledge. A few days' study of the "Principles of Morals and Legislation" might serve to steady these waverers between right and wrong, whose feelings are at the mercy of names, and whose election of the just or unjust side of a question depends upon accident. We have thrown out these hints, in the hope that they may excite some to reflection; and we now proceed to a more serious question, connected with the troubles in Canada.

In the month of March last, certain resolutions relative to Canada were submitted to the House of Commons by Lord John Russell, and, after protracted and vehement debates, approved of by an overwhelming majority of that independent and enlightened body. The third of these resolutions affirmed that the House of Assembly of Lower Canada had declined to vote the supplies necessary to carry on the civil government; and the eighth provided—"That, for defraying the arrears due on account of the established and customary charges of the administration of justice, and of the civil government of the said province, it is expedient that, after applying for that purpose such balance as shall, on the said 10th day of April 1837, be in the hands of the Receiver-General of the said province, arising from his Majesty's hereditary, territorial, and casual revenue, the Governor of the said province be empowered to issue from and out of any other part of his Majesty's revenues, in the hands of the Receiver-General of the said province, such farther sums as shall be necessary to effect the payment of the before-mentioned sum of £142,160:14:6." By the constitution of Canada and our own, the only safeguard provided against the assumption of arbitrary power by the Executive, is the power of stopping the supplies. The money necessary to defray the expenses of civil government, is voted from year to year, in order that the representatives of the people may be able to arrest the career of any Executive which uses the power with which it is entrusted to subdue, not to protect the People. The eighth resolution of Lord John Russell deprives the representatives of the people of Canada of this, their only safeguard against despotism. Ministers were aware of this: we have it under the hand of Lord Glenelg. His Lordship writes to Lord Gosford, on the 22d May 1837:—"To avoid the necessity of violating one of the great principles of the Canadian constitution, we have been willing to make every sacrifice, excepting that of the honour of the Crown, and the integrity of the empire." "The honour of the Crown," means the Crown's having its own way in the dispute with the Canadians, instead of yielding to them; and, to ensure this subjection of the Canadians to the will of the Crown, Ministers declare themselves prepared to "violate one of the great principles of the Canadian Constitution." What is this but despotism?

Ministers were, from the very first, aware of the indignation felt by the Canadians at this arbitrary stretch of power. On the 25th of May 1837, Lord Gosford writes to Lord Glenelg:—"I must, however, here observe, that the feeling against the Imperial Parliament authorizing the taking of the money out of the chest, is very strong; and even those who reprobate the withholding of the supplies by the Assembly, cannot refrain from an expression of disapprobation of this part of Lord John Russell's resolutions." In the course of the month of August, Lord Gosford received ample corroboration of this opinion. The House of Assembly, a body elected by almost universal suffrage, met on the 18th of that month. Attempts had previously been made to tamper with the more moderate members. The names of some of them had been forwarded to Great Britain, with a recommendation that they should be nominated members, some of the Executive and some of the Legislative Council. The bait did not take with all. On the 26th of June, Lord Gosford writes:—"With reference to the list of those whom, in my despatch of the 26th April 1836, I recommended for seats in the Legislative Council, recent events have led me to doubt the propriety of placing some of them in that branch of the Legislature." Notwithstanding this and other insidious attempts to "divide and govern"—the tyrant's never-failing refuge—an overwhelming majority of the House of Assembly resolved:—"We have not been able to derive from your Excellency's speech, or from any other source, any motive for departing, even momentarily, from our determination to withhold the supplies until the grievances of the country are redressed."

That, in coming to this resolution, the House expressed the sentiment of an immense majority of the Canadians, a sentiment rooted and enduring, is clear from a despatch of Lord Gosford, dated 12th October 1837 :—" A dissolution offers no prospect of a more reasonable House of Assembly, nor any hope that the new House, which would be composed of a majority of the old members, would recede in any particular from the demands so pertinaciously insisted on by the present body."

In all these proceedings, the deportment of the House of Assembly was alike within the letter and the spirit of the constitution. But Ministers had, from the first, resolved to carry their point, " by violating one of the great principles of the Canadian constitution." They were, from the first, prepared to effect that violation by military force. On the 6th of March, Lord Glenelg writes :—" I trust there is no danger of any public commotion, still less of any armed resistance. But, as a measure of precaution, we shall probably strengthen the military force very shortly, by the temporary addition of two regiments; and the ' Inconstant' frigate will appear in the St Lawrence as soon as the navigation is open." On the 22d of the same month, Lord Glenelg writes again, authorizing Lord Gosford to draw troops from New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. On the 8th of September, Lord Gosford writes :—" Had the executive the power of suspending the Habeas Corpus, it would be in a better position to meet the difficulty." On the 12th of October, he writes :—" The law fails to afford its support; the civil authorities become therefore impotent; the Habeas Corpus Act cannot be suspended." Then, after announcing that a new House of Assembly would be as unmanageable as the old, he proceeds :—" In such circumstances, and seeing that the Imperial Parliament has solemnly and unequivocally stated that it will not accede to the Assembly's demands, I am forced, however reluctantly, to come to the conclusion, that the only practical course now open for conducting the affairs of this province with any benefit to the inhabitants generally, is at once formally to suspend the present constitution, which both parties unite in confessing cannot now be worked, and which has, in fact, for the last twelve months, been virtually suspended; to increase the military force, and to strengthen the hands of the executive, now almost impotent for any good or useful purpose." Nine days later, his Lordship, in order to strengthen himself by " a multitude of counsellors," takes the advice of the Executive Council on this point; who unanimously declare themselves of opinion—" That there is no hope, under existing circumstances, to re-establish the equilibrium of the component parts of the constitution, without the intervention of Parliament." The chain of evidence is clear and unbroken. From the very first, Ministers had resolved, not only to evade the right of the House of Assembly to stop the supplies, but to save themselves future trouble, by depriving it of the power of stopping them. They had resolved to suspend and remodel the Canadian constitution, and put down all remonstrances of the Canadians, by an array of military force. This plan is announced by Lord Glenelg on the 6th of March; this plan is urged by Lord Gosford and his tail on the 19th of October; and every despatch, from either side, during the interim, bears evidence that this plan was unceasingly, coolly, and resolutely kept in view.

The attempt has been made, and will be persisted in, to divert attention from this unjustifiable and pertinacious resolve, to put down the constitution of Lower Canada, by pointing to cotemporary disturbances. Even though these disturbances had been unconnected with the unconstitutional projects of the British Government, and unprovoked, they would afford no palliation for a crime projected previous to their occurrence, and carried into execution without reference to them. But these disturbances were all of them the necessary consequence of the unconstitutional proceedings of Ministers; and those of them which are made the pretext for calling out the military, were deliberately and intentionally provoked by that faction to which are delegated, by our precious rulers, the functions of government in Canada.

The People of Canada felt that their well-grounded complaints had, for a long series of years, been in vain urged upon the home government; they felt that the stoppage of the supplies was the only means they had of enforcing attention, and that they were entitled to use it; they saw that the British Government was resolved not to grant any real redress; and they naturally feared that means would be employed to wrench their constitutional weapon from their hand. It was natural, under such circumstances—the House of Assembly being incompetent to oppose any other than a passive resistance to the Government—that public meetings should be held, and that pretty strong language should be used at these meetings. These constitutional meetings drew forth a proclamation from Lord Gosford, on the 15th of June. In this document his Lordship modestly tells the aggrieved and complaining parties, that their complaints are " untrue and mischievous representations," and " solemnly exhorts" them " to discontinue all writings of an exciting and seditious tendency, and to eschew all meetings of a dangerous or equivocal character." He also calls upon all magistrates, and military officers throughout the province, to be on the alert. This insolent address naturally excited a strong and general feeling of indignation. Many magistrates and officers of militia refused to read it. All who did this were deprived of their commissions. In the beginning of September, legal prosecutions were commenced, with a view to intimidate the Canadians. The Attorney-General, by direction of the Governor, preferred bills of indictment in the Court of King's Bench at Montreal—one against a Dr Duchesnois, for publicly tearing and

treating with contempt the proclamation issued on the 15th of June. Subsequent events have proved that Montreal is a stronghold of the misgoverning faction—that there (as at Birmingham in the days of Priestley) the wealthy and the mob make common cause against the independent of the middle class; but even in Montreal a grand jury could not be found base and servile enough to pervert a court of justice into an instrument of tyranny. The Attorney-General's bills were ignored. In defiance of every dictate of common decency, that functionary immediately filed *ex officio* informations against his victims. The public meetings now began to assume another form. The prorogation of the House of Assembly; the concentration of military force in the province; the dismissal of every popular justice of peace and militia officer; the attempt to stretch legal forms, with a view to attach disproportionate punishments to trifling offences—all contributed to warn the Canadians what they had to expect at the hands of Government. It is not very likely, either, that the recommendations of the Governor and his Council, to "suspend" the constitution, had been kept altogether so secret as such a nefarious project required. On the 1st of October, the Permanent Committee of the County of Two Mountains met, to concert measures of protection and self-defence. On the 4th, the "Sons of Liberty" in Montreal issued an address to the young men in the British American Colonies. On the 22d, delegates from the Six Counties in the district of Montreal, south of the St Lawrence, met, to concert a plan of co-operation; and on the 31st, this confederation issued an address to the People of Canada. These measures were forced upon the Canadians by the Government. Mutual distrust, mutual hostility, was now unequivocally declared. It mattered little, save as a theme of declamation, which party struck the first blow. Even that was done by the Government; it had not even the decency to wait a pretext for aggression. On the 27th of November, Lord Glenelg wrote to Lord Gosford, intimating his recall, and the appointment of Sir John Colborne, as Coercer-general of the colony. It was not till the 5th of November that any hostile collision took place between the Patriots and the retainers of Government. Ministers could not have heard of that collision, when they handed over the colony to the tender mercies of military law. Nay, more than this: the Government mob, screened by the force of Government, was the aggressor in that collision. A procession of the "Sons of Liberty," in Montreal, was prohibited by proclamation. The members of the club obeyed, and held, instead, on the 5th of November, a private meeting in an inclosed inn-yard The following is the narrative of Michael O'Sullivan, Solicitor-General:—"The *Patriots* met, to the number of about 350, in a large yard, opening in Great James' Street, near the American Presbyterian Church. They had their speeches, and their huzzas, and their treason, in private, the gate of the yard being shut. A number of Constitutionalists were outside. Stones were thrown into the yard; and, towards the close of the meeting, grown-up boys were seen pushing sticks under the gate. An English flag was also carried about. The *Patriotes* broke out, and drove the Constitutionalists towards the Bank." This is the narrative of the second law officer of the Crown, in the colony: let its temper speak for that of the Government he serves. The Constitutionalists rallied, and in turn drove back the Patriots. The military were called out to assist the Constitutionalists in dispersing the latter, and then sent to their barracks; and their allies were left unmolested, while they were destroying and gutting the *Vindicator* office. We charge the official authorities of Montreal with being art and part in the perpetration of these outrages. It was the Constitutionalists who began the affray; it was the Constitutionalists who, under military protection, effected the destruction of property; but it was the Patriot leaders who were arrested—and the pretext was high treason. The arrests in Montreal were easily effected; not so those in the country. At Longueuil, the peasants ran to arms, and rescued the prisoners. Shots were interchanged between the *habitans* and the soldiers—and the civil war began.

It was begun under great disadvantages on the part of the Canadians. The government party succeeded in goading them to acts of insurrection before the province was thoroughly organized; before they had provided themselves with the means or sinews of war; at a time when the Assembly was prorogued, and incapable of supplying a central authority. The soldiers who command the troops of Britain at present, are of a very different kind from those who commanded them in the year 1775. The troops themselves are infinitely superior, both in their individual morale, and in their organization. This has been shewn by the promptitude and (as far as we yet know) the success with which the authority of Britain has been enforced in Lower Canada, since these rude events shoved the imbecile Gosford aside, and placed a man, Sir John Colborne, at the head of affairs. The Canadians in arms seem to have been unprovided with supplies, and totally destitute of officers. The suddenness of the affray, startled for a moment, and made them stand irresolute. The advantage was skilfully seized upon by Sir John Colborne, who seems to have succeeded in paralysing the insurgents. It is easy, however, to say, that this circumstance proves the insurrection to have been rash, and therefore unjustifiable. The Canadians had seen their wrongs unredressed; their constitutional means of defending their rights evaded; their best patriots deprived of their commissions as justices of the peace and militia officers; the verdicts of grand-juries set at nought by the officers of the crown; preparations made for suppressing their legislative representatives; houses in Montreal plundered by rioters under military protection; and now they saw the arm of power stretched out to in-

carcerate the very men upon whom they depended for the assertion of their rights. Who is there among us who can say that he would have stood tamely by under similar circumstances, and, coldly calculating every contingency, allowed such an infamous act to be perpetrated under his very eyes? The prudence or imprudence of the Canadians, (and, in some cases, imprudence is a crime) does not alter the merits of the question at issue—the right arrogated by the British Government to put down the House of Representatives in Canada, for the exercise of an undoubted constitutional right. And, if it did, the criminality of the insurgents was nothing compared with that of the abusers of power, who premeditatedly and unrelentingly goaded them to insurrection.

The progress of the drama's *denouement* now carries us to the House of Commons. On the evening of Tuesday, the 16th ultimo, Lord John Russell announced his intention to introduce a bill, suspending the House of Assembly of Lower Canada from the exercise of its functions. The wretched sophism by which Lord John sought to palliate this violation of all constitutional law, was to this effect:—"In a constitutional government it is quite impossible, if the supplies be refused year after year, that the machinery of Government can go on. Well, then, what was to be done on the refusal of the supplies by a provincial Parliament? There could be, in such a case, but one of two courses to adopt—either to accede to all demands, or to take some means by which the mischief might be remedied. I stated to the House that it was impossible to adopt the former alternative. . . . . And, as the demands of the Assembly were declared repeatedly to be the only conditions on which they would consent to carry on the ordinary business of the Constitution, I say, by their own act, and without any interference of the superior power, the Government was, *ipso facto*, suspended by themselves." Can there be a more unblushing avowal of barefaced tyranny? Suppose the case our own—suppose that the British House of Commons should refuse the supplies; according to this new constitutional doctrine, the minister of the day will, upon that event, only need to say:—"Executive government cannot be carried on without supplies; the House of Commons, by refusing the supplies, renders it impossible to carry on the executive government: *ergo*, the House of Commons has committed *felo de se*, and we may go on as if no such body existed." Yet, whatever faction may be in power when this happen, they can now cite the precedent furnished by a Whig Minister—by "a scion of the illustrious house of Russell"—by the little gentleman upon whom devolved formerly the somewhat incongruous duty of carrying the Reform Bill through the House of Commons. And a reformed House of Commons listened patiently, and, to all seeming, approvingly, to this degrading doctrine! The debate on the servile address to the Queen, regarding Canada, was abruptly terminated; only twenty-eight voting for further discussion, and time for reflection. Next night, leave was given to introduce the unconstitutional bill—only seven Members voting against its introduction. The petitions from Westminster, Mary-le-Bone, Newcastle, Edinburgh, and other places, deprecating the coercion of Canada, were received with "hear and a laugh," or "hear and laughter." The minds of Members were sufficiently at ease, to waste their time in laughing at the ponderous wit which Sir Robert Peel substituted for a discussion of the question before the House. The strangling of a constitution, purchased on the part of the Canadians by the cession of broad and fertile lands, guaranteed by the honour of the legislature and executive of Britain, was voted in an indolent, chatting, laughing mood, as a mere matter of routine. The scene in the House of Lords would have been exactly the same, but for the indignant eloquence and cutting sarcasm of Lord Brougham, the sole defender of Canadian liberty in that House.

And Lord Durham has accepted the office of *autocrat* of Lower Canada! We are told that the selection of his Lordship for this office, is a proof of the good intentions of Ministers. We, on the contrary, hold that his Lordship's acceptance of power erected on the ruins of a constitution, is a proof that he himself is not to be trusted. Had his Lordship really entertained the Liberal sentiments he once professed, he would not have undertaken an office, the first act of which is, to overturn a representative constitution. No honest man will do evil that good may come. Ministers and Lord Durham may say that they only suspend the Canadian constitution for a time. They have the power to suspend it: how do they know that they shall possess that power long enough to restore it? They begin the work: what guarantee can they offer, that the Duke of Wellington will not conclude it? They put down the Canadian House of Assembly, either as an accomplice of the insurrection, or not. If the insurgents are (as Ministers pretend to believe) merely a small body, why suppress one of the constituted authorities for their fault? If the insurgents and the House of Assembly are identified, then do Ministers and Lord Durham, by suppressing them, place themselves in the identical position occupied by Charles I., when he displayed his banner, and levied war against the Parliament. Strafford and Charles were brought to the block, for less direct and tangible infringements of the constitution than their modern imitators are now perpetrating.

With those men, however, and their servile abettors in either House of Parliament, it is in vain to remonstrate. They have passed the Rubicon. We appeal to the country. If this crime is allowed by the British People to be perpetrated in their name, the shame and guilt, and the retribution too, will rest on their heads. What the King is to us and our House of Commons, the nation at large is to the Canadians and their House of Assembly. The colonies belong to the incorporated nation—not to the Crown.

We, by our representatives, must concur, before the Canadian constitution can be suspended; we and our representatives must concur before the supplies can be obtained for paying the red-coated ministers of the behests of despotism. Ministers cannot stir one step in their crusade against constitutional liberty, without the assent of the House of Commons; and its Members will not dare to give that assent, if their constituents raise their voices to forbid. Not a man among us but will share the guilt, if Lord John Russell's infamous bill be ever carried into execution. The retribution, too, will fall upon us. Who can count, beforehand, the costs of the war into which we are plunging? Lord Gosford confesses that all classes were indignant at Lord John Russell's resolutions of last year: how will they brook the bill of the present? That bill will make of the Canadians a united People. That bill will render it impossible for any American government to keep back its young and ardent spirits from Canada. That bill will be a spell-word to conjure to the banks of the St Lawrence every adventurous spirit from the Continent of Europe. We have, in addition to the blood-guiltiness we are meaning, to look forward to the alternative of war-taxes, or an increase of our national debt. Do our fundholders think that the security of their dividends will be increased by such an augmentation? Is there one man in the country who complains of being too lightly taxed? Will the Society of Friends allow a new war to be begun, without remonstrance? Will not the peace societies bestir themselves? Will not the religious professors of our land shew that the peaceful spirit of Christianity really animates them? Is there sympathy for black slaves alone? Are military executions less revolting than hangings at the Old Bailey? If there be, indeed, prudence, philanthropy, and religion in the land, and not a mere parade, now is the time to shew it. Let the nation protest, as one man, against the unjust and forcible suppression of Canadian liberty.

THE LONDON PERIPATETIC; OR, SKETCHES ABOUT TOWN.

No. II.—KENNETH'S CORNER.

"The place where" actors "most do congregate."

It is no matter whether a performer exercises his energies under the "ursa major" of Drury or the potentate of the Pavilion; he is sure to take his daily walk of contemplation at the region aforesaid. It is two by the clock of St Paul's, Covent Garden; the rehearsals are over. There—in a dark blue suit, and a rather broad-brimmed hat, with a yellow cane, and, if it be cold, a dark bottle-green great-coat, exceedingly long—sidles Macready, bending inwards to the wall; his complexion bearing evidence of illness, and betokening the gloomy habit of his mind. You seldom see him otherwise than *solus*. He glances hurriedly at the prints, and proceeds. In a surtout, and under a white hat, saunters a little, pale man, whose visage is disproportioned to his frame; his eyes are very light, and have a strange stare, for he labours under defective vision. He wears a ribbon round his neck instead of a stock, and ever and anon raises his eye-glass. He is Jerrold, the most original story-teller of the time. That scholar-like man in a blue coat and bright buttons, who carries an umbrella, though the sun is high in heaven, and the day is bright, is Serle. His smile almost amounts to a laugh. He jerks his arm forward, and catches his brother dramatist by the hand. There!—I knew it—they have stopped at the corner. He who bows as he passes them, is Bartley. Attired in mourning, and evidently in thought, he trudges on; you would take him for the holder of a small living, if you did not know him to be a comedian. He has passed the authors; but he is stopped by a thin, square-headed, light-haired man, who catches at his button. Their heads come in contact. Something of import is on the *tapis* at Drury, for that gentleman is Drinkwater Meadows. Down Bow Street, dropping in at Harris the bookseller's, comes a pale-faced gentleman, who ambles rather than walks; whose pace evidently would be a run if it could. He nods to everybody—actor, author, critic, call-boy. There he crosses; now he nods to the cad at the coach-stand—they are acquaintances from two-and-twenty years' promenading, on the part of the performer, in this vicinity. He gives one look at Drury, as much as to say, "How are you?—I'm a St James' boy, now," and ambles on: that is Harley. With his head thrust forward at the top of his spare form, comes Farren; his face wearing a raw and scraped look; his figure that of a man of five-and-twenty, but his snowy brow, pointing at full fifty. He has stopped to speak to that lady with a presence. She laughs and heaves convulsively. That little boy that has walked round her, looks fatigued. She proceeds—"Earth does not bear alive a stouter" lady, or a better comic actress: that is Mrs Glover. Walking as if the bearer of an express, see that little man, who stands about five feet five. He has small quick eyes, close together; he lifts his hat to Mrs G. He is bald. His blue surtout is faced with velvet, and the cuffs are of the same material. He darts towards Drury, nodding *à la mandarin*, on each side, as he goes: it is Planche. That tall and powerfully-built man, to whom Kenneth is speaking, and who looks like a captain of a trader, is Forrest; and the equally tall gentleman, with a severe coun-

tenance of the Kemble school, but with very small and jet-black eyes, is Hamblin, whom the New-Yorkites call the Anglo-American. The strange-looking individual in the white hat, immediately behind them, is Allan, secretary to Mr Forrest, and his warm adulator. That four-wheeled vehicle that has stopped, contains two gentlemen in black. One who, though a play-man, is not a performer, remains there. The other steps out; he encounters nods, right and left. Jerrold does not notice him;—hum! thereby hangs a tale. He talks eagerly to Kenneth. He is a Somersetshire man, for a hundred. Hark! how his words ooze out—you can just catch "second heavy"—"some star"—"after the Adelphi people." It is Davidge of the Surrey theatre; he is looking out for fresh attractions. That lady, in a black silk cloak, with a beautiful complexion and exquisite profile, but who looks as if sorrow, rather than time, had marked her brow, is Mrs W. West. That fine boy is her son. They are met by a lady, tall and of a certain age, yet with fair hair and a smiling brow—Mrs Orger, for a thousand. They talk a moment over the then and now state of the drama, and part. That showily-dressed person with a strange expression of eye, and a hirsute countenance, is Pritchard. He rolls *à la* brigand. He is stopped by a rather stout man, in a green Mackintosh. Who can the old fellow be? He walks like a pantaloon. Old!—why he is but little over thirty: 'tis Mr Dennett Tilbury. On the crown of the road is a chestnut horse, nearly seventeen hands high; and on the summit of the quadruped's back, sits a little, plump, rosy, red-haired individual; if you can see at such a height, you will perceive the marks of gunpowder in his face—it is little Keeley. That young man, in the very short surtout, who nods to him, is William Wood, (not the singer,) late of Drury, who, by accident, shot K. in the face, whilst acting in a farce at the Victoria. In a long-haired, olive-coloured, fear-nought coat, comes briskly forward a very pale-faced, dark-eyed, and remarkably short-necked man; his limbs bear little proportion to his square and massive shoulders. How nervously he jerks his way forward, saluted on all sides! Hail to the Manager of the Adelphi!—for 'tis Yates. Look at yonder couple—a little man in an olive surtout, French-grey trousers, a hat curled at the sides, and shoes and pumps of exquisite neatness; his steps betray the dancer. The lady beside him is taller than he is; she is stricken in years, but bears them well; time has not yet reduced her amplitude of figure. They are the father and mother of Oscar Byrne. There goes the man who has danced an hundred times before the British Roscius. Old Scythe and Hour-glass, you have laid your hand lightly upon the father of Terpsichoreans. In a suit of black, covered by a very small white great-coat, with a cape, comes Bayle Bernard, smiling, and whirling his stick as he goes, to the endangerment of divers wayfarers. That sturdy-looking old man, in a brown coat, plaid trousers, thick-soled shoes, a very broad-brimmed hat, and a brown George wig, who walks as if he indented the pavement at each step, is Dowton; and yon Macintosh-caped, over-dressed, spectacled gentleman is Perkin, whom the *Age*, by a wilful misprint, called the largest *Gherkin* ever grown. The lady that steps out of that green, old-fashioned vehicle, and springs to the ground, is Mrs B——; she is dark almost as a gipsy, and wears a crop: she bounds into Kenneth's. A lady, rather *en bon point*, remains in the questionable carriage; she is attired in rose-coloured silk, wears a white satin hat, and dove-coloured boots; the door of the carriage is open, and you see her entire figure: she is delicately fair, with indifferent features, and a strange expression of eye; but the *ensemble* is that of a fine woman: that is the best ballad singer of the day, Mrs Waylett. A dark, flat-faced man stops at the carriage door; he has a blue surtout, buttoned to the neck, and very much padded over the breast, (*à la* cavalry undress;) he carries an ashen stick, and walks rapidly; his face is half Jewish, and he is always alone: it is Harry Philips. As you get nearer to him, you observe his complexion, though dark, is like enamel, and every particular hair of his beard and moustache stands out in relief, as in a wax-work figure. He is joined by a taller and thinner man, whose nasal organ is largely developed. They leave the carriage-door. Mrs W. kisses the tips of her gloves, and Messrs Philips and Seguin wend towards the Haymarket. In dark garments, and with a sort of stealthy pace, goes a middle-sized, bilious-looking gentleman, whose face appears as if it had been tanned first and freckled afterwards. He turns into Broad Court, and from thence to the Wrekin: it is Warde. In light trousers, shoes, an ill-made brown surtout, and with an eye-glass swinging loosely from his neck, comes a man evidently bowed by years, and stooping so much as to appear shorter than he really is. His shoulders are expansive; his face is large, uncommonly so, and his features massive. He drops forward upon his feet as he goes. Can that be the gay, chivalrous Charles Kemble? Even so. To this complexion has he come at last.

Two persons approach from Charles Street; the first is about five feet ten. He wears large-checked shepherd's-plaid trousers, a ditto waistcoat, and a merino shawl, (crimson,) folded *á la* under-vest. He has a pilot-cloth surtout and a stick. His hat is curled at each side, and he has a "shaunty swing" as he goes: it is Wrench. Beside him is a pale, dark-haired man, about five feet six, in a bear's-skin black coat, talking earnestly to the comedian. Actor and author are probably discussing the points of a new farce; for the second individual is Leman Rede. In a close green carriage you can just see a fair face, with lustrous eyes, dark ringlets, and borrowed roses; it peeps from out a small, drawn, silk green bonnet, with a profusion of cheek-adorning lace. Beside her is a slight, small-headed, light-haired, and remarkably thin young man. The carriage turns down Hart Street, to the stage-door of Covent Garden, and Mademoiselle Vestris and

Charles Mathews step out of it. Another carriage, from which emerges a remarkably well-built man, dressed in mourning, but in a black velvet waistcoat, and a dark purple neckerchief, with a black spot. The face of the individual is a strange mixture of the melancholy and the ridiculous. It is deeply marked by the small-pox, a scar of which communicates a ludicrous expression to the mouth. He enters the door: "That's Liston," bursts from half-a-dozen lips; and the carriage rolls away.

But who is this, dressed in a blue surtout, a black waistcoat redolent of snuff, stone-coloured trousers, and Blucher shoes, with grey locks hanging over his brow and over the collar of his coat? He totters by aid of a stick, and the arm of a guide. His eyes, once remarkably brilliant, glare vacantly. He lifts his eye-glass continually, and by his manner you perceive he is nearly sightless: 'tis Moncrieff, once the merriest of our farce writers. He speaks to Serle, to Wrench, Leman Rede, to all; but, as he approaches each individual, places his glass to his eye, and inspects every one within six inches of their faces, ere he can recognise an acquaintance. That large-boned man in black, with the sea-worthy face and rolling gait, is the heavy man of Covent Garden, who, from his peripatetic propensities, has acquired the cognomen of *Omnipresent* Thompson.

That little creature, (with a face like wax-work,) enveloped in an ermine tippet and black satin dress, is Miss Vincent; and that large featured, dark-complexioned, black-eyed, stout lady, is Miss Betts. That slight, girlish-looking creature, with a laughing Bacchante countenance, is the pretty Miss Fitzwalter. In a purple velvet dress, and a very flat (shell-shaped) bonnet, see Mrs Honey, accompanied by her mother; and in a coloured muslin gown, a party-coloured straw bonnet, and a small shawl, with the ribbons of her bonnet untied, comes Mrs Fitzwilliam. Beside her is her liege lord, in a black surtout, with a ribbon round his neck, and looking like a broad copy of Douglas Jerrold.

But see, coming yonder from the Garrick Club, through the piazzas, towards the corner, a stoutly built man of about five feet six in height. His years may be fifty. He looks like one who has "gone down to the sea in ships." He wears a blue checkered shirt, a bright brown coat with metal buttons, and blue trousers. His face is embrowned. His eyes, though sunk, are expressive. He is unshaven, and wears no gloves. His gait is slovenly, and few would suppose him to be either actor or dramatist; yet that man is Sheridan Knowles. He is stopped by a tall, dressy man, in a blue coat with club buttons, and a white overcoat; it is Charles Dance, author of a farce or two. That parson-looking personage, in a pilot-cloth great-coat, and a broad-brimmed beaver, is R——, a dramatic critic in the leading journal; and that small-eyed, reddish young man, that speaks to him, does the theatricals for the —— *Journal*. The tall and rather robust man, in a black surtout and shepherd's-plaid trousers and waistcoat, with a ruddy complexion, but very grey hair, is Charles Baker; and the diminutive creature, with large eyes, and his head turned upwards, to enable him to see the faces of his fellow-creatures, is the notorious and celebrated Phil. Stone, the property man. The portly man, with but one leg, is Wilmot, the prompter of Drury; and the pallid young man, with but one eye, is Parsloe, the prompter of Covent Garden.

But why linger? We might end our days, and never turn the corner; for, even as the billows come booming to the sands, do the anti-Prynnites gather about the post at the end of Bow Street. Harlequin and Heavy Man, Singer and Soubrette, Comedian and Call-boy, are "jumbled antithetically;" and we desert our post in pure despair of enumerating one-fourth of those who daily congregate around it.

There is another class of persons frequently—too frequently—to be met about London streets, that never fails powerfully to interest my feelings, as, indeed, it must those of every man who can boast of feeling. I mean the poor, pale, worn-out milliners' fags, that you will see plodding their way, heart-weary and foot-sore, laden with their wicker baskets, lined with black leather. Early and late, but more particularly in the dusk of evening, during the fashionable season—in all parts of town, but especially westward—will you see these girls; and, if you think for a moment on their situation, you will find it, indeed, a pitiable one. Their ages generally average from thirteen to sixteen—precisely the period of life most critical, in a moral sense; yet they are thrust unprotected, uneducated, unadvised, into the very jaws of temptation, and the heart and centre of a corrupt and populous metropolis—the most perilous, in a physical sense; they are exposed to the damp, the wind, the cold, the rains, of our variable and harsh climate, in all hours and in all seasons. Scantily clad, and ofttimes scantily fed, they must brave the storm which makes the hardy and robust man shiver and wince, even under all the defences which art can devise, or money purchase, for his protection from its severity. Nor is it these poor creatures alone that engage my attention; for, even while I look upon them, my thoughts proceed, by a very natural transition, to others of the same class—the crowds of young women who are imprisoned in unwholesome work-rooms, for sixteen, eighteen, ay, *twenty* hours at a stretch, with scanty snatches for their joyless meals; whose routine of slavery commences at six, or seven, or eight, in the morning, and terminates at eleven, twelve, or at one or two; or is continued through the live-long night, as the caprice or business of the mistress may dictate. Oh! we have legislated for the black slaves in the West Indies; we have partly legislated, and must still more, for the white slaves in our factories at home. But here, also, is an evil and an oppression which loudly calls for the strong arm of power to

interfere and crush it: a system of *feminine* tyranny as odious as the lash of the planter, or the despotism of a factory overseer. The health of young women must not be sacrificed, their comforts must not be wholly immolated, nor their minds left barren wastes; their liberty given up, nor their chastity held as dust in the balance—all to gratify the rage for fashion and finery which possesses the daughters of aristocracy and affluence, and the avarice of those whose profit it is to supply the demands of extravagance and luxury.

Yes; I repeat my words, and advisedly—"their chastity held as dust in the balance." Are we to be reminded that the ranks of those unhappy females who crowd our streets, are fearfully swelled by recruits from the work-rooms of the milliner and the dressmaker? And miraculous, indeed, would it be, were the case not so.

But I have lightly, and almost unconsciously, touched upon two subjects of overmuch importance to be considered in a paper—rambling, too, and desultory, like the present. It is, moreover, time that we begin to arrange our London scenes and sketches into something like form and system. With your permission, therefore, gracious reader, the next paper shall be an attempt to provide you with a pleasant residence in the capital: though I should premise that it will be addressed to one section only of society; a section, however, which I considerably esteem, and have the honour to belong to—

SINGLE GENTLEMEN RENTING CHAMBERS.

THE BOOK OF BRITISH FIELD SPORTS.*

RIGHT worthy of the noble theme is the stately volume spread on our table. It combines the literary contributions of the best contemporary sylvan sketchers and sporting writers, with numerous engravings from original paintings, by the most eminent artists that have devoted their talents to illustrating Field Sports. The forms and habits of animals of the chase, of gamekeepers, huntsmen, horses, asses, "mongrel, puppy, hound, and cur," of "the doe and the roe, and the hart and the hind;" with hunting and coursing, from rat-hunting to deer-stalking; races of every kind; and, in brief, all the shifting scenes of rural or out-door life, connected with field sports—are found here. Among the artists are LANDSEER, COOPER, CHARLES HANCOCK, and BARRAUD; and there is one engraving from *Gainsborough's Ass Race*, of which HOOD tells the story in his richest style, and to which his comic pencil supplies the *tail-piece*. The author of "Tilney Hall" ought to know something of hunting.

The introduction is written by NIMROD, and abounds in those illustrative anecdotes which give so much reality and relief to all his sketches. In speaking of dogs, he expatiates upon their capacity of understanding what is said either to themselves or in their presence, and especially on any matter important to their own interests and feelings. He might, with entire propriety, have claimed much more for man's companion, at least if the dog be one which has had its kindly education by the fire-side, as well as in the field. Dogs not only know our language—of which we, who have lived upon very familiar terms with a long-lived succession of them, have had many convincing proofs—but they can adroitly read signs; and, on particular occasions, almost divine one's thoughts. We have never known a well-conditioned dog—and the temper of the dog almost always depends on his master's treatment of him—who was not feelingly alive to the sense of honour and shame; and amenable to reason, when his master's opinion respecting his conduct was stated in a few distinct words, and an appeal made to his sense of fitness and propriety. How often have we seen the slowly wagging tail speak gentle acquiescence and resignation to the master's wishes, when temptation set in strongly in the opposite direction, and when no stronger argument was used than a few affectionate words and kind demonstrative gestures.

Particular attention is paid to dogs in a work devoted to those pleasures in which they are indispensable—if the greyhound in coursing, and the *pack* in a fox-hunt, do not, indeed, constitute the principal feature of the pastime. The dogs portrayed in Nimrod's volume are no fancy figures. The *pug*, which forms the vignette to the Introductory Chapter, and which we at first glance mistook for the celebrated toothless mastiff of Coleridge's Sir Lionel, Landseer must have met with somewhere in nature. She is as true after her kind, as the deer-hound and cocker of Glenfeshie, as the portrait of Lord Middleton's bloodhound, or the uncouth and wiry Russian setter, in the picture of the Scottish gamekeeper's fireside. *Bravo*, an English setter, the property of a gentleman of Berkshire, is a beautiful animal, happily delineated by Cooper. He is just on the point, and the grouse shily shewing their necks above the heath.

An article on Deer-stalking is contributed by the author of "The Shooter's Companion." The scene is Glengarry, or as probably some of the smaller glens opening upon that beautiful valley. The engraving of the *Deer-stalker at Rest*, under a rock, and his hound slumbering on his knee, with the fallen hart at his feet, is a good composition, by Cooper, but without any character to mark the local genius of the scene. *A Spaniel and Pheasant*, which is illustrated by, or illustrates Nimrod's pleasant short paper on pheasant shooting, is, on the contrary, full of character. The dog, a springing spaniel, is all but alive after the noble bird which is just flushed. In this paper, an anecdote is told of a John Bull of the true

* The Book of British Field Sports. Edited by Nimrod, &c. &c. &c. London: Baily & Co.

old breed, an innkeeper, and the holder of a large farm on the estate of an anonymous sporting Earl in one of the midland counties. At the time the farm was taken, there were six or eight coveys of partridges upon it, and a few hares, but not one pheasant; and his Lordship, who was probably one of those *battue* men whom Nimrod denounces, gave orders that it should be stocked with this species of game. At the end of three years, the farm so abounded with pheasants and hares that the tenant threw up his lease, and challenged his landlord to come into court. He had the grace rather to put up with the loss of his tenant, who, had he gone into court, would, we fear, have been cast.

What aggravated the tenant (says Nimrod) beyond the mere loss of his own crops, was the fact of being forbidden to shoot over his farm himself, although it was one which neither his landlord nor his friends ever set a foot on for that purpose. I entertained a great respect for this noble Lord, one of our leading sportsmen; every one who knows the tenant respects him; and all who were acquainted with the circumstances, applauded his independent conduct on the occasion. "Had his Lordship shot himself over the farm," said he to me, "I should not have minded the damage; but I shall not preserve game for any man's keepers, who forbids me to carry a gun on the land I am paying rent for."

The modern game-laws—and the game usages, as strong, with a struggling and dependent tenantry, as laws—are more tyrannical, and, in their caprice and insolence, far more galling than the ancient forest laws of our Norman conquerors. Nimrod gives here some remarkable anecdotes of the daring and skill of poachers. From the pen of the author of that right pleasant book, the "Oakleigh Shooting Code," there is a sketch, entitled "Andrew Gunthorpe, the Hermit of the Hills," which shews that the writer knows much more of shooting than of Celts. Woodcock shooting is undertaken by Nimrod himself, who pretends to no acquaintance with Highland grouse-shooting, though he has pursued the pastime in the North of England, and in Wales. He therefore consigns this important department to the author of the "Sportsman's Cyclopedia," who has handled his tackle like a true shot. There is no finer engraving in this splendid volume, than the *Warrener*, by Hancock; for the *Rabbit* is not disdained by Nimrod, though his whole strength is reserved for "Fox-hunting," which is the best article in the book. The whole business of the day is gone deliberately over, with a glance backwards to the previous day, when the horses are thought about, and the pack is "drawn" and fed. In these degenerate days, few packs meet before half-past ten or eleven o'clock, and after the modern fox-hunter—most unlike the jolly squires, his ancestors!—has breakfasted with his family on tea or coffee slops, instead of attacking a huge pasty and cool tankard, at five in the morning.

The equipments and habits of a thoroughbred Meltonian, are thus described by a very competent authority:—

The Meltonian never takes the field without having sent two hunters to the place of meeting; one of which he rides the first burst, whilst his pad-groom, on the other, contrives to meet him at some point, should the course of the chase admit of his doing so; or to follow in his wake so judiciously as to bring him a comparatively fresh horse to mount, at the first or second check. This it is chiefly in his power to do, by having the fences broken down for him by the crowd which has preceded him, as well as his quiet style of riding. . . . The stud of the Meltonian averages twelve hunters, and two hacks, (although in the stables of a few, double the number of the former may be found,) the average annual expenses of which amount to about £1000 per annum. All those gentlemen, however, whose weight, with their saddles, exceed twelve stones, cannot be said to be well horsed, unless they have fourteen or sixteen seasoned hunters in their stables. . . . The style of living of the Meltonian varies with his situation in life, more than with his means, because, without ample means, he cannot long enjoy that distinguished appellation. If a single man, he is either a member of one of the clubs, or keeps house himself. In the first case, his in-door establishment consists of merely an accomplished valet; in the next, of a first-rate man-cook. Should he be married, and, as in many instances at Melton Mowbray, be accompanied by his lady, there is no lack of good society in the town of Melton and its neighbourhood; or of houses equal to the accommodation of families of the first-rate rank and distinction. There is no error more common than the association of dissipation with fox-hunting, although it cannot be denied that, in part of the last century, they were too closely allied, but chiefly as related to hospitality and the bottle. In fact, the fox-hunter was little more than a brute in the morning and a sot in the evening; and, after a certain hour, utterly unfit to be introduced into good female society. A most beneficial change, however, has been wrought in the manner and habits of this class of persons, and in some measure effected by the very pursuit itself. A Meltonian cannot be a very dissipated man, for any length of time at least, if he were disposed to be so; for his severe exercise obliges him to be temperate and take his natural share of rest. Let any one visit Melton Mowbray at midnight, and he will find the streets as quiet, and as many houses shut up for the night, as he would find in the most obscure town of Great Britain. Let him also, if he should be so fortunate as to have the *entré*, observe the generally elegant and always correct deportment of the parties assembled at the various dinner parties of the day.

Nimrod carries this complimentary strain the length of praising the after-dinner conversation, which embraces many topics remote from fox-hunting, dogs, horses, and huntsmen. Whist and ecarté form part of the evening's amusement at Melton, and occasionally for rather high stakes; but "the detestable vice of gambling is far from being the characteristic of the Melton Mowbray community."

Nimrod's admiration of the fox, is only secondary to his admiration of the fox-hunter, the hound, and the horse. The fox lives like a sage, and dies like a hero.

The cries of the hare, (he says,) when in the power of man or dogs, are piteous, resembling those of an infant child in distress; but the *fox dies in silence*, like the boxers of old; and like the sheep, a circumstance noticed by Homer at the funeral of Patroclus. In the numerous deaths of these animals which I have witnessed in my time, I have never heard the sound of their voice, or a complaint, although, as may be supposed, they defend themselves with their teeth in their struggles, and, when at bay, open their mouths wide, making a faint noise, resembling a child breathing on a plate of glass, to enable it to write its name in the steam.

Continental sporting finds a place in Nimrod's treatise, and Chantilly as the head-quarters of horse-racing and of French sporting gentlemen. The French employ English jockeys, or as many of *la grande nation* do so as can afford the

luxury; and their racers are often of English blood. The English nobility, who make Paris and its vicinity their principal residence, are the leading men of the turf in France, though the amusement is warmly patronized by the Duke of Orleans. Races are also frequent at Brussels, Boulogne, and St Omers. At all these places the English figure; and, indeed, English industry, and its rich accumulations, support half the extravagance and dissipation of the Continent. Nimrod displays true knowledge of the principle which regulates supply and demand, when he scouts the idea of horses either degenerating in England, or of injury to the breeds from the continental demand.

One of the most remarkable of the late continental Nimrods was a lady, or Nimrodess, Madame Drack, who resided in "a rich well-timbered country," about sixteen miles from Calais, and in which Henri Quatre once had a hunting seat. This lady died in 1823, very aged, and a widow. Though her fortune would seem trifling to a Meltonian, she pursued the chase constantly, and was kind and hospitable. To Nimrod, "her old servant spoke of her in the highest terms of praise, not only as to her accomplishments of field and flood, but of her kindness to her servants, and great care of the poor." He continues—

> Of her person, I am unable to say much. She had rather a masculine appearance; and her face was distinguished by a large wart. The domain—including the house, stables, and offices, a small flower-garden, a kitchen-garden of five acres, in which there were some peculiarly fine orange trees, and a paddock in front of the house—was enclosed by a high wall, and entered by a double set of large-panelled gates, the whole together not covering an extent beyond ten acres of ground. As for the house, it has no pretentions to architectural ornaments; but its means of affording accommodation may be imagined from the fact of my having stepped thirty paces on end, a good yard to a step, through the rooms and passages of the first floor. I must, however, be a little more minute in my description of the interior of this chateau. On the left of the entrance-hall, is the dinner-room; in which, amongst others, is a figure of Madame with the hounds. She is mounted on a grey gelding, said to have been her favourite hunter, and is thus equipped:—a green coat, with a gold band round the waist, hat with high crown and a gold band, her hair appearing behind in rather large curls, *leather breeches*, and boots, and seated, of course, *à la Nimrod*. In addition to all this, she has the *couteau de chasse* by her side, and the figure of the wolf on the buttons of her clothes, denoting the *chef d'œuvre* of her pursuit. Her best hunting dress, richly ornamented, cost 1200 francs.

Her drawing-room was ornamented with paintings of hunting the wolf, the boar, the fox, and the stag; in all which Madame was conspicuous. She was also fond of fishing, and her favourite *pecheur* and huntsman figured in the paintings. The kitchen of Madame *la Baronne* was worthy of feudal times. In it, besides a large fire-place and ovens, there were six large hot hearths; and, even in her widowhood, she had three dinner parties every week, but always after the chase was over. This she followed on alternate days. The head of a gigantic stag adorns this hospitable kitchen. The antlers were three feet and a half in height. Madame shot the animal before her hounds, when he was nine years old. This must have been one of her most memorable fields. This lady hunted all the year round, and in all weathers; for, when the boar and stag were not in season, the wolf and fox might be found. She also hunted badgers with a pack of beagles trained to this novel sport. She was a cock-fighter, and had an apartment for the purpose.

> It was the custom of Madam Drack to go occasionally to a distant part of the country, when game in her own neighbourhood was short. Her return from one of these excursions was thus described by the gardener:—She passed through St Omers with nine wolves' heads about her carriage, exposed to public view; blowing the horn herself, and thus attracting notice. So rich was her hunting dress, on the occasion, the chasseur's belt being ornamented with gold tassels—that the soldiers at the gates presented arms to her, mistaking her for a general officer. . . . Perhaps, (says Nimrod, in closing his account of this modern Camilla,) a more universal follower of, and adept in field sports, than this celebrated woman, is not even at this time to be found; and it is to be lamented that she died without perpetuating her breed. Of the total amount of her prowess, I have not the means of being informed; but she is known to have been at the death of six hundred and seventy-three wolves in her time, besides stags, and other inferior quarry; and it is singular, that the first wolf she killed, her hounds ran into a village where there was a wake, and she shot him in the midst of the people.

This lady eclipses Squire Osbaldiston; and a Miss Burgany, who, for many years, hunted in Cheshire, appears but as a foil to the French female Nimrod. Miss Burgany was rather reserved or prudish in her fields, and generally, after riding to cover, kept aloof from the crowd until the critical moment, and, after that, her admirable horsewomanship, and skill, and courage in clearing a fence, left the crowd far behind. We hear of another lady, a Miss Richards, of Compton Beauchamp, who seems to have been a volunteer member of the Ashdown Coursing Meeting, and in whose kennel the best greyhounds of the County of Berkshire were bred. This lady possessed a good estate, and was well connected. She chose celibacy and coursing, and wilfully preferred greyhounds to those animals reckoned nobler, who hunt with them. On hiring a cook, her first question was, "Young woman, do you love dogs?" The qualified answer would be, "Yes, please your Ladyship, in their proper places." Then, quoth Miss Richards, gravely, "If you are disposed to stay with me, their place in my house is wherever they choose to go." The dogs accordingly had their appropriate bed, or ottoman, in every sitting room of the house; and, at their mistress's death, they were left, together with the estate of the eccentric lady, to an adopted child. Miss Richards wrote her own epitaph, in the following lines, which are not much worse, we should imagine, than the compositions of the majority of her brother sportsmen, bred at either of the Universities:—

> "Reader, if ever sport to thee was dear,
> Drop on Ann Richard's tomb a tear,
> Who, when alive, with piercing eye
> Did many a timid hare descry.
> Well skilled and practised in the art,
> Sometimes to find, and sometimes start;
> All arts and sciences beside,
> This hair-brained heroine did deride.

An utter foe to wedlock's noose,
Where poaching men had stopt the meuse.
Tattle and tea, she was above it,
And but for form appeared to love it."

This lady would course on foot twenty or twenty-five miles in a morning. She managed her affairs well, and exercised a substantial old-fashioned hospitality, of which man and horse, rich and poor, partook at all times. No one came to the mansion-house without receiving the refreshment of a meal, and a tankard of home-brewed ale. She drove her coach and six; and her venerable servants, fixtures for life, were stiff with the lace garnitures of the menials of the olden time. At Compton, there is still an avenue called the Wig Avenue, where her dinner-guests and admirers, the gentry of the Vale of the White Horse, laid aside their riding-wigs, and donned the flowing perukes, brought hither in band-boxes by their attendants, to be set at the eccentric but sensible heiress.

Two superb heads of *Fox-hounds*, in the pack of J. C. Bulteel, Esq., M.P., sketched and engraved by Lewis; and *Roe-deer Shooting* in the Irish Highlands, painted by Cooper, are admirable engravings; to which are wedded, clever illustrative sketches in prose and verse. The *horse* makes as good a figure here as the dog. We have the noble animal in its best state, and of all varieties, from the high-mettled racer to the shaggy-coated *sheltie*. In the exquisite picture of *The Warrener*, the pony, full of untamed spirit, and wildly luxuriant in its shaggy beauty, is the principal object. We have, besides, portraits of *Thorngrove* and *Sir Hercules*, both celebrated racers; of a beautiful brood-mare and her foal, by Laporte, and several more horses of distinction; while animals of the more picturesque kind, both of the horse and dog species, often form picturesque tail-pieces.

Bay Middleton, whose portrait we have from the pencil of Cooper, is considered by Nimrod, if not the best-bred, as one of the best horses in England; and, in fame, more brilliant than the famous *Plenipotentiary*, since "he has never been beaten, either by fair means or foul." His career has been one of continuous victory. This fine animal was lately purchased from the Earl of Jersey, by Lord George Bentinck, for £4000; but, in one season, he won £10,000. *Plenipotentiary* himself figures among the engravings; and both portraits have been recently taken by Cooper for this work. For the latter horse, £7000 have been refused.

We must now take abrupt leave of NIMROD, whom we have seldom found more entertaining, and never before half so well appointed.

THE TRIAL OF THE GLASGOW COTTON-SPINNERS.

WE have no ambition to emulate the eloquent invectives against the proceedings of the Glasgow Cotton-Spinners' Union, in which a large portion of the press has been indulging. Their proceedings have been bad enough, to be sure; but we cannot exactly see the parallel between them and the crimes of Burke. Neither can we see in them any trace of national demoralisation. Comparatively speaking, there are few, even of the working-classes, implicated in these transactions; and, as to their enormity, "let him who is without sin throw the first stone." When "their betters" cease to set the working classes the example of seeking to monopolise a good thing—after the fashion of "the landed interest," with their corn-laws, or the "colonial interest," with their monopoly in favour of colonial produce—"their betters" may, without incurring the charge of hypocrisy, turn up their eyes in horror at the idea of a monopoly of cotton-spinning; and when "their betters" abandon the brutal and insensate appeal to the *duello*, or grow ashamed of putting down the Canadian House of Assembly, by red-coats, for asserting its constitutional rights, we will not hint a word about taking the mote out of their brother's eye before they take the beam out of their own, when they denounce the maiming and murdering of "nobs."

Let us not, however, be misunderstood. It is neither our intention nor our wish to say one word in palliation of the crimes brought home to certain members of the Glasgow Cotton-Spinners' Association. We reprobate them, both on account of their direct and immediate mischievousness, and because of the difficulties they interpose in the way of that thorough and searching regeneration of our institutions which is necessary to the comfort and the safety of all. But in reprobating them, we wish at the same time to protest against the abuse of the proof of these crimes, to whitewash their real originators. We wish to call attention to the true root of the evil—to point out its wide and vital ramifications—to rebuke crime in purple as well as in rags.

There are two topics suggested by the result of the Cotton-Spinners' trial:—The distorted feelings and opinions out of which the outrages which occasioned it sprang; and the use to which it has been sought to be turned. The *Leeds Times* has wisely and timeously reminded the working-classes what sort of persons they were who, on former occasions, advocated recourse to violence under suffering. We do not mean to insinuate that Richmonds, Castleses, and Olivers, are now abroad. But we do unhesitatingly say, that doctrines as mischievous as those which were preached by the worthies we have named have of late been industriously disseminated by men who combine natural fluency and practice in public speaking, with shallow intellect, limited information, and excitable temperaments. These men may, under certain circumstances, possess the power of goading to destroy; but they are not able to point out to any man a way of really

and permanently bettering his condition. They lack knowledge to see what ought to be removed and what established. They lack fixedness and continuity of purpose to organize for a great undertaking—to work perseveringly without as with the stimulus of the sympathising plaudits of admiring crowds. They lead men into scrapes, and then get out of them themselves as best they may. While young, and with their passions sensitive and excitable, they are as much the dupes of their own emotions as those that listen to them; but, when the rich sap of youth dries in their veins, having no substance, they shrivel up. They cease to be anything, or they become the heartless stuff out of which spies and informers are made.

We think it unnecessary to do more than warn the public at large, and the working-classes in particular, to beware of false prophets; for such are abroad. Their own good sense will teach them to recognise the symptoms, and detect individual instances. The exhibitions of such persons as we have been alluding to, have been productive hitherto of nothing beyond local and evanescent excitement. The great mass of the working-classes are healthy at the core, in as far as any evil flowing from such a source is concerned. If it be true—and we have heard it confidently asserted—that precognitions have been instituted, and warrants issued for certain itinerant orators, we regret it. They have done no harm as yet; but we will not pledge ourselves that they shall continue equally impotent, if elevated into factitious importance, by being made the objects of an unwise and uncalled for persecution, which some of them court.

We dismiss, therefore, this topic, as demanding no more lengthened or serious notice. Of those mistaken views and reprehensible feelings, however, which gave birth to the outrages that led to the late trial, we would speak a little more at length. We would speak of them as a theme which interests all classes—the rich, who fancy themselves wise, as well as the poor, who are acknowledgedly imperfectly instructed. The moral (let not the proud and wealthy wince) needs to be laid to heart by all. We would speak as sincere and affectionate friends of the working-classes; as believing that the greater number of them are innocent of all participation in or approbation of such outrages; as feeling, even with regard to the deluded perpetrators and approvers of these outrages, that there is much in the existing circumstances of society to palliate and extenuate their guilt.

It has been proved, on the trial, that the members of the Glasgow Cotton-Spinners' Association were bound by an oath, or obligation, to keep its secrets, and obey the mandates of a majority. The witnesses for the Crown swore to this fact, and some of the witnesses for the declaration had a convenient memory on this subject, while one of the pannels refused to declare. In addition to this evidence, the report of a Committee on a plan of "*Home* and Foreign Emigration," which two of the witnesses for the defence proved to have been acted upon, and which was found in the safe of the Association, establishes the fact that an oath, or obligation of some kind, was imposed upon members:—"We propose to embody this law in the obligation." The great object of this Association, as appears from its regulations, and the Report to which we have referred, was to keep up the wages of cotton-spinning in and around Glasgow, by producing, artificially, a short supply of that class of labourers. No cotton-spinner, even, was admissible into the Association who did not belong to the district in and immediately around Glasgow, with the sole exception of members of the Renfrewshire Association. The Association "binds and obliges every one of its members to refrain from instructing any individual in the art of spinning, except such as are sons or brothers of a spinner, who may have been, or is a member of the Association." And when, notwithstanding these precautions, their numbers were still deemed excessive, they sought to diminish them by "Home and Foreign Emigration;" that is, they gave £10 to every individual member of their body who was willing to emigrate, or remove to another district, or merely to give up the employment of cotton-spinning. They took measures for enforcing the obedience of members, as well as of non-members, to their injunctions. Members were obliged, on various pretexts, to grant bills, or to allow a decree to be obtained against them for certain sums. These bills or decrees were held by the Association, and diligence obtained, as occasion required, against refractory members, in order to enforce obedience. New members were slandered out of employment, or intimidated, by acts of violence against themselves, or others in the same situation, into a relinquishment of employment. It has been proved that an individual convicted of an assault tending to promote the objects of the Association, was pardoned, upon the office-bearers pledging themselves to withdraw their "Guards" from a mill; and it has been proved that other individuals guilty of assaults under cloud of night, were sent out of the way of justice by the office-bearers, with recommendatory certificates.

The existence of this Association, the objects it contemplated, the practices it resorted to, in order to enforce these objects, have been proved, beyond a shadow of doubt, in a court of justice. Glimpses of similar organization, among various bodies of workmen, have been obtained, from time to time, in the progress of strikes, or in the proceedings of courts of justice. The objects of these associations (as we shall proceed to shew immediately) are an encroachment upon the just rights of the industrious classes; and the power of punishing such as refuse obedience to the laws of these self-constituted Associations, arrogated by their office-bearers, is incompatible with the existence of civil society. That these Associations are too numerous to be overlooked—that the erroneous opinions and bad feelings they foster and give effect to, are of a nature which must be eradicated—is certain. We believe, however, that it is only a comparatively

small portion of the working-classes that are implicated in them—those only who belong to the more favoured class of skilled artisans. We believe that, even among this class, there are many who feel themselves embarrassed by the ill-judged regulations of the Associations, and revolted at the measures to which their more reckless members have had recourse. The strength of these Associations lies in two misapprehensions—First, on the part of their members, that they can be benefited by them; second, on the part of the great mass of unskilled labourers, that they have an interest in upholding these close corporations. We believe that correct views on these points would disarm these unions of their power to do mischief, and would unite the People in support of measures that can benefit them. It is with a view to diffuse such views, that we now offer a few observations to the working-classes, in a spirit of earnest friendship, alike to those who have had no participation in the unions, and even to the most deluded misguiders of the energies of these Associations.

We see the motive which led at first to the formation of these associations—it is one of which their members have no reason to be ashamed. There exists a fearful amount of want and privation among the unskilled labourers, and even among that class which can scarcely be called unskilled, but whose individual efforts are vain in competition with the gigantic efforts of machinery. But there is nothing to prevent the unskilled to learn the trade of the remunerated artisan, and, by inundating his province with their hungry shoals, to drag him down to their own level. To prevent this consummation was the original object of the associations. We shall shew presently that the means they adopted—admitting, for argument's sake, that they were justifiable—were inadequate to their object: we proceed to trace the career of the associations. They found, as they might have anticipated, that, as mere self-constituted bodies, destitute of civil authority, they could not enforce the obedience even of their own members longer than suited their interest and convenience, and that they had no hold whatever upon those who were beyond their pale. They had no alternative but to relinquish their object, or have recourse to intimidation. It is most probable that their sense of what was fair and just to others, would have prevented them from having recourse to the latter alternative, for their own individual purposes; but they reconciled themselves to it, by the sophistical palliation, that it was for the general body, not for their own selfish ends. But indirect practices and violence, become, by habit, as demoralising when undertaken under the delusive belief that they are public-spirited, as when undertaken for more selfish purposes. In either case, the habitual practice of violence degrades the man to the tyrant and the ruffian. Unwise legislation lent its aid to increase the evil: not only acts of violence were forbidden, but the mere act of combining, which might be innocent or praiseworthy, and which, even when misdirected, was harmless, so long as terrorism was restrained, was prohibited under penalties. The inevitable consequence was—secret associations; the further perversion of the moral sense, by the abuse of the religious sanction; the hardening in error, by enabling men to gild their worst outrages by the conscious pride of martyrdom; the more thorough enthralment of the good men of the associations to the bold bad spirits among them. This was the mixed frame of mind produced among members of these associations, by the dread of destitution and the combination laws. The mischief done by a bad law long survives its repeal, as may be seen in the present instance. The Cotton-Spinners' Association of Glasgow dates from before the repeal of the combination laws, and much of what is bad in its practices is attributable to them.

We have endeavoured thus to analyse the feelings of the associators, for two reasons:—First, we wish to let the active members of these associations see that, if our eyes are open to their faults, they are not shut to their virtues. We see that their motives and intentions are like those of all mankind—a mingled yarn. We would have them to look as we do at their minds; to recognise their errors, and to weed them from their more generous principles of action, of which we acknowledge the existence, and of which they are justly proud. In the second place, we would request those who are naturally alarmed at the proceedings of these associations, to recognise what is good in their members as well as what is bad. Let them beware, in their legitimate anxiety to disarm them of evil, of trampling down that living spirit of man within them which may be purged to good. In the proceedings of these associations, we see disregard of truth, reckless infliction of suffering on others; but we also see fidelity to their associates, energy and business talent, a sense of honour, (however misdirected,) and self-reliance. There is something there that good may come of, if rightly dealt with. The evil must be repressed; but let us try to preserve the good.

Our remonstrance with such of the working classes as are deluded enough to believe that associations, organized like that of the Glasgow cotton-spinners, and adopting similar means to attain their ends, can help them—is as follows:—The greatest success which these associations might meet with, could not remove the cause of the evil. There would still be, as before, a deficiency of employment and remuneration for the masses. The wild and blind struggles of such associations, are like the angry contests of men in a beleaguered town, for the last morsel of food. They may succeed in snatching the miserable pittance from the mouths of those more destitute and weaker than themselves; but even this melancholy triumph will only enable them to protract their own sufferings. The real cause of the misery of the working classes, is a short supply of food and employ-

ment, occasioned by artificial means, and an unjust appropriation of a portion even of what exists, by the privileged classes. The corn-laws and other restrictions on commerce, diminish the supply of food, diminish the demand for labour, diminish the remuneration for what labour is required. The irrational and unpractical nature of our civil institutions, forces what benefits we do derive from social organization to be purchased at an exorbitant price, and facilitates a swindling conveyance of a large amount of the produce of honest industry to state paupers. These are the causes why there is not enough of employment, and food, and clothing, in the land, for every man willing to work, and for those dependent upon him. Not only do the selfish struggles of the few associated trades leave these evils unredressed—by diverting public attention from them, they strengthen and perpetuate them. The associations of the skilled artisans do not work harmoniously even with each other. They do not, they cannot, form a nucleus for an enduring combination of all the working-classes struggling for one definite end, of common utility. They dissipate the strength of the working-classes; enfeeble them, as well as misdirect their efforts. They further weaken them by forcing the industrious capitalist, whose interest, rightly viewed, is the same as theirs, to stand aloof. We do not claim for the capitalist any imaginary benevolence; we do not say that he wishes to give higher wages than he can help; but we say that the fixing of the rate of wages is no more in his power than it is in that of the workmen. When profits are high, there is competition in his line; more workmen are required, more is bid for their service. When profits are low, capital is withdrawn, fewer workmen are employed, and the necessities of the employer, as well as the competition of the employed, beat down the rate of wages. The true way to increase employment, to increase the rate of wages, is for all classes of *hand* labourers, and for the capitalists, (the *head* labourers,) to combine in one united effort—firstly, for the abolition of all laws which, by artificially narrowing the field of industry, diminish at once the supply of food and other comforts, to be distributed among the whole, and that industry by means of which the distribution is effected; secondly, the abolition of all those institutions which take the bread out of the mouths of the honest and industrious, to feed luxurious and dishonest indolence. But such a combination is impossible, until all associations, having for their object the interests of a few, are abandoned, and until violent and fraudulent means of effecting any purpose, which, by engendering mutual ill-will and distrust, unloose the bundle of rods, and enable the oppressor to break them one by one, are relinquished for ever.

We have addressed the working-classes; but they are not alone, nor are they so much to blame as the wealthier. That they distrust the already enfranchised classes, is a melancholy fact; but have they no cause for that distrust? Have these classes, by the use they have made of the franchise, shewn that they have at heart the general interest?—that they possess sufficient wisdom and fortitude to use the power they have obtained for the common good? Have they deported themselves towards the unenfranchised classes with that frank urbanity which proves the inward consciousness of good intentions? Have they, in virtue of the superior knowledge they arrogate to themselves, acted so as to disabuse the blind confidence reposed by the working-classes in special unions of particular trades? Truth forces us to answer each and all of these questions in the negative. The enfranchised classes, instead of returning a House of Commons which would set to work to effect substantial reforms, have sunk into the miserable contest of two great aristocratic factions; they have most deservedly incurred the distrust of the non-electors. The enfranchised classes have borne themselves with repulsive superciliousness towards the non-electors. They have availed themselves of the assistance of the non-electors; but whenever a difference of opinion arose, instead of calmly arguing it, they have drawn back and vituperated them. The enfranchised classes, by upholding corporations, by tolerating Corn-Laws, and by allowing colonial and shipping monopolies to endure, have naturally led the working classes to believe that there is virtue in exclusive privileges. The principle of corporations and agricultural or trading monopolies is the principle of Trades' Unions. With what face can Lord John Russell blame trades' unions, when he declares that the House of Commons is nothing but a great landowners' union? With what face can he and his colleagues talk (as they are doing) of legislative measures to prevent violence and intimidation by trades' unions, when this, their own landowners' union, is preparing violence and intimidation for the Canadian "nobs" who dare to disobey its mandates?

The truth is, that there are folly and faults—grievous faults—on both sides. Neither side can gain by sullenly holding out. The idle and dissipated, or the avaricious and jobbing, who benefit by bad government, will avail themselves of the continuance of the feud, to plunder and oppress both. A thorough revision of our laws and institutions is necessary; and this can only be obtained by a thorough reform of our representative system. We repeat Bentham's prescription:—Universal Suffrage; Equal Electoral Districts, on the Basis of Population; Vote by Ballot; Annual Parliaments; No Property Qualification; Paid Members of Parliament.

Gentlemen of the educated and enfranchised classes, will you make the first overture for union? No? You shew little of that superior wisdom you boast of. Gentlemen of the unenfranchised and unwashed classes, will you? No? Upon our words, we are ashamed of you; you are almost as bad as "your betters." Well, the misgovernment of your rulers will whip both parties into a wiser temper in time.

WOULD I HAD BEEN A GRECIAN YOUTH!—AN ODE.

BY T. MACMAHON HUGHES.

Would I had been a Grecian youth,
  Born in the days of yore,
When men were bold to speak the truth,
  Not Falsehood to adore—
That harlot of this modern time,
Worshipped by men of every clime,
  Whose tongues are shaded o'er,
As various as the peacock's wing,
For lying's a familiar thing!

Would I had been a Grecian youth,
  With unrestrained limb,
To tread the fairest soil on earth,
  And tune to Freedom's hymn
The golden lyre, 'mid marble shrine,
Altar, and column, all divine;
  Then sound its praise to Him
Whom Greece, alas! but faintly knew—
The living God—the just—the true!

Would I had been a Grecian youth,
  To steep the crimson sword
In blood of tyrants to the hilt,
  And own no human lord;
Strike magisterial villains dead,
Enthrone fair Justice in their stead;
  And, if a foreign horde
Dared to invade my father land,
Thermopylæ, to swell thy band!

Would I had been a Grecian youth,
  Of the three hundred one,
Whose dripping swords clove thousands down,
  Or ere the fight was done;
Who closed their ranks fair Greece to save,
(A living bulwark of the brave!)
  The Persian host to stun,
And scare with godlike valour back
Whole millions lashed to the attack.

Would I had been a Grecian youth,
  Trained to the blood-red fight;
With every muscle lion-strung,
  And every limb aright!
A breast of symmetry like those
  Thy friezes, Parthenon! disclose;
  Reins as the greyhound's light;
And sinewy knee, and stalwart arm,
And heart for the stern conflict warm!

Would I had been a Grecian youth,
  What time the Persian hordes,
Upon the plain of Marathon,
  Claimed Hellas as its lords!—
Then gore had o'er my pathway gushed,
As with a bridegroom's fire I rushed
  In transport on their swords!
My brand had been my blushing bride;
Torrents of blood its sheen had dyed!

Would I had been a Grecian youth,
  When war's alarm was o'er,
To shine in the peace-loving arts
  That graced the Attic shore;
To sculpture beneath Phidias' eye
Those classic forms that ne'er shall die,
  Catch all his matchless lore,
And mark how, when the work was done,
He eagle-eyed his Parthenon.

Would I had been a Grecian youth,
  To daunt the Olympic crowd
With feats of godlike power, and hear
  Their "Ios!" swelling loud!
To wrestle, or the chariot guide,
Or o'er the Athenian stadium glide,
  Proclaimed the victor proud;
And on my head receive in showers,
Ilyssian bank, thy waving flowers!

Would I had been a Grecian youth,
  The honeyed store to sip,
In Academus' palmy groves,
  Distilled from Plato's lip;
Or, seated in the Porch, to hear
The words of Zeno, sage austere;
  Or, from each sophism strip
Its tinsel, taught to reason right
By the commanding Stagyrite!

Would I had been a Grecian youth,
  To hear the Theban lyre
Struck by a Pindar's dashing hand,
  Tuned to his tongue of fire;
Or, 'neath some myrtle's tender shade,
To hear the glowing Lesbian maid
  Breathe o'er the golden wire
Her burning spirit, thrilled with love,
Keen as the fire of mighty Jove!

Would I had been a Grecian youth,
  With awe-suspended breath,
To see Melpomene diffuse
  Destruction, horror, death!
To mark the Titan, thunder-riven,
Send his defiance up to Heaven,
  And dare the Thunderer's wrath;
Then, deeply-worshipping, regard
Old Æschylus, the warrior-bard.

Would I had been a Grecian youth,
  To mark when Jason's bride,
Pregnant with vengeance, brooded o'er
  Her stern infanticide!
Would I had watched, with eye dismayed,
Beneath the parricidal blade
  When Clytemnestra died;
And when the Furies, screaming wild,
Pursued her horror-tortured child!

Would I had been a Grecian youth,
  To mark the speaking frown
Of Pericles, when, lightning-eyed,
  He awed oppressors down!
Or when the might of Æschins,
With torrent-tongued Demosthenes,
  Contended for the crown—
To hear from one those words of wonder,
That in the other waked the thunder!

Would I had been a Grecian youth,
  When Greece her might put forth;
Her sons the bold, the sage, the free,
  Her daughters first on earth!
Were I a Grecian in *these* days,
My prostrate countrymen I'd raise,
  And new-sprung Freedom's birth
Hallow with yearnings of the brave,
Or seek and find an early grave!

London, 10th January.

EXTRACTS FROM THE MEMORANDUM BOOK OF THE LATE PASTOR OF ST LEONARD'S.

NO. I.—THE SOMNAMBULIST.

28th March 18—.

Eo die.—Having been informed, by George Anderson, the clerk, that Walter B——, the proprietor of the estate called Dowielee, had been sorely tried—that, like Habakkuk, his lips quivered, that rottenness had entered into his bones, that he trembled and prayed to be at rest in the day of trouble, and wished to see me—I resolved to visit him. After all my labours, how little good, alas! do I do, unless I am aided by the powerful mean of Heaven-sent affliction! Yesterday I did no service to heaven, for the individuals I attempted to benefit were steeped in the drunkenness of worldly prosperity. These are strange times in which we live. They are like those mentioned by Esdras—"When men hope, but nothing obtain; and labour, but their ways do not prosper." It is necessary, however, that our energies in the good cause of salvation be doubled. I hope this day may not be like yesterday—a barren field in God's kingdom on earth.

I called at Dowielee. Though in the neighbourhood, I had never even seen the house, which lies deep in the birchwood that surrounds it, and conceals it from the eye of the passer by. The proprietor never before solicited either my friendship or my professional aid—preferring to struggle single-handed with his sorrows and misfortunes; but it is not good that we should stand by and wait till we are called; for, while we wait, the soul perisheth; therefore do I blame myself for not having waited on him before. Walter B——, to whom the servant introduced me by name, received me kindly. He is about seventy years of age; has been a good-looking, and is still an intelligent, though grief-worn and miserable individual—bent, broken down, and carrying on his aged shoulders a dreadful load of disease and sorrow. As the proprietor of so fair an estate, he must have "*enjoyed*" in his day; but he is receiving now in this time "an hundredfold." He could not rise to receive me—being bound, by his innumerable infirmities, to an old high-backed chair, elaborately carved and stuffed with cushions, but a faint smile, which struggled with difficulty through wrinkles, deep furrowed by age and sorrow, made ample amends for the want of the accustomed forms of reception he had been necessitated to renounce.

Having sat down, I told him I had called in consequence of his own request, communicated to me through the session-clerk.

"And I am glad," he replied, "that you have so quickly complied with my wish; for, though I have suffered as no man hath suffered, my affliction hath wrung from my heart, along with my pain, but too little of a balm that is said to be secreted there, and which, if brought forth and properly applied, is capable of not only assuaging our sorrow, but making us love it. Nor have I inquired for good means to produce this effect."

"It is not too late," said I, "for the final good, though it may be for the temporal benefit, of your mind and body, which, I daresay, you acknowledge to be of no great importance, when compared with that which awaits us; for none of us are long in this world of trial till we are compelled to pray, as Tobit prayed, that we may be 'dissolved and become earth.' Experience, common sense, poetry, and revelation, all agree in the conclusion, that the portion of man in this world, is suffering."

"Ay, but it is not even in the power of poetry," said he, smiling painfully, "to shadow forth suffering like mine. What I have borne, I have concealed; but I have latterly thought that, if I were to unburden my mind of the secret of my misery, I might, from such a person as you, receive the aid of a sympathy which would not stop to assuage my temporal sorrow, but lead and accompany my mind in an endeavour to turn that sorrow to account in the place where it may be of proper avail."

I expressed myself well pleased with his intention, and described to him many advantages that I had known to result from unburdening the mind of secret causes of grief, besides that of enabling a person in my situation to enter into the same train of thinking and feeling, and thence to lead the mind from thoughts already ascertained, to others, in the gradation and progress of a proper regeneration. He accordingly proceeded with his narrative.

"I have said that my sufferings are beyond the descriptive powers of the poet; but, indeed, no invention of man in weaving together the incidents of life, by the powers of a fertile imagination, ever can accomplish a work combining so many ingenious modes of misery as may be found in actual operation in the mind and body of a man engaged in the ordinary pursuits of life. The dramatic poet has, especially in Greece and in our own England, done perhaps all that can be done, to shew how far the invention of man can go, in making the ideal elevated and intensive; yet, on a comparison of these grand and immortal efforts of inspired genius, with one single hour of the life of any man that has lived long enough 'to know what it is to live,'—occupied, as that brief span may be, with ten thousand successive ideas and emotions, following and crowding on each other with a celerity equalled by nothing that is palpable to man's sense, and yet every one of them loaded with its appointed portion of human suffering too fine and too acute for being expressed by the clumsy apparatus of language—

how far short do they fall of a portrayment of pure moral truth! Your own individual sufferings—for all men consider their griefs to be great, each indeed conceiving his own to be the most acute and unmerited—will secure for me an admission of the correctness of what I now advance. In the expression of the real suffering of life—at least of what I have felt of it, and I think I excel all in my experience of misery—a man can scarcely stumble on the province of paradox; and, taking refuge under that sentiment, I could say, in sober earnestness, that I have experienced more pain in one minute of time than all the splendid and magnificent language of Æschylus in his ninety plays, or of Shakspeare in all he wrote, is capable of conveying to the mind of man. But, in this impotency of language, we may discover the traces of the merciful finger of God; for, if it were possible for man to communicate to his brethren the real *felt* nature of his sufferings, the misery of our condition would be multiplied a thousand millions of times, and the heavens would be filled with the lamentations of mortals.

"Were it not for the reason I have already mentioned, you may be well assured that I would not, I could not, have prevailed upon myself to lay open, so far as our gift of language, inadequate as it is, might enable me, those dark recesses of my mind, where Sorrow, in her long dreary residence, has generated forms which I cannot contemplate without terror, and from which I can get no refuge. It might, indeed, have been well for me if I could have, long ere this, communicated, partially at least, my knowledge and sentiments to sympathizing friends. My sorrow might have been alleviated; but Nature hath said to man, 'Whilst thou sufferest, thou shalt not have the power of communicating thy woes, till time hath taken that sting from them which would poison the happiness of thy neighbours; doubtless a good final cause, which, in our voiceless grief, we dare not impugn.

"You know, I believe, my parentage, from your having been brought up in the neighbourhood. This property of Dowielee, which I got from my father, was a gift to one of my ancestors by King James VI., in consideration of services done to the State. It is, as you must have observed, one of the most beautiful and romantic estates in Scotland; for it is ornamented by thick umbrageous woods, through which a noble river rolls its majestic stream—roaring, in some places, with the voice of the dashing cataract—in others, singing like a blythe maiden on her way to be married—and, in some, sleeping with the placidity and the latent power of the infant Hercules. This house, called Dowielee House, was built by my great-grandfather. It is old, but on that account the more romantic and interesting; for it is associated in my mind with a host of historical family occurrences, which exhibit, in a strong light, the virtues of my ancestors—though sometimes I am forced to confess their crimes, and, I may add, mournfully, their misfortunes, which, alas! are all shamed by my own. In this last respect, I have been fated to contribute to the old mansion an interest which, in after times, when my griefs shall have darkened the page of our family annals, may raise an unavailing tear to the eye of a remote descendant, as he lifts it to those moss-covered walls which have witnessed scenes that lend, says holy writ, an eloquence to stones.

"I came by far too soon to my property and power; for I was scarcely twenty when my father died intestate, whereby, being put under no salutary restraining fetters of testamentary guardianship, and no legal curators being deemed necessary for a nine months' non-age, I became possessed of a power of which I did not know the value, and a forward status in society, without experience to guide me in the affairs of life. But power and opportunity are divested of their danger, when the heart is happily free from a propensity to evil. Yet weaknesses, which are often fostered by riches, may generate misfortunes as gigantic as the consequences of vice; and we get little consolation from our own consciences, in the midst of self-caused suffering, from any fine-spun distinction between blind error and voluntary crime. While I have God to thank for keeping me free from the contamination of serious evil, I have myself to blame for the consequences of faults and follies as pregnant as crime itself of unhappiness to man.

"Inheriting, from weak and nervous parents, feelings of extreme sensibility—ready, on the slightest touch of an exciting cause, to burn into love or shame, or to thrill with disappointments, fancied slights, and imaginary insults—I soon found myself unsuited for general society. I sometimes fancied that this itself was an imagination, and, for a period, struggled against the irresistible constitution of my nature, only to be made more certain that my happiness lay among my own beautiful woods of Dowielee; though, alas! my certainty was only that human confidence which, like the mists that conceal the shelving rock of a lee-shore, prevent us from seeing the dangers that almost infringe upon our very organ of vision. As it is easy to argue ourselves into a belief of the truth of our wishes, especially when they seem pointed by original constitution and natural bias, I arrived early at the conclusion that the best life for a man of morbid sensibility was a rural one. The woods, and bosky dells, and green schaws, and running streams of my paternal inheritance, had an eloquent language of their own, which went to the heart of the worshipper of nature, without carrying with it personalities to wound his pride, or excite his fevered emulation. They possessed inhabitants too corporeal to satisfy the inquiries and engage the attention of the scientific and the unlettered naturalist; and incorporeal, to respond to the inspired invocations of the poet. What more did I require? Yet more was to be found in these sweet retreats, and that, too, I was fated to discover; for who is as ready to meet with misfortune as he whom nature has made incapable of bearing it—the man whom sensibility makes a lover of pleasure,

and forces to seek it in the state in which it comes from the womb of Nature.

"There are few in these parts whose ears have not been often saluted by the perhaps exaggerated—though that was scarcely possible—description of the rare, almost angelic beauty of the young female who, for a long period, bore the charmed name of the Beauty of Dowielee—an appellation by which she was far better known among the people than that of Lucy Oliver, given to her by her father, David Oliver, the humble cottar of Broomhaugh, part of my property. This simple girl had, for a number of years, been residing with an uncle at a place in the western parts of Scotland, and had returned to Broomhaugh, bringing with her those improved and now perfect charms, which afterwards rendered her so famous in parts much more distant than a cottager's beauty is generally carried. I had heard generally that David Oliver had a pretty and an interesting daughter; but her residence at a distance had prevented me from seeing her; and I felt no interest in a matter which apparently concerned me so little as the alleged and unseen beauty of a cottager's daughter. My fancies, fortunately, did not run in that direction. I was then merely an ardent lover of nature, whom I courted in places the farthest removed from the haunts of disagreeable man or beautiful woman—creatures whom, in the refined society I had left in disgust, I had found embued with qualities repugnant to those sensibilities which shrunk at the touch of the familiar badinage of fashion.

"Not long after the arrival of David Oliver's daughter, I one day sauntered down to Holy Well, the limpid medicinal spring that bubbles up from the moss-covered ground of the retreat that goes under the name of the Fox's Glen. My grandfather erected there a pretty little figure of Niobe, executed with some classical taste; and my father, with that love of refined sentiment by which he was distinguished, planted at her back a willow tree, which, growing more rapidly than his son, had now arrived at an extreme height, sending down over the face of the figure, long weeping tendrils, that, in the winds, moaned in suppliance of the expression of sorrow of the bereaved mother, and, in summer showers, sent drops simulating the tears that are feigned to flow incessantly from the stony eyes of the mournful victim of maternal grief. I sat down under the tree, and was meditating on the character and virtues of these ancestors, who were, by their time-extended acts, exciting in me, their descendant, those sentiments and feelings with which they were themselves, in the very spot I now occupied, inspired. I looked up in the face of the statue, to realize the idea which that same countenance had produced in their minds. There were two faces there—one beside that of the figure, of flesh and blood, so beautiful, that I had never seen anything on earth, or imagined anything in heaven, more fair. I felt, in some degree, alarmed. I had never seen mortal in that spot. I had heard no noise of one approaching. There could be no person with so heavenly a countenance in these parts unknown to me. My nervous sensibility received in an instant the impression of a mysterious awe; and Fancy, lifting up her magic wand, was on the eve of realizing some immaterial creation, when Perception, vindicating its truer and more natural authority, detected the figure of a female softly yet quickly retiring behind the trunk of the willow. I followed her; and, as she had only tried to secret herself by the cover of the tree, I discovered a young woman, simply, but gracefully attired, standing, overcome with shame, and endeavouring to conceal the beautiful face I had already been so much struck with, by holding up her two hands, through the half-opened fingers of which her dark-blue eyes shone with the lustre of excitement. I stood before her silent, indulging the fanciful humour of testing her fortitude and her patience, by ascertaining how long she would keep her position and attitude, in which I thought she looked more interesting than if the full beauty of her countenance had been entirely exposed to my impassioned gaze. When she saw me in this playful humour, her confidence enabled her to take down her hands; but the blush remained, colouring her temples with a vermilion tint, as beautiful as that which Diana exhibited, as she returned from the stream in which she bathed.

"'Who are you, and whence came you, fair maiden?' said I. 'These retreats have heretofore been sacred to me, and to those songsters whose voices fill the air with their music. If such as you frequent our solitudes, I fear they will soon become thoroughfares.'

"'I am the dochter o' David Oliver o' Broomhaugh,' said she, simply. 'He is ane o' yer Honour's cottars.'

"'Then you know me?' said I.

"'My faither pointed ye oot to me ae day as ye passed oor cottage,' replied she. 'But I didna ken that ye was at the Holy Well when I looked owre the back o' the stane leddie. My faither drinks the water o' the spring for his health—and my pitcher is yet empty.'

"She accompanied these words with a deep curtsey, and a motion to seize a pitcher that lay at her feet. With a quick step she hastened down to the spring, and, taking a supply of water, turned to proceed homewards. I said I would accompany her; but the proposition startled her, and, like the frightened roe, she bounded away over the greensward, with as much quickness as her burden, bearing lightly on the springs of youth and health, would permit. I stood and looked after her. It was the first time I had seen in perfection that wonderful combination, so irresistible to all sensitive hearts—and, to those who are sick of the painted faces and conventional forms of refined society, so fraught with a mysterious power—the most complete beauty and the most natural manners. The effect produced upon me was intense and instant, proportioned to my sensibility to the charms of pure nature, and my disgust of the

artifices of factitious society, that, like an olio of foreign and heterogeneous ingredients, requires strong spices and nauseous stimulants to bring the competing flavours to the just mean of the gourmand's depraved taste. From that moment my feelings took on a new character, and pointed to a new object. A few minutes—I speak not paradoxically—deprived the living scenes around me of one half of their life and charms. My burning fancy deified unconsciously the most beautiful of the forms of God's fair works. I became a worshipper at first sight, and, with downcast eyes, sauntered slowly home to Dowielee, a changed man, stricken by a power that was busy bringing out of the electric effects of its first access the intoxicating feelings of Nature's strongest and most elevated instinct.

"I do not require to tell you the progress of love, or how the mysterious power of imagination weaves round the object of affection the thousands of indescribable charms which the very judgment of the lover impresses with the seal of the sacred reality of truth. All this has been described by every inspired pen, and by the inspired lips of those who lived before the art of writing was known. I followed the steps of stronger and better men, and resigned myself to the power I could neither resist nor understand. I found myself often walking on the banks of the river which flowed past the cottage of Broomhaugh. For a time, a single look of the simple cottage maiden satisfied a week's longings of the master of Dowielee. Her bashfulness and modesty, which made her fly my approach, almost as timid as her flight, riveted my passion; but her timidity did not prevent her from ministering to the wants of her parent; and I feasted my eyes on her, unobserved, as she daily filled her pitcher at the Holy Well, which she accomplished in the manner of the frightened and fluttering bird that, after a flight, wets its little parched throat in the mountain stream. I do not know how long my peculiar nervous temperament forced me to this timid mode of satisfying a passion that increased every hour; but, one day, with a courage unusual to me, I left hurriedly my hiding-place, and fairly seized in my arms the flying object of an affection that could brook no longer delay. She struggled to get free from my embrace; but I overcame her with my entreaties and my tears, and, acquiring some confidence, she renounced her efforts to escape. Next day I saw her again; her confidence in me was increased; and thus, from small beginnings, and an almost imperceptible progress, an intimacy grew up between us which became stronger and less reserved at every subsequent meeting.

"The second happiness of a lover soon awaited me—the consciousness of being beloved by the woman he holds dearest on earth. I am afraid of falling into the hackneyed, and now almost distasteful language of truth, when applied to an affair of the heart; and I acknowledge it true that, when nature far transcends description, the effort to portray is ineffectual and unpleasant. Lucy Oliver was clearly all my own. I had awakened the first interest of affection in her virgin heart. She exhibited all the strongest symptoms of love: her eyes sought mine as if they acknowledged a secret charm; her thoughts followed the train of my ideas; her feelings were gratified only by a sympathy which she drew from my thoughts, words, looks, and sighs; her emotions burst the bonds of a natural bashfulness; and her trembling arms hung round my neck, while the gushing tears of gratified rapture fell warm on my cheek. This absolute satisfaction, in so far as respected a consciousness of being beloved, was, however, a resting-place; it was a termination of one—the first vista of the view of the inspired heart; arrived there, the mind, framed by God to be ever on the movement forward, required to look to the next stage of the heart's progression. It was here that I felt the first whisper of prudence; and the question, What am I to do with this doating, resigned, conquered, love-distracted girl, the daughter of my own cottar? rose upon me, and demanded an answer. In the very midst of our chaste dalliance, when I kissed away with my burning lips the tear that flowed down her cheek, as she lay yielded up and nestled in my bosom, with her angelic countenance, beaming love's unutterable thoughts, turned up into my face, a sickness came over me when I contemplated the conquered being whose fate was in my hands. The torturing question agonized me; and the tears of sorrow were mixed with those of 'love's sweet dream.'

"But it was at home that this train of thought produced in my mind the most startling array of difficulties. It kept sleep from my eyes. I could arrive at no conclusion. My love was pure and impassioned; my pity was choked with tears; my prudence, strengthened by the necessity of keeping up the honour of the house of Dowielee, would not yield. In the midst of this painful conflict, my mother's brother, Frederick Gordon, of Kelpieford, returned from France, bringing with him his only daughter, Amelia, a lovely young woman of eighteen years of age, highly educated, with refined sentiments—which had passed, with safety and even improvement, the fiery furnace of the example of Continental licentiousness—and a noble pride of the honour of her family. Her mother, a noble-minded woman, had the merit of the training of her elegant and virtuous daughter. I was necessarily a frequent visiter at Kelpieford; and my uncle and aunt, as my nearest relations, conceived they were executing the work of duty and affection in mixing the kindness of friends with the admonitions and advice of relations. I will not absolve them from the charge of an excusable selfishness. I do believe they wished me to wed Amelia; they wished me to seek my good where it was proper I should seek it; they wished me to be happy, as they wished their daughter, who was courted by richer men, to be happy. I do not, and never did suspect that they knew of my affection for Lucy Oliver; but their conduct was the same as if they had. They

were prudential people, and saw that my exquisite sensitiveness might make me an easy prey of a low affection. By praising the honour of my house, and drawing high-tinted pictures of the effects of unsuitable marriages, they fortified the prudence I had already, in some degree, opposed to my passion. Meanwhile, Amelia's beauty—of a different style from that of Lucy Oliver—set off by accomplishments of the highest order, and rendered irresistible by manners as sweet as they were refined, and free from the taint of affectation or artifice, began to make upon me an impression which, I confess, I favoured, to aid the resolves of a prudence that yet shook at the dreadful prospect of the application of its energies, in the separation of two hearts so firmly united as mine and the poor victim of a virgin passion. Sensitive people are often wonderfully strong in their moral resolves, as nervous hands have sometimes the greater power of grasp. I resolved on renouncing for ever Lucy Oliver; but my resolution was accompanied by the manly determination of justifying to her face, if that, alas! were possible, the step I had been forced to take.

"The regularity of my visits to the Holy Well had suffered some interruption during the continuance of my irresolution. I now sought it with a step which owed its firmness to a high-wrought resolve. She was there, waiting for me in anxiety, and, as I approached her, searched my countenance with the eye of suspicious affection. My first look, which was only less kind than it was wont to be, struck her to the heart, and tears, anticipative of a coming evil, nearly unmanned me. My safety lay in a quick and immediate execution of a purpose that would have broken down amidst the wails of the misery it produced. I told her, at full length, my sentiments and resolution. She fainted. I awaited her recovery. She spoke; and my surprise at what she said equalled the love I had borne to her, and the sorrow she had caused me.

"'It is owre—it is owre,' she cried, as she rubbed her eyes, and looked calmly in my face. 'What I hae lang looked for, is owre and past. You will hear nae complaint, nae blame frae me. I kept my heart frae you as lang as the strength o' a weak maiden wad enable me. I guarded it wi' fear, and parted wi' it wi' a' the misgiving o' a suspicion that 's now fulfilled. Nae doubt ye sought me first, but I sought ye last; and, if I hae noo to regret a partin' where there should hae been nae meetin', I canna say that honour has been broken where nae promise was ever given. It's better, it's better—God mend my broken heart!—that you should wed Amelia Gordon than Lucy Oliver. Leave, leave *me*, wha has equals, but nae lovers in thae glens, and hasten to her wha is *your* equal as well as your lover; but let me tell you, afore ye depart, that it will gie me mair pleasure to hear, after you are married to Amelia Gordon, that ye hae forgotten Lucy Oliver, as she will try to forget you, than that you should mak' yoursel' and a guid wife miserable, by thinkin' o' her ye hae nae right to think o' as she has nane to think mair o' you. Ay, even if this puir heart should break in the struggle that waits for it, ye shall not shed a tear for Lucy Oliver. Farewell! farewell!'

"There was no anger observable in the conduct of the extraordinary girl. I kissed her as she departed, and she met my embrace with an appearance of sorrowful reconciliation. If I was surprised when I first saw her, I was more astonished at our separation. I was also pleased; for her calmness satisfied me that she would forget me. 'Good, kind creature!' ejaculated I, 'what a sacrifice have I made to feelings generated by those factitious forms I once despised! What a contradiction is man! How steadily faithful, noble, and forgiving is woman!—and what heroine hath ever acted as this humble cottage maiden!' I walked home, and forgot the admiration of conduct I did not think was to be found in fallen human nature, in my new love for Amelia Gordon, whom I married within a month after the extraordinary scene I have now inadequately described.

"If I had reason to admire woman, in the matchless beauty, grace, and noble-minded generosity of the humble cottager of Broomhaugh—who had, in exchange for the greatest insult and injury that could be offered to her sex, awarded forgiveness, along with even a fervent wish for the happiness of her rival and the destroyer of her peace—I did not want good grounds for an equal admiration in the qualities of my beloved wife. I had happily secured her affection before our marriage; and she was capable of reproducing in me that fervour of elevated passion which had burned so brightly to the trimming care of a meaner hand. Our mutual confidence was unbounded. We resigned ourselves, heart and soul, to the enjoyment of each other; and so selfish were we in our loves, that we could hardly bear that temporary suspension of our heartfelt intercourse and communion of sentiment, which the forms of society, and the obligations of hospitality, imperiously demanded. We were each to each alone, and all the world to each; and so luxurious were we in the gratification of our tastes and perceptions of matrimonial bliss, that we not only enjoyed as no mortals ever enjoyed it, but we discoursed of it, and contemplated its characters, and compared it with all the other modes of earthly enjoyment. We were idolators—worshippers—even the interests of heaven were in danger of being sacrificed or overlooked, in this harvest-home of our earthly happiness.

"Within a year my wife bore a son, who was named after me. I would have become altogether oblivious of Lucy Oliver, had I not, on several occasions, met her in places where I would have been as well pleased not to have seen her. I noticed that she sometimes frequented Dowielee House—a circumstance which appeared to me somewhat extraordinary. Will it be believed that it hurt my pride, to think that the first object of my affections could have so far overcome her feelings, and the very recollection of her

feelings, as to frequent my house, and to meet me with apparent indifference? But the acc om panying sensation of satisfaction, that she *had* mastered her passion, survived her injury, and rejoiced in the continuation of her forgiveness, reconciled me to the extraordinary apparition, who thus, without pain, haunted the mausoleum of her incorporated happiness. I discovered from Amelia, that, as she said, a beautiful and interesting creature, called Lucy Oliver, the daughter of one of my tenants, had introduced herself to her, and seemed anxious, in any way that lay in her humble power, to contribute to her comfort and that of the family of Dowielee.

"'Have you known this beautiful cottager long, Amelia?' said I.

"'For six months,' replied she; 'and the longer I know her I love her the more. Her beauty, her simplicity, her kindness, her conversation, delight me. She is mistress of all the fairy legends of the neighbourhood, which her romantic imagination weaves into new forms; yet so gentle, so bashful, so modest, that you would think she could not speak beyond the sound of a whisper, or tell more than a child. In imagination, she has carried me where my feet have not yet wandered; by the Fox's Glen, the Holy Well, and the Weeping Mother, where strange doings are done in the light of the harvest moon.'

"I looked at Amelia, but not suspiciously. She had heard nothing of my intimacy with Lucy. She was beyond my suspicion. Her open and generous soul despised secrecy.

"'What is her object in calling, Amelia?' continued I.

"'Kindness, pure kindness, beloved soul,' replied my wife. 'She is not happy at home, and I think she would be well pleased to be my lady's maid, a situation for which her kindness and obliging disposition, as well as her little self-taught accomplishments eminently qualify her. I have a strong desire to comply with her wishes, and then,' (embracing me, playfully) 'my servant and my lord will be equally delightful to me.'

"This arrangement did not please me; but I had already committed myself. I had wronged my dear confiding Amelia in not opening my bosom to her at the beginning. I could not now unburden myself: my confession would be merely the result of necessity and compulsion. I must now contrive to keep my secret at the expense of my peace. Thus does secrecy degenerate into deceit. I had never interfered hitherto in the choice or direction of female servants; and, if I wished to keep consistent, and preserve my secret, I behoved to leave the matter of Lucy's engagement to the free will and judgment of my wife. In a short time I saw my former love—her for whom once I could have died, who first lighted up the flame of passion in my bosom, whom I had renounced, who by her generosity had obtained over me and her own heart a victory beyond the conquests of kings—going through the servile details of the waiting woman of my wedded wife. Beyond all, I was struck with the coolness and propriety of her deportment. She never, not even when together alone, recognised me as her lover of the Holy Well. She treated me simply as the husband of the mistress she was bound and willing to serve—as her master, whose commands she waited, with the servility of an ordinary servant, to receive and to execute. I gradually became reconciled to her; and gratitude for the persevering constancy of her faith, in keeping our secret, lent its acclaim to this additional feature in her extraordinary character.

"In a short time my beloved Amelia gave me another pledge of an affection which increased with the time of our fortunate union. It was at this period that the attentions of Lucy to her mistress were most marked and unremitting. Amelia expressed her gratitude towards her as her benefactor—as one sent from heaven to administer to her all the comforts which her situation demanded. In two days after the birth of the child—a female—the mother fevered. The medical man detected by the eye of professional experience the nature of the complaint—a puerperal fever; and pronounced a prognoscis of a dubious character. I became alarmed, but not unfitted for acting as my wife's nurse—an occupation in which I took delight. I watched at her bedside. My assistant was Lucy Oliver; she seconded all my efforts with an assiduity and kindness even transcending my own. The fever proceeded to a crisis. As it advanced, my situation was indescribable. I slept almost none—my vigils, my solicitude, my anxiety preyed on my weak nerves, and produced tremors, morbid terrors, and, during the moments I slept, night mares. My time was spent at her bedside, in attentions, watchings, and secret prayers; yet, in the midst of all this devotion, I could not but observe, admire, and be grateful for the extraordinary conduct of my fellow comforter. Lucy Oliver vied with the man who had courted and deserted her in the extent of her sacrifice of time, health, and happiness, for the recovery of her successful rival. Good God! when I look back to that awful scene—my wife in the grasp of one of the most dangerous diseases incident to mortal; her nurse, my former lover, watching her every motion, anticipating her every whispered want; and I, with racked nerves, and my sympathies wound up till my heart-strings seemed on the eve of cracking—the witness of all that, and distracted with hopes, fears, gratitude, love, I wonder how my feeble frame could have withstood such a fearful combination of torturing causes. Many days and nights were thus spent. The crisis approached; my wife passed the dreadful ordeal. On the announcement of the happy tidings, I fell on my knees; Lucy Oliver followed my example. We offered up thanks to Heaven for the awarded mercy.

"Alas! alas! our thanks were a vain offering. Overcome with watching, I retired to a couch, to seek a few hours' repose. My dear wife relapsed during night. Lucy approached me, with trembling steps and timid voice, to announce to me what the doctor had not fortitude to do. I rose, and hastened to the scene of suffering. The

lovely victim was in the firm grasp of the grim Destroyer. Her bosom heaved with the weight of death; her mouth was open as she gasped for breath; her eyes were fixed; her consciousness gone; she knew not her husband—her miserable, distracted husband—who bent over her stiffening body, and clutched her in the agonies of despair. She expired in my arms.

"I cannot continue these details. My wife was buried in the family vault of Dowielee. Who should have taken charge of my pretty pledges, but she who had attended and watched their dying mother with such unparalleled devotion? Time passed on, and partially alleviated sufferings that brought me to the brink of the grave; where, indeed, I often, in my agony, wished myself quietly deposited, by the side of her who taught me happiness, transcending all other modes of pleasure, as much as my misery exceeded all other kinds of pain. During this period of trial, my good angel was Lucy Oliver. She it was who administered to me the only relief that remained for me on earth. She tended, with a mother's care, my children, and, with a wife's devotion, their father. My wants were supplied, my wishes anticipated, my whispers, my looks, my signs watched with the solicitude of one whose own happiness depended on my recovery. Yet was there never an allusion to our former intimacy; it seemed to be erased from the tablets of her memory—to be obliterated from Time's records; so effectually did she avoid every allusion to it, and conceal every thought or feeling connected with it.

"Time, aided by the unremitting endeavours of my benefactress, performed his usual wonders. I slowly recovered my health. My establishment had been under the charge of her who had exhibited so much fidelity. My dear children looked upon her as their mother: she had become necessary to them. Was she not also necessary to their father? As time softened the recollections of my wife, my old feelings towards my first love revived. I need not describe the rise of a passion, whose progress to the greatest height of human emotion I have already detailed. What use is there for more? The prudence that opposed that passion before, would now have been imprudence. The situation of matters was changed. I married Lucy Oliver at the end of the second year after the death of my Amelia.

"I again experienced human happiness greater than mortals generally are destined to enjoy in this world. My Lucy seemed all to me that my Amelia had been; and the love which the two bore to each other sanctified my affection for my second wife, while it embalmed in my recollection the feelings I entertained for my first. The bereavement to which I had been subjected by death, made me tremble for the health of her who was now my last, as she had been my first love. In a short time, she was to give me a pledge of affection—a pleasure which the recollection of a former experience turned into a terror and a pain. If it had been a legitimate subject for an address to the Almighty, I would have prayed for barrenness to the wife of my affection, and sacrificed the all-powerful feelings of a father, to the certainty of an avoidance of a repetition of that dreadful calamity that had bowed down my head to the earth, and stretched my heart-strings to breaking. But these things are not in the hands of man, and I checked my impious aspirations, by enforcing resignation to the will of Heaven. My Lucy bore to me a son. She escaped the dangers incident to her situation; but she recovered tardily, in spite of my devotion to the suppliance of her wants, and of everything that could contribute to her safety and restoration to health. A general weakness hung about her long after she was able to walk. An atrophy reduced her body; and neuralgic pains shot through her, forcing her often to cry aloud. At night, she was visited by troubled dreams, in which nightmares and all the hags generated by morbid fancies, followed her, and jabbered, and louted, and hugged her, terrifying her, and forcing herself to nestle closely in my arms for protection, and often wakening her with a loud scream of horror, which, in its turn, roused me from my own troubled sleep, in fright and anxiety. This state of mind and body continued for a considerable time; and the recollection of the noctuary of these horrors carries with it to this hour an insufferable pain.

"A change now came over my dear Lucy, whose sufferings increased, if that was possible, my love and tenderness. The horrors of nightmare, in some degree, left her, and she slept with apparently more composure, drawing, however, at short intervals, long sighs, accompanied with mutterings and broken unintelligible speech. I wakened one night about the hour of twelve, and was surprised and alarmed to find her place by my side empty. The weakness she had laboured under for a time rendered it difficult for her, even in the day time, to rise and walk; and I could not conceive how she was able to have risen and left the bed. I called out, and received no answer. All was dark and silent. I perceived, by the dim light reflected by her white night-dress, my sick wife walking softly and silently along the room, heedless, because unconscious of my presence, and deaf to my sympathetic inquiries for explanation of her extraordinary conduct. I flew and seized her in my arms. She uttered a loud piercing scream, and, escaping from my grasp, fell senseless on the floor. I called the servants, and procured light. She had partially recovered, and, on being put to bed, I asked her why she had left the bed, and why she had screamed when I approached her. She seemed to feel uneasy under my questions; and I did not press her farther on a subject which gave her pain.

"On the following night I took the precaution of having a taper in the room, in case of a repetition of the scene which had produced in me so much alarm; for I was inclined to think that she had become a somnambulist. I slept little, for my fancy was busy with my misfortunes, and

my heart occupied with sympathy for the sufferings of my wife. At the same hour she rose and left the bed, walking erectly and firmly, as if her weakness had suddenly left her, and she had been restored to health. She went to a small rosewood cupboard that stood in the end of the room, and opened it, taking from it a small bottle, which she folded in her hands and pressed to her bosom. She then held it up to the light of the taper, and sighed deeply as she looked through it. She turned her face to the bed, and stared at me with open lack-lustre eyes for several minutes. Keeping this frightful attitude, with the bottle held up in her hand, she spoke:—

"'She is past danger now, and will recover.' (A pause, and listening.) 'That breathin is lighter—no sae like death—her mains and grains are gane—the struggle's past, and, when she recovers, I maun continue to dress her for his eye and undress her for his embrace. Shall that be guid help?' (Looking through the vial.) 'Na, na, she has had her time, and mine waits me. A revivin' patient needs a cordial. Hark! he comes from the couch in the next room.' (Listening again.) "It is the winds o' the woods o' Dowielee. Quick—quick!—his twa hours are oot, and he'll hae a braw wakenin; she canna refuse a cordial frae the hands o' Lucy Oliver.'

"She now approached the bed where I lay in a state of horripilation. My mind denied me thought. I could not think; a general sensation of indescribable horror, which ran through my veins, was the only symptom of consciousness I felt in my mind or frame. I lay, bound to the bed, without power to move, to think, to speak. She approached silently and fearfully, looking back to the door at intervals, and listening; then progressing a step, then pausing and listening again—motions and attitudes she repeated till she arrived at the bedside. She now seemed to recollect herself, turned suddenly, and flew quickly, hurriedly, and tremblingly, for the taper, which, taking up, she held in her left-hand, while her right grasped the vial. She then approached the bed by four or five long rapid steps—her white gown flowing behind her, and her hair, which had come down, streaming over her shoulders. She stood for a moment at the bedside, looking, with staring orbs, into my face, and holding, before my eyes, the taper, which she moved backwards and forwards as if to perceive whether my gaze followed it. She then laid down the taper on a chair at the bedside, and applied her left-hand to my brow. She spoke again:—

"'You are warm, dear leddie; but there's a dew on your forehead—a good sign. Your breathin' is freer, and the weight is gane frae your breast. 'When thae signs come,' said the doctor to me, 'gie her this.' (Holding up the vial in my face.) 'It is a cordial I hae tasted wi' my ain lips, and what is sweet to Lucy, canna be sour to her she luves abune a' mortals. Drink, my dear leddie—health is the queen o' blessins, and wha wadna wish to be weel wha has Dowielee for a husband? Quick, dear leddie—ay, ay—there, there—a drap still remains, it's owre precious to be lost. There—you will sleep now; and, when ye waken, Dowielee will kiss ye in joy o' your recovery.'

"She now took up the taper, and with a rapid hurried step hastened to the cupboard, opened it, put in the vial, closed it, locked it, placed the taper on the table, blew it out, and came to bed. When she lay down, she sighed deeply, and shook so that the bed moved. I tried to calm my mind, and think of the strange scene I had witnessed, of the strange things I had heard. I had never known of any draught given to my wife on the morning of her death; but she might have got a cordial administered to her. Was there anything in Lucy's words that indicated more. I could not answer my own question; my mind reverted back to Lucy's extraordinary conduct and character. She was not like other women. She had acted as no other woman could act; but had she not acted nobly and generously?—Why, then, draw evil from good. But to what did my doubts point? I could not mention it. The thought was not recognised by me as an act of my conscious mind. It was a rebel. I quelled it, and tried to sleep; yet I could not. I lay awake during the whole night; my mind turned against itself; my fancy bounded by my judgment; confidence warring with suspicions; doubts struggling in the grasp of a determined but generous dogmatism. During the following day, I observed the same conduct to Lucy; for I had, to a great extent, banished from my mind every reflection suggested by the scene of the previous night, except the conclusion—that somnambulists do strange things in their nocturnal vocations.

"Two nights afterwards, my wife rose again. I watched her motions. She repaired to the cupboard, in the same way as formerly, took out the vial, lifted up the taper, and approached the bed. Her manner was more confused on this occasion; for she approached and receded from the bed; walked along the room with a rapid step; repeated these motions eight or ten times; and, at last, stood still in the middle of the apartment, pronouncing this monologue in a distinct and impressive manner:—

"'Lang, lang hae I suffered. By the Holy Well I suffered; in my father's cottage I suffered; beneath the window of this bedroom, on his marriage night, as I sat shiverin' in the cauld winter blast, I suffered; as I undressed his wife for his bed, and retired to my ain, to think o' their happiness, and greet myself asleep, I suffered. Yet, a' this time, he thought I had forgotten him. I loved him still the mair; and my love and my sufferin' hae come to a height. I can wait nae langer. This chance has failed. Her bairn's born, and the fever has passed its dangerous hour. Now or never! Lucy Oliver or Amelia Gordon maun dee. She or I maun drink this black death, to the health o' Apothecary Watson, wha, silly man, refused at first to gie me't. Come, come, my time is short; he will be here anon.'

"She rose, and again approached the bed, holding up before my eyes the light, laying it down, passing her hand along my brow, and going through the same series of movements, and using nearly the same words, as on the previous occasion. She at last came to bed, and lay down, sighing and uttering deep groans.

"My mind was again in a state of confusion; but my horror was, if possible, increased. Her tale was now more connected, and filled with an import more dreadful. It bore a character of waking reality—borrowing, from the daily occurrences of life, facts—undeniable, melancholy truths—turning them to a rational account, and explaining even those very parts of her conduct which never, in my estimation, quadrated with human nature. My mind tried to escape from the fearful, connected, rational sense of her monologue. Its truth horrified me. I scrutinized the nature of my own dreams, which, I acknowledge, were wild and fanciful, having seldom any verisimilitude to the rationale of life. But I was forced to distinguish between mere dreaming and somnambulism; a state of the mind in which certain of its faculties are even improved, and vested with powers sometimes considered nearly supernatural. Was I bound or entitled to *disbelieve* a rational tale of personal experience, merely because some of the faculties of the mind, not necessary to the reminiscence or the narration, were in a state of inactivity? My inability to answer this in the affirmative, increased my difficulty, and added to my horror. Yet, was I bound or entitled to *believe* the connected, rational tale of a somnambulist? Neither could I answer this. I was on the eve, I thought, of becoming a madman—an opinion which a strong inborn sense of total inability to bear the force of a discovery which I conceived awaited me, confirmed. I sickened and sunk, as the necessity of an investigation rose upon me. The prospect of being compelled to search for proof that my wife—the creature on whom I leant for support, to whom I looked for consolation, in whose love lay my only happiness on earth—was guilty of a crime sufficient to call down the vengeance of heaven, made me almost delirious. Yet the prospect of remaining wilfully in doubt; of being placed on the rack of suspicion; of having all my confidence, all my love, all my converse, all my intercourse with her who slept on my bosom, and nestled in my arms, mixed, qualified, tainted, and poisoned by the thought that she *might have*, that it was *doubtful* whether she *had not*, murdered Amelia Gordon—was that a better one—was it preferable to the killing certainty itself—the last, kind, unqualified, finishing horror, that would admit of no lingering, no torturing, but finish at one stroke, grief, and doubt, and life together?

"This night was also restless. I slept none. For three nights I had not closed an eye. My brow for all that time had been burning. My constitution felt the stroke. I was seized with a fever, and removed to another apartment. I can say little of this period of my suffering; but I saw often, at my bedside, Lucy Oliver, my wife, who administered to me medicine-*cordials*—restoratives. O God! what were the thoughts which, suggested by her image, changed and coloured by a maniac fancy, mixed with the recollections of Amelia Gordon! Suspicions, hatreds, love, and pity, careered through my fevered, maddened brain! Yet I weathered this pitiless storm of fate. I recovered from the fever; but I convalesced with poison on my mind. Oh, had I then died!

"I left, at last, my sick-chamber; but my suspicions accompanied me. All my efforts were not able to conceal a change. For a time I struggled on, endeavouring to master my feelings, to look with a steady eye on Lucy, to embrace her without trembling. It would not do. The pain was unbearable. I started up in the midst of an accession of my agony; I walked out; and, scarcely knowing whither I was wandering, found myself in the shop of Nicholas Watson, the village apothecary. I put the question to him whether any of my domestics had bought poison from him for a length of time back.

"'Yes,' said he, 'I sold, with reluctance, and after much questioning as to the use to which it was to be applied, an ounce of oxalid acid to Lucy Oliver, then your lady's waiting-woman, now your wife.'

"What more did I require? Yet I got more. My wife was unable to stand the change that had come over me. She had suspected the cause—for I noticed that she never would speak of her dreams or night-walking. Our eyes became eloquent of mutual suspicions, sometimes of mutual horror, though our mouths were dumb. The disease that already lurked in her system—and all hope of its removal was now gone—would have been sufficient of itself to dissolve her frame; but the accession of a new mental agony, transcending all bodily diseases and pains, accelerated what, though inevitable, might have been long kept off by remedial means. She was soon confined entirely to bed, and reduced to the extremity of life. Her struggles were too painful for me to witness, and I left her to the charge of her attendants. One evening I was called by an urgent express. I approached her bed. She waved her hand to the attendants, to retire. She looked up in my face with a placidity which surprised me. As I gazed on her, her eyes filled with tears.

"'It is true—it is true!' she said, and expired.

"What I have experienced since would take years to tell. Have I not suffered as no mortal ever suffered?"

"Your story, Mr B——," said I, "is a remarkable one. I will meditate upon it, and, when we shall have more time, endeavour to extract from it the evidences of the touch of the finger of the Almighty, which, be assured, may be traced, by an eye anxious to find it, in all the sorrows of mortals."

Having prayed with this heir of sorrow, I left him, to return next day. Nothing else must be allowed to interfere with this duty.

LOCKHART'S LIFE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.—VOLS. V. & VI.

The Sixth Volume of the Scott Miscellany is the most interesting of the series to the feelings of the reader, with, perhaps, the exception of the first. Mr Lockhart is a knowing artificer of books. Either he has been a laggard in his task, or he had entered upon it without proper preparation; and now, in announcing a seventh volume, (which will, in all probability, stretch to an eighth, by way of an appendix,) he dexterously appeases impatience and muttered wrath, by bringing forward, as a *bonne bouche*, a portion of a diary kept by Sir Walter, during the most trying and painful period of his life, the winter of 1825–6. The happy accident which prompted the best portion of Scott's private writings—and we do not except either the truest and most confidential of his letters, or the early autobiography—was accidentally reading Byron's *Ravenna Journal*, which, as far as the different characters of the men permitted, has been the model of Scott's Journal. To his vellum-bound confidant, secured by a good lock, he almost daily entrusted his inmost spontaneous thoughts and feelings, on the good and ill of his troubled life; together with anecdotes, criticisms, and freer opinions than so cautious a man was in the habit of expressing, in the most intimate social intercourse, and in his most unbending moments. The *Gurnal*, as he humorously calls it, was also the safety-valve of his excited mind; and it cannot have failed to minister that soothing relief which Scott, it is plain, could neither seek nor accept from wife, child, or friend. Every page of these memoirs shews how entirely, throughout the whole of life, he felt and suffered alone; in its most important affairs, admitting sympathy with indifference, and, in the time of trial, with impatience, and something like jealous scorn of those who poured condolence upon him, and, as he says, "poor-manned" him. It is with his prosperity that he almost uniformly, and, at times, in a tone approaching mock humility, calls upon his correspondents to sympathize. At no period of life did Scott "wear his heart upon his sleeve," and, latterly, he shrank altogether into himself. His correspondence became less extensive and free, and he betook himself to the Journal, and sought relief in confessing there as much as he chose to confess. It contains the truth, and nothing but the truth; but no more the whole truth than the similar self-revelations of great authors of sound mind, not devoured by egotism. One use of the Journal was, undoubtedly, to set himself right with posterity, and to exhibit his character and feelings, at a most important crisis, in what he considered the true light—and which was the true light. The Journal was a happy relief to his solitary ruminating mind; and, at the same time, a picture of that over-tasked and mortified mind, such as he did not shrink from giving to the world. Nothing is more prominent in his Journal, than how justly Scott could estimate the real good and true happiness of life, miserably as with open eyes, he had allowed himself to be allured and cheated by their counterfeits. But, as we have a goodly couple of volumes to traverse, and as the Journal occupies less than a fourth of this space, and its vital confidings not a tenth part, it may be as well to take matters a little in order.

Volume Fifth opens in the summer of 1820, when Lockhart, not long married, went to Abbotsford on a visit of some weeks, and first became familiar with the routine of Scott's daily life in the country. With considerable parade, Mr Lockhart marshals, before the reader, the principalities and powers, dignities and dominions, that repaired to Abbotsford as to a shrine. These amounted, it is stated, to one individual in every six in "Lodge's Compendium of the Peerage." One half of all the foreigners that crossed the Channel at this time, were brought over by the attraction of Scott's writings, which is a large estimate; and a fourth part, in the hope "of beholding him under his own roof." Abbotsford was also the head-quarters of the head Edinburgh lawyers—"their *villa*, whenever they pleased to resort to it;" and they were neither merciful nor considerate, as "few of them were ever absent from it long." Besides these inroads of Philistines, from the peerage and the Court of Session, all the provincial gentry, cater-cousins, and Dandie Dinmonts, were to be entertained, together with artists, and poets, and all manner of comers and goers, continually crowding the Sheriff's caravansary on the banks of the Tweed. Without adopting Mr Lockhart's round estimates, there can be no reasonable doubt that Scott's patience, and fortune, and quiet of mind, and precious time, were often sadly taxed; and that he endured with fortitude the self-incurred infliction, which would have done honour to a better cause than this ostentatious and promiscuous commerce. That he grumbled in his gizzard, and sometimes broke away in impatience and displeasure is not wonderful; nor are we disposed to rate these sacrifices to second-hand popularity very highly. The courage and merit would have been, instead of entertaining these successive hordes with smiling patience and under-boiling spleen, to have done what misfortune, luckily, and to his great comfort, did for him, for a season—shut his doors against them. Mr Lockhart lauds his good-humour, his tact, his indulgence of all manner of *bores*, and his easy and happy adaptation to the varying tastes and characters of his guests; yet in other places he confesses that Sir Walter, being merely mortal, was, after all, vulnerable to the gnat-like annoyances which indiscriminate hospitality entailed upon his family. This persecution, or rather weak submission, was the more tormenting as he really loved solitude and self-communion. In one place he says:—

"From the earliest time I can remember, I preferred the pleasure of being alone to wishing for visiters, and have often taken a bannock and a bit of cheese to the wood or hill, to avoid dining with company. As I grew from boyhood to manhood, I saw this would not do; and that to gain a place in men's esteem I must mix and bustle with them. Pride, and an exaltation of spirits, often supplied the real pleasure which others seem to feel in society; yet mine certainly upon many occasions was real. Still, if the question was, eternal company, without the power of retiring within yourself, or solitary confinement for life, I should say, 'Turnkey, lock the cell!'"

And in another:—

"The love of solitude was with me a passion of early youth; when in my teens, I used to fly from company to indulge in visions and airy castles of my own, the disposal of ideal wealth, and the exercise of imaginary power. This feeling prevailed even till I was eighteen, when love and ambition, awakening with other passions, threw me more into society, from which I have, however, at times withdrawn myself, and have been always even glad to do so. I have risen from a feast satiated; and unless it be one or two persons of very strong intellect, or whose spirits and good-humour amuse me, I wish neither to see the high, the low, nor the middling class of society."

In the following summer, Mr Lockhart occupied the cottage of Chiefswood. He says:—

We were near enough Abbotsford to partake as often as we liked of its brilliant and constantly varying society; yet could do so without being exposed to the worry and exhaustion of spirit which the daily reception of new comers entailed upon all the family, except Sir Walter himself. But, in truth, even he was not always proof against the annoyances connected with such a style of open house-keeping. Even his temper sank sometimes under the solemn applauses of learned dulness, the vapid raptures of painted and periwigged dowagers, the horse-leech avidity with which underbred foreigners urged their questions, and the pompous simpers of condescending magnates. When sore beset at home in this way, he would every now and then discover that he had some very particular business to attend to on an outlying part of his estate, and, craving the indulgence of his guest overnight, appear at the cabin in the glen before its inhabitants were astir in the morning. The clatter of Sybil Grey's hoofs, the yelping of Mustard and Spice, and his own joyous shout of *reveillée* under our windows, were the signal that he had burst his toils and meant for that day to "take his ease in his inn." On descending, he was to be found seated with all his dogs and ours about him, under a spreading ash that overshadowed half the bank between the cottage and the brook, pointing the edge of his woodman's axe for himself, and listening to Tom Purdie's lecture touching the plantation that most needed thinning. After breakfast, he would take possession of a dressing-room up stairs, and write a chapter of "The Pirate;" and then, having made up and despatched his packet for Mr Ballantyne, away to join Purdie wherever the foresters were at work—and sometimes to labour among them as strenuously as John Swanston himself—until it was time either to rejoin his own party at Abbotsford, or the quiet circle of the cottage.

Of a grand entertainment and ball at Abbotsford upon a New-Year's eve, Captain Basil Hall has given an account, which shews that even Sir Walter possessed not the power vainly desired by the King of Ethiopia, and by every rich man who, commanding pleasure, inevitably fails, and, by a just retribution, becomes the victim of his own despotism.

"As my heart was light and unloaded with any care, I exerted myself to carry through the ponderous evening—ponderous only because it was one set apart to be light and gay. I danced reels like a wild man, snapped my fingers, and hallooed with the best of them—flirted with the young ladies at all hazards—and with the elder ones, of which there was a store, I talked and laughed finely. As a suite of rooms was open, various little knots were formed, and nothing would have been nicer had we been left alone; but we must needs be dancing, singing, playing, jesting, or something or other different from that which we might be naturally disposed to be doing. Wherever the Great Unknown went, indeed, there was a sort of halo of fun and intelligence around him; but his plan of letting all things *bide* was not caught up somehow, and we were *shoved* about more than enough.

. . . . . .

"Still, still it was ponderous. Not all the humour and miraculous vivacity and readiness of our host could save it—long blank pauses occurred—and then a feeble whisper—but little more, and the roar of a jolly toast subsided into a hollow calm. I dwell upon all this merely to make people consider how useless it is to get up such things nowadays—for if Walter Scott, with all appliances and means to boot—in his noble house—surrounded by his own choice friends—full of health and all he can wish, is unable to exempt a Hogmanay party from the soporific effect proverbially attendant upon manufactured happiness, who else need venture on the experiment! At about one we broke up, and every one seemed rejoiced to be allowed to go about at pleasure: while the horses were putting to, to carry off our numerous company, and shawls were hunting for, people became bright again, and not being called upon to act any part, fell instantly into good-humour! and we had more laughing and true hilarity in the last half hour than in all the evening before. The Author of 'Waverley' himself seemed to feel the reviving influence of freedom, and cruised about from group to group, firing in a shot occasionally to give spirit to what was going on, and then *hauling off* to engage with some other—to shew his stores of old armour—his numerous old carved oak cabinets, filled with the strangest things—adder-stones of magical power—fairies' rings—pearls of price—and, amongst the rest, a mourning ring of poor Lord Byron's, securely stowed away in one of the inmost drawers!"

The morning of the same day had been better. In the journal of the indefatigable Captain Hall, it is set down—"In the morning, yesterday, I observed crowds of boys and girls coming to the back door, where each one got a penny and an oaten-cake. No less than 70 pennies were thus distributed—and very happy the little bodies looked, with their well stored bags."

This seems a niggardly Christmas dole, compared with the roast beef, plum pudding, and flannel petticoats of the Southron Squires and Baronets, and their dames; but we question if one-third of either the Laird Nippies or Laird Spendthrifts of Scotland do half as much. Since we are at Captain Hall's journal, we may notice this national and amiable trait—and all that was natural in Scott's feelings was most amiable. They were walking in those woods which he loved so much, because they were, in Scotch law phrase, his own *conquest*, and the creation of his energies and taste. He observed—

"Nothing on earth would induce me to put up boards threatening prosecution, or cautioning one's fellow-creatures to beware of man-traps and spring-guns. I hold that all such things are not only in the highest degree offensive and hurtful to the feelings of people whom it is every way important to conciliate, but that they are also quite inefficient—and I will venture to say, that not one of my young trees has ever been cut, nor a fence trodden down, or any kind of damage done in consequence of the free access which all the world has to my place. Round the house, of course, there is a set of walks set apart and kept private for the ladies—but over all the rest of my

land any one may rove as he likes. I please myself with the reflection, that many people of taste may be indulging their fancies in these grounds; and I often recollect how much of Burns' inspiration was probably due to his having near him the woods of Ballochmyle, to ramble through at his will when he was a ragged callant."

This, among a hundred other matters, we select, as similar in spirit:—

"Some one talked of the pains taken to provide the poor with receipts for making good dishes out of their ordinary messes. 'I dislike all such interferences,' he said—'all your domiciliary, kind, impertinent visits—they are all pretty much felt like insults, and do no manner of good; let people go on in their own way, in God's name. How would you like to have a nobleman coming to you to teach you how to dish up your beefsteak into a French kickshaw? And who is there so miserably put to his ways and means that will endure to have another coming to teach him how to economize and keep his accounts? Let the poor alone in their domestic habits, I pray you; protect them and treat them kindly, of course, and trust them; but let them enjoy in quiet their dish of porridge, and their potatoes and herrings, or whatever it may be—but for any sake don't torment them with your fashionable soups."

Captain Hall adds his quota to the vulgar marvels propagated about the Great Unknown, when he states—"He never corrects the press, or, if he does so at all, it is very slightly, and, in general, his works come before the public just as they are written." James Ballantyne could have told a more reasonable and creditable story.

The arrival of guests, such as any man could cordially welcome and be proud to receive, occasionally indemnified Sir Walter for the inroads of interlopers. Mr Lockhart commemorates a day spent in the open air, a white-stone day; upon which Sir Humphry Davy; Dr. Wollaston; Henry Mackenzie, the Man of Feeling, then an octogenarian; and Mr Rose—were his guests. They made a pilgrimage to Yarrow, and lunched upon the mossy rocks bordering Yarrow's stream. Mr Lockhart, who apparently possesses the love of humour, without an atom of natural comic power, and who is continually spoiling his narrative, by straining after the ludicrous, concludes the gleesome mishaps of the Yarrow *chase*, with a joint eulogium upon Scott and Davy, who, it seems, talked better to Scott about science, of which Scott knew nothing, than at any of the brilliant dinner parties which that philosopher frequented "in town," until he, too, found the profitless life, as much "labour dire and weary wo," as did his friend open house-keeping at Abbotsford. As a specimen of Mr Lockhart's unhappy attempts at humour, we quote this closing anecdote of the effect of the colloquies of Scott and Davy:—"I remember William Laidlaw whispering to me, one night, when their 'rapt talk' had kept the circle round the fire until long after the usual bedtime of Abbotsford—'Gude preserve us! this is a very superior occasion! Eh, sirs!' he added, cocking his eye like a bird, 'I wonder if Shakspeare and Bacon ever met to screw ilk other up?'"

The *Abbotsford Hunt*, commemorated yearly upon the birth-day of the future representative of the family, is a good rough-and-round description of an old-fashioned Scottish Laird's entertainment, which agreeably exercises Mr Lockhart's powers of the picturesque.

"The Abbot" was published in this year, and affords an occasion to apologize for the failure of "The Monastery," of which Mr Lockhart thinks better than the public were disposed to do—and deservedly. At least, for our own parts, we would not exchange the beautiful pastoral scenery, and sterling, if homely Scottish characters of this romance, for all the upholstery, horse-millinery, and lady-mercery descriptions, and all the stage characters and stage properties, that cumber so much of some of the English novels. In "The Monastery," we hear the squeak of the real pig—and the fastidious cannot admire it.

When some future writer shall recast these Memoirs, adding something, and paring a good deal of twaddle, either written by or about Sir Walter's old friends, there may be subtracted, with manifest improvement, much, among other things, of the memoranda of the Blair-Adam Club, which, of vast magnitude in the eyes of the parties concerned, are marvellously indifferent to the public; and, moreover, do not throw a single new light upon the character or literary history of Scott. His most trivial story or letter to his children, is appropriate and welcome, but truly the republished opinions of Mr Adolphus upon his works, and sundry other matters of the make-bulk sort, savour too much of bestowing upon the world a very fair share of the tediousness which may have attended the arrangement of Scott's papers.

There are no kinder or pleasanter letters in these two volumes than those to Allan Cunningham; none at times so offensive to liberal feelings as those addressed to Lord Montague. The biographer talks with approbation of the happy adaptation of Scott's manner and style to his various correspondents, "according to their character and situation." To Lord Montague, we find the former chivalrous admirer of "the enchanting Princess," of the reign of George III., writing in this unhappy and decidedly anti-monarchical strain:—

"Truly, I congratulate the country on the issue; for, since the days of Queen Dollalolla, and the *Rumti-iddity* chorus in Tom Thumb, never was there so jolly a representative of royalty. . . . . We had the Marquis of Bute and Francis Jeffrey very brilliant in George Street, and I think one grocer besides. I was hard threatened by letter, but I caused my servant to say in the quarter where I thought the threatening came from, that I should suffer my windows to be broken like a Christian, but if anything else was attempted, I should become as great a heathen as the Dey of Algiers. We were passed over, but many houses were terribly *Cossaqué*, as was the phrase in Paris in 1814 and 1815.

. . . . . .

"*P.S.*—In the illumination row, young Romilly was knocked down and robbed by the mob, just while he was in the act of declaiming on the impropriety of having constables and volunteers to interfere with the harmless mirth of the people."

Yet in this correspondence, pleasantly, if not obsequiously acquiescent, as it generally is, we find one profound remark, which might have profited the writer much, when the revolt of the Galashiels weavers and the sutors of Selkirk

from their ancient Tory banners overcame him like a summer's cloud, because the symptoms of revolt—the progress of opinion—had never been observed.

"Have you read Lord Orford's History of his own Time? It is acid and lively, but serves, I think, to shew how little those who live in public business, and of course in constant agitation and intrigue, know about the real and deep progress of opinions and events. The "Memoirs" of our Scots Sir George Mackenzie are of the same class. Both immersed in little political detail, and the struggling skirmish of party, seem to have lost sight of the great progressive movements of human affairs. They put me somewhat in mind of a miller, who is so busy with the clatter of his own wheels, grindstones, and machinery, and so much employed in regulating his own artificial mill-dam, that he is incapable of noticing the gradual swell of the river from which he derives his little stream, until it comes down in such force as to carry his whole manufactory away before it."

Sir Walter's opinion of the principle of a soldier's duties and obedience will not increase the general admiration of standing armies. We rarely find the matter so plainly and truly put as in this letter to his son:—"A democrat in any situation is but a silly sort of fellow; but a democratical soldier is worse than an ordinary traitor by ten thousand degrees, as he forgets his military honour, and is faithless to the master whose bread he eats."

The following opinion, expressed in the same epistle, would better have become the pen of Chesterfield, than of a writer whose moral tone is always high and pure:—"Gentlemen maintain their characters even in following their most licentious pleasures, otherwise they resemble the very scavengers in the streets."

The death of John Ballantyne is recorded in Volume V., and in the order of its occurrence in 1821. Sir Walter had been writing prefaces to the "Novelists' Library," for the benefit of his favourite and factotum; and Ballantyne, in requital of his patron's kindness, bequeathed to the Baronet £2000 by his will: the gifts were about equally productive on both sides.

Scott, like all persons of the poetical cast, indulged in presentiments, auguries, and other fanciful superstitions. On the day of *Jocund Johnny's* funeral, "While they were smoothing the turf over John's remains in the Canongate Churchyard, the heavens, which had been dark and slaty, cleared up suddenly, and the midsummer sun shone forth in his strength. Scott, ever awake to the 'skiey influences,' cast his eye along the overhanging line of the Calton Hill, with its gleaming walls and towers, and then turning to the grave again, 'I feel,' he whispered in my ear, 'I feel as if there would be less sunshine for me from this day forth.'"

From a summary of John Ballantyne's life, minuted down by himself, Mr Lockhart, probably touched by the late remonstrances of Ballantyne's widow, and of the other relatives of the man whom Scott both knew and liked so well, that his biographer might have dealt more gently with him, has transcribed several entries which really do not fairly support the contradictory statements of the thoughtlessness, deceit, and profligate expenditure of the gay bookseller. For three years he had been a clerk in the printing-house with his brother James, whom he had joined penniless, having just enough to pay his debts when he left Kelso; where, he candidly owns, he had hunted, shot, and neglected his business. In 1808, he states—

"The scheme of a bookselling concern in Hanover Street was adopted, which I was to manage; it was £300 a-year, and one-fourth of the profits besides.

"1809. 35: Already the business in Hanover Street getting into difficulty, from our ignorance of its nature, and most extravagant and foolish advances from its funds to the printing concern. I ought to have resisted this, but I was thoughtless, although not young, or rather reckless, and lived on as long as I could make ends meet.

"1810. 36: Bills increasing—the destructive system of accommodations adopted.

"1811. 37: Bills increased to a most fearful degree. Sir Wm. Forbes and Co. shut their account. No bank would discount with us, and everything leading to irretrievable failure.

"1812. 38: The first partner stepped in, at a crisis so tremendous that it yet shakes my soul to think of it. By the most consummate wisdom, and resolution, and unheard of exertions, he put things in a train that finally (so early as 1817) paid even himself (who ultimately became the sole creditor of the house) *in full*, with a balance of a thousand pounds.

"1813. 39: In business as a literary auctioneer in Prince's Street; from which period to the present I have got gradually forward, both in that line and as third of a partner of the works of the Author of Waverley; so that I am now, at 45, worth about (I owe £2000) £5000, with, however, alas! many changes."

What becomes of the *ruin* which John Ballantyne had entailed upon Sir Walter, if, after all the wild publishing speculations in which Scott had involved the young and starved concern, he was paid in *full*, and a thousand pounds more, independently of the legacy?—of which unsubstantial gift Sir Walter writes his son:—

"I have had a very great loss in poor John Ballantyne, who is gone, after a long illness. He persisted to the very last in endeavouring to take exercise, in which he was often imprudent, and was up and dressed the very morning before his death. In his will the grateful creature has left me a legacy of £2000, life-rented, however, by his wife; and the rest of his little fortune goes betwixt his two brothers. I shall miss him very much, both in business, and as an easy and lively companion, who was eternally active and obliging in whatever I had to do."

Scott, no doubt, struggled manfully to avert the ruin of the bookselling concern in 1812; but it is equally clear that he commenced it in spleen, and, so far as depended on himself, conducted it with the extravagant folly of a very raw speculator in the perilous *trade* of publishing. There is a lack of sound policy, as well as a total want of magnanimity, in the perpetual attempt at making the Ballantynes, now John, and now James, the scape goats for all Sir Walter Scott's sins against prudence and commercial sense.

The coronation of George IV. took place in the summer of 1821, and Sir Walter, repairing to the pageant, would have carried up Hogg, to play a sort of Sancho Panza to his own Don Quixote. The Shepherd was prudent for once; and the emolument would assuredly not have repaid the ridicule, although the letters that Sir Walter proposed he should compose, had been written.

Failing Hogg's description of the royal pageant, he transmitted an account of it himself to his own and Ballantyne's newspaper. This account, by an "Eye-Witness," Mr Lockhart has obligingly reprinted. The *Quarterly Review*, we think, would advise that much of this sort of material should be thrown into an appendix. Of Hogg, at this time, he writes to Lord Montague—

"There will be risk of his being lost in London, or kidnapped by some of those ladies who open literary *menageries* for the reception of *lions*. I should like to see him at a rout of blue-stockings. I intend to recommend him to the protection of John Murray the bookseller; and I hope he will come equipped with plaid, kent, and colley."

The Shepherd, who felt admiration and lively gratitude to Sir Walter, had sometimes a jealous suspicion that he was not always treated by his patron with the delicacy and respect due to a man of genius—or to "huz poets," as Scott has it. The temptation to break a joke at Hogg's expense was irresistible. Upon one occasion, after the Shepherd had assumed that absurd costume in which, to the amusement of the spectators, he figured at the St Ronan's Games, he was invited to come to Abbotsford, where there was English company, and to be sure to come in his grand gala or St Ronan's dress. The Shepherd felt that he was wanted to make sport for the Philistines in his "motley," and he finished his relation of the affair by saying, "I gaed down the water to see Mrs Hughes, but it was i' ma maud," his shepherd's grey plaid, namely, which of all garbs became him best. This might probably be in the summer of 1825, when Dr Hughes and his lady, it would appear, were at Abbotsford, and when Scott, on her friendly prompting, renewed his long-suspended correspondence with Southey. If ever Scott's head was fairly touched by the pomps and vanities of life, it was in this year; his brightest and last of mere worldly prosperity, and when he tottered, unconsciously, on the brink of the dizzy precipice. This temper is manifest in his epistles to Terry, and something like it breaks out even to Southey.

"I take my pen to assure my dear Southey, that I love him as well as if our correspondence had been weekly or daily. The years which have gone by have found me dallying with the time, and you improving it as usual —I tossing my ball and driving my hoop, a greybeaded schoolboy, and you plying your task unremittingly for the instruction of our own and future ages. Yet I have not been wholly idle or useless—witness five hundred acres of moor and moss, now converted into hopeful woodland of various sizes, to the great refreshment, even already, of the eyes of the pilgrims who still journey to Melrose. I wish you could take a step over the Border this season, with Mrs Southey, and let us have the pleasure of shewing you what I have been doing. . . . . .

"The rogue Radicals had nearly set me on horseback again, but I would have had a good *following* to help out my own deficiencies, as all my poor neighbours were willing to fight for *Kirk* and *King*."

Contrast this with the following extract, written a few months later, when Scott must have seen ruin impending. His abrupt closing reference to the journal, and to future opinions of it, and that slant look towards effect with posterity, betrayed in many parts of this singular composition, all indicate its purpose.

"If things go badly in London, the magic wand of the Unknown will be shivered in his grasp. He must then, faith, be termed the Too-well-known. The feast of fancy will be over, with the feeling of independence. He shal no longer have the delight of waking in the morning with bright ideas in his mind, hasten to commit them to paper, and count them monthly, as the means of planting such seaurs, and purchasing such wastes; replacing dreams of fiction by other prospective visions of walks by

'Fountain heads and pathless groves;
Places which pale passion loves!'

This cannot be; but I may work substantial husbandry, *i. e.* write history, and such concerns. They will not be received with the same enthusiasm; at least I much doubt, the general knowledge that an author must write for his bread, at least for improving his pittance, degrades him and his productions in the public eye. He falls into the second-rate rank of estimation.

'While the harness sore galls, and the spurs his side goad,
The high-mettled racer's a hack on the road.'

It is a bitter thought; but, if tears start at it, let them flow. My heart clings to the place I have created. There is scarce a tree on it that does not owe its being to me.

"What a life mine has been!—half educated, almost wholly neglected, or left to myself; stuffing my head with most nonsensical trash, and undervalued by most of my companions for a time; getting forward, and held a bold and clever fellow, contrary to the opinion of all who thonght me a mere dreamer; broken-hearted for two years; my heart handsomely pieced again; but the crack will remain till my dying day. Rich and poor four or five times; once on the verge of ruin, yet opened a new source of wealth almost overflowing. Now to be broken in my pitch of pride, and nearly winged, (unless good news should come,) because London chooses to be in an uproar; and in the tumult of bulls and bears, a poor inoffensive lion like myself is pushed to the wall. But what is to be the end of it? God knows; and so ends the catechism.

"Nobody in the end can lose a penny by me—that is one comfort. Men will think pride has had a fall. Let them indulge their own pride in thinking that my fall will make them higher, or seem so at least. I have the satisfaction to recollect that my prosperity has been of advantage to many, and to hope that some at least will forgive my transient wealth on account of the innocence of my intentions, and my real wish to do good to the poor. Sad hearts, too, at Darnick, and in the cottages of Abbotsford. I have half resolved never to see the place again. How could I tread my hall with such a diminished crest! How live a poor indebted man, where I was once the wealthy—the honoured? I was to have gone there on Saturday in joy and prosperity, to receive my friends. My dogs will wait for me in vain. It is foolish—but the thoughts of parting from these dumb creatures have moved me more than any of the painful reflections I have put down. Poor things, I must get them kind masters! There may be yet those who, loving me, may love my dog, because it has been mine. I must end these gloomy forebodings, or I shall lose the tone of mind with which men should meet distress. I feel my dogs' feet on my knees. I hear them whining and seeking me everywhere. This is nonsense, but it is what they would do could they know how things may be. An odd thought strikes me—When I die, will the journal of these days be taken out of the ebony cabinet at Abbotsford, and read with wonder, that the well-seeming Baronet should ever have experienced the risk of such a hitch? Or will it be found in some obscure lodging-house, where the decayed son of Chivalry had hung up his scutcheon, and where one or two old friends will look grave, and whisper to each other, 'Poor gentleman'—'a well-meaning man'—'nobody's enemy but his own'—'thought his parts would never wear out'—'family poorly left'—'pity he took that foolish title.' Who can answer this question?

"Poor Will Laidlaw—poor Tom Purdie—such news

will wring your hearts, and many a poor fellow besides, to whom my prosperity was daily bread.

"Ballantyne behaves like himself, and sinks the prospect of his own ruin in contemplating mine. I tried to enrich him indeed, and now all, all is in the balance. . . . . I wonder how Anne will bear such an affliction. She is passionate, but stout-hearted and courageous in important matters, though irritable in trifles. I am glad Lochkart and his wife are gone. Why I cannot tell—but I *am* pleased to be left to my own regrets, without being melted by condolences, though of the most sincere and affectionate kind. . . . . Cadell came at eight, to communicate a letter from Hurst & Robinson, intimating they had stood the storm. I shall always think the better of Cadell for this."

This is anticipating the memoir. We must hastily pass the publication of some of, if not the best, yet assuredly of the second-best of Scott's novels. Among the first-rate, we would, however, place "The Pirate." By "Ivanhoe," "The Monastery," "The Abbot," and "Kenilworth," he had gained £10,000, and he afterwards received five thousand guineas for the copyrights, with the usual pitiable, mystifying stipulation of a penalty of £2000 for revealing an author's name which everybody knew as well as if it had been on the title-page of each novel. Mr Lockhart, indeed, states that the people of Edinburgh were "electrified" when the insolvency revealed the authorship; but this must be a mistake. Such pecuniary success was enough to turn any man's head; yet, in money matters, one might have fancied Sir Walter's was neither unsound nor muddy. Some original defect of business education, some want of proper balance, must have existed; for, with woful ignorance of his own affairs and resources, or what Ballantyne calls want of courage to look to danger, Sir Walter conjoined the most rigid exactness in keeping the smallest accounts; and never, in thirty years, his biographer states, omitted to set down a single sixpence paid at a turnpike gate.

Mr Lockhart makes an elaborate apology for his infatuation:—

Messrs Constable had such faith in the prospective fertility of his imagination, that they were by this time quite ready to sign bargains, and grant bills for novels and romances to be produced hereafter, but of which the subjects and the names were alike unknown to them, and to the man from whose pen they were to proceed. A forgotten satirist well says—

"The active principle within
Works on some brains the effect of gin;"

but in his case, every external influence combined to stir the flame, and swell the intoxication of restless exuberant energy. His allies knew, indeed, what he did not, that the sale of his novels was rather less than it had been in the days of Ivanhoe; and hints had sometimes been dropped to him that it might be well to try the effects of a pause. But he always thought—and James Ballantyne had decidedly the same opinion—that his best things were those which he threw off the most easily and swiftly; and it was no wonder that his booksellers, seeing how immeasurably even his worst excelled in popularity, as in merit, any other person's best, should have shrunk from the experiment of a decisive damper. On the contrary, they might be excused for from time to time flattering themselves, that, if the books sold at a less rate, this might be counterpoised by still greater rapidity of production. They could not make up their minds to cast the peerless vessel adrift; and, in short, after every little whisper of prudential misgiving, echoed the unfailing burden of Ballantyne's song—to push on, hoisting more and more sail as the wind lulled.

He was as eager to do as they could be to suggest—and this I well knew at the time. I had however no notion, until all his correspondence lay before me, of the extent to which he had permitted himself thus early to build on the chances of life, health, and continued popularity. Before "The Fortunes of Nigel" issued from the press, Scott had exchanged instruments, and received his bookseller's bills, for no less than four "works of fiction"—not one of them otherwise described in the deeds of agreement—to be produced in unbroken succession, each of them to fill at least three volumes, but with proper saving clauses as to increase of copy money, in case any of them should run to four. And within two years all this anticipation had been wiped off by "Peveril of the Peak," "Quentin Durward," "St Ronan's Well," and "Redgauntlet;" and the new castle was by that time complete, and overflowing with all its splendour; *but by that time the end also was approaching!*

It is stated, in other places, that hints were, from time to time, given him about the danger of "over-cropping;" and he was already troubled with misgivings of failure and falling-off. Still, if Constable was mad enough to offer £1000 for such productions as "Halidon Hill," it never seems to have occurred to the author that a prudent man, and, far more, an honest man, ought to have paused upon such reckless offers. These, however, are not the current notions of trafficking speculators. Such risk was, in their language, "Constable's look-out." The history of the above little unsuccessful drama, may serve as a specimen of Sir Walter's transactions with the *Czar*. Of that illustrious bibliopole, Mr Lockhart, by the way, has altogether changed his opinion in these new volumes; and his latest is, we think, by far the truest portraiture of that personage. Scott had been induced to depart from the rigid rule, which so provoked Hogg, and had attempted something for a *pic-nic* volume, which Joanna Baillie was "getting up" for the benefit of a reduced family. It is thus told:—

Before the end of the vacation, he had finished the M.S. of his "Nigel." Nor had he lost sight of his promise to Joanna Baillie. He produced, and that, as I well remember, in the course of two rainy mornings, the dramatic sketch of "Halidon Hill;" but, on concluding it, he found that he had given it an extent quite incompatible with his friend's arrangements for her charitable pic-nic. He therefore cast about for another subject likely to be embraced in smaller compass; and the Blair-Adam meeting of the next June supplied him with one in Macduff's Cross. Meantime, on hearing a whisper about "Halidon Hill," Messrs Constable, without seeing the M.S., forthwith tendered £1000 for the copyright—the same sum that had appeared almost irrationally munificent when offered in 1807 for the embryo "Marmion." It was accepted, and a letter from Constable himself, about to be introduced, will shew how well the head of the firm was pleased with this *wild* bargain. At the moment when his head was giddy with the popular applauses of the new-launched "Nigel"—and although he had been informed that "Peveril of the Peak" was already on the stocks—he suggested that a little pinnace, of the Halidon class, might easily be rigged out once a-quarter, by way of diversion, and thus add another £4000 per annum to the £10 or £15,000, on which all parties counted as the sure yearly profit of three-deckers *in fore*.

Constable became indisposed about this time, and retired to England, for the recovery, it was said, of his mental health. As soon as he recovered, the ruling passion of the mad speculator broke out as strongly as ever; and the "Waverley Novels" were, by this time, to him

not merely a pecuniary speculation. His vanity was engaged. There was glory as well as gain. He conceived himself the inspirer of Scott's genius. For example, he suggested that the title of "Cumnor-hall," which Sir Walter had chosen for a new novel, should be changed to "Kenilworth:"—

John Ballantyne objected to this title, and told Constable the result would be "something worthy of the kennel;" but Constable had all reason to be satisfied with the child of his christening. His partner, Mr Cadell, says—"His vanity boiled over so much at this time, on having his suggestion gone into, that, when in his high moods, he used to stalk up and down his room, and exclaim, 'By G—, I am all but the author of the Waverley Novels!"

That Constable understood the weaknesses of Scott, and could dexterously flatter them, is, we think, apparent in the following letter, part of which, substituting necklaces and tiaras for slabs and antique chairs, might have been addressed by a knowing manager to a capricious, spoiled *Prima Donna*, whom he wished to keep in good humour. The work referred to, is "Nigel," in the preface to which, Sir Walter had referred to John Ballantyne's death and Constable's illness.

"*Castlebeare Park*, 31*st May*, 1822.

"DEAR SIR WALTER,—I have received the highest gratification from the perusal of a certain new work. I may indeed say new work, for it is entirely so, and will, if that be possible, eclipse in popularity all that has gone before it. . . . . .

"I am now so well as to find it compatible to pay my respects to some of my old haunts in the metropolis where I go occasionally. I was in town yesterday, and so keenly were the people devouring my friend *Jingling Geordie*, that I actually saw them reading it in the streets as they passed along. I assure you there is no exaggeration in this. A new novel from the author of "Waverley" puts aside, in other words puts down for the time, every other literary performance. The Smack Ocean, by which the new work was shipped, arrived at the wharf on Sunday; the bales were got out by *one* on Monday morning, and, before half-past ten o'clock, 7000 copies had been dispersed from 90, Cheapside. I sent *my secretary* on purpose to witness the activity with which such things are conducted, and to bring me the account, gratifying certainly, which I now give you.

"I went yesterday to the shop of a curious person—Mr Swaby, in Warden Street—to look at an old portrait, which my son, when lately here, mentioned to me. It is, I think, a portrait of *James the Fourth*, and, if not an original, is doubtless a picture as early as his reign. Our friend Mr Thomson has seen it, and is of the same opinion; but I purpose that you should be called upon to decide this nice point, and I have ordered it to be forwarded to you, trusting that erelong I may see it in the armoury at Abbotford.

"I found at the same place two large elbow chairs, elaborately carved, in boxwood—with figures, foliage, &c., perfectly entire. Mr Swaby, from whom I purchased them, assured me they came from the Borghese Palace at Rome; he possessed originally ten such chairs, and had sold six of them to the Duke of Rutland, for Belvoir Castle, where they will be appropriate furniture; the two which I have obtained would, I think, not be less so in the Library of Abbotsford.

"I have been so fortunate as to secure a still more curious article—a slab of mosaic pavement, quite entire and large enough to make an outer hearth-stone, which I also destine for Abbotsford. It occurred to me that these three articles might prove suitable to your taste, and, under that impression, I am now induced to take the liberty of requesting you to accept them as a small but sincere pledge of grateful feeling. Our literary connexion is too important to make it necessary for your publishers to trouble you about the pounds, shillings, and pence of such things; and I therefore trust you will receive them on the footing I have thus taken the liberty to name. I have been on the outlook for antique carvings, and if I knew the purposes for which you would want such, I might probably be able to send you some."

We must wait the conclusion of the work, for Scott's ultimate opinion of his partners in the game of *beggar-my-neighbour;* for no softer name can be given to the wild commercial transactions between them; and truth compels us to say, that, if infinitely the better and more honourable man, Scott, both from skill and power, was also the more adept bargain maker. Mr Lockhart continues—

Constable, during his residence in England at this time, was in the habit of writing every week or two to Sir Walter; and his letters now before me are all of the same complexion as the preceding specimen. The ardent bookseller's brain seems to have been well-nigh unsettled at this period; and I have often thought that the foxglove which he then swallowed (his complaint being a threatening of water in the chest) might have had a share in the extravagant excitement of his mind. Occasionally, however, he enters on details as to which, or, at least, as to Sir Walter's share in them, there could not have been any mistake; and these were, it must be owned, of a nature well calculated to nourish and sustain in the author's fancy a degree of almost mad exhilaration, near akin to his publisher's own predominant mood.

The history of *The Beacon* is introduced; a rancorous party newspaper, begun in Edinburgh about the time of the Queen's trial, and countenanced by Scott, because James Ballantyne, his partner in the *Weekly Journal*, manfully and conscientiously resented his patron's violent and servile politics.

"James Ballantyne had swerved from his banner, and, by so doing, given not a little offence to Scott," says Lockhart. Now, James Ballantyne was an exceedingly moderate Whig, if a Whig at all, and ultra-cautious in public affairs. But he was also an honest and high-minded man; and now, and also upon the fearful emergency of the Manchester Massacre, he had the courage to prefer truth and patriotism to the good pleasure of his patron. At the crisis of the Queen's trial, James Ballantyne took the same manly course. We shall have more to say on this topic; in the meanwhile, it is gratifying to find that, in the Sixth Volume, Mr Lockhart has felt himself constrained to do tardy, and still, it would seem, reluctant justice to Ballantyne.

The Beacon, the *John Bull* of Scotland, leads to the unhappy duel in which Sir Alexander Boswell, for a fool-born jest—more foolishly vindicated—fell by the hand of a "pilloried" gentleman, who had never before drawn a trigger. There was another tragedy, another duel, and another and nobler victim, whom posterity will equally regret, and whose fate, about the same time, must have deeply interested Sir Walter Scott. Since Mr Lockhart has properly left this lamentable affair in oblivion, he might, with equal grace, have passed the unfortunate and miserable quarrel which cost the blood of a high-spirited gentle-

man. Scott, like all imaginative persons, indulged in omens and presentiments. When his affairs went to ruin, we find him planting three young oaks, that from them he might draw auguries of his future fortunes; and in his Journal he remarks, of Mathews the player—

"The last time I saw him before yesterday evening, he dined with me in company with poor Sir Alexander Boswell, who was killed within a week. I never saw Sir Alexander more. The time before was in 1815, when John Scott of Gala and I were returning from France, and passed through London, when we brought Mathews down as far as Leamington. Poor Byron lunched, or rather made an early dinner with us at Long's, and a most brilliant day we had of it. I never saw Byron so full of fun, frolic, wit, and whim; he was as playful as a kitten. Well, I never saw him again. So this man of mirth, with his merry meetings, has brought me no luck."

Scott did not relish the face-making and mimicry of this actor, whom it was a fashion to admire: "A very clever man," he says, "my friend Mathews, but it is tiresome to be funny for a whole evening of his recitations. They are good certainly, excellent; but then you *must* laugh, and that is severe to me." Many of his incidental notices of fine society, literary society, and *famous people* are in the same stripping style.

The King's visit to Scotland was a mighty affair to Sir Walter Scott, and one pregnant with vanity and vexation of spirit. If the King had not been previously more enthusiastically received by his Irish subjects—by those whom, as Prince of Wales, he had flattered to betray when the time came—we might believe that, in Edinburgh, his Majesty owed all to Scott that Mr Lockhart claims for him.

I believe it will now be granted, by all who can recall the particulars as they occurred, that his Majesty mainly owed to Scott's personal influence, authority, and zeal, the more than full realization of the highest hopes he could have indulged on the occasion of this northern progress.

We wish we could believe that all the *fudge* loyalty expressed to the most unpopular Prince of the last two centuries, had really been the effect of Scott's zeal and enthusiasm, and not the spontaneous, idiotic impulse of the unreflecting mob, whether *sans culotte* or sprucely *genteel*. The whole was a demonstration of which the thinking part of Scotland as of Ireland has been, we are persuaded, long since heartily ashamed. It was an experiment upon popular ignorance; and it seemed to succeed, for the experimenters forgot the effect of novelty. The monarch so enthusiastically received in Dublin and Edinburgh, was slighted and hooted in London, where his funeral made one of the gayest and most jolly holidays which the metropolis had enjoyed since the battle of Waterloo.

It was hinted—nay, it was openly said and fully believed—that the sexagenarian dandy and voluptuary felt the ardour, the *empressement*, of honest Scott, who thrust himself into all his affairs, as somewhat over officious; and, so to say, assuming, or impertinent. Sir Walter, in short, was too much excited, hurried, and worn, to be able to play throughout the dexterous, observant courtier; and his Majesty was equally worn out with the public part which he had to play, and which suited ill with his tastes and habits. The self-love of the fastidious monarch could not easily forgive that absurd exhibition, in kilt and full tartans, into which he had been seduced by his Scottish counsellors; which, in an evil hour, Sir William Curtis rather over-trumped than parodied. His Majesty got into very bad humour in short, and "silly or malicious persons" said with Scott; though it could only have been with Scott among others. Mr Lockhart cites one letter from Mr Peel, and another from Mr Croker, to prove that no coolness, no rising or disgust of the royal stomach with Sir Walter existed. He has, in the copious narrative of these busy and important days, given a great deal of extraneous stuff, which ought to be thrown into the *jaw-hole* of the appendix; but, with all this, Mr Lockhart has totally forgotten one fact which gave strong colour to all that was known and surmised of the royal displeasure with Sir Walter. His Majesty, who accepted lodgings at the residence of the minor Duke of Buccleugh, had not crossed the threshold of any other private dwelling in Scotland, but one day, and that a memorable day. THE KING WAS COMING TO DINE AT 39, CASTLE STREET! George IV., the most haughty and fastidious of princes, was to honour the humble dwelling of the nation's poet, and his own knight. The exultation of Sir Walter—by nature, training, and interest, the worshipper of rank—may be imagined. His party was arranged, his cards were issued, and no pains or exertion of influence, personal and collateral, were spared to give the entertainment to Majesty all the eclat with which the beauty, birth, or talent of the northern capital could illustrate so "superior an occasion." His Majesty either repented of his condescension; or Sir Walter had trusted to the strength of his own wishes in imagining so great an honour ever intended for him; or the Scottish nobility, crown officers, and ancient gentry, might be imagined jealous of the unwonted favour shewn to the attorney's son, the new knight of the new Abbotsford. However it was, the anticipated visit of royalty ended in smoke, and those in the secret, and not to be of the party, laughed maliciously at the ungratefully-requited labourer in the cause of itinerating Majesty. Mr Lockhart, we must conclude, has forgotten this circumstance, that gave colour to those reports of the King's coldness which he laboriously contradicts. Had the King deigned to come to Castle Street, the honour would have made "eternal blazon" in the annals of Abbotsford and the Memoirs; but, as Majesty tipped the cold shoulder, the affair, which accounts for the rumours of the time, is gracefully slurred over. We do not object to this; but why occupy about twenty-eight pages of the Memoir with Sir Walter Scott's connexion with the Royal Visit, and blame "silly and malicious persons" for noticing the coolness of the King, while so decided a mark of estrangement xists, as breaking off an engagement, in con-

sequence of which, a highly-honoured poet had plunged himself into a sea of trouble? In short, Sir Walter was too old for a courtier in actual contact; and it is not in the least to his discredit that George IV. should have felt him a *bore*. Even the sort of influence ascribed to him by Mr Lockhart at this period, paltry as is the ambition which could prize it, has been overrated.

On the day of the King's arrival, Scott's early, and affectionate, and most useful friend and critic, William Erskine, by this time a Scottish Judge, died of a crushed spirit. There can be no doubt that Scott deeply felt the loss of one who had been his friend from boyhood; but his voluntary courtly duties were overwhelming and imperative.

According to Mr Lockhart, Scotland and the world owes, among a hundred of what we consider better things, three blessings and honours to Sir Walter Scott—perhaps we should say four:—*Firstly*, the restoration of the forfeited peerages; *secondly*, the knighthood of Sir Henry Raeburn and Sir Adam Ferguson; *thirdly*, the return of Mons Meg to her native country; and, *lastly*, the founding of the Bannatyne Club. We cannot say as to another gentleman, who, by the kindness of friends, was baited with knighthood for a special purpose; but there is no doubt that, whatever was the measure of his success, Sir Walter laboured with love for the accomplishment of all these objects. And the restoration of *Mons Meg* was indeed a national triumph! She ought to be placed near his monument. Pass we to graver matters. "Peveril of the Peak" was coldly received; nor are we surprised—it is of the "Woodstock" family; but "Quentin Durward" deserved, and soon obtained higher fortune.

Mr Lockhart, not contented with claiming for his father-in-law, the mighty fame which he has inherited, and will ever enjoy as a novelist, has asserted, or insinuated, that he might have been the greatest of generals and the ablest of statesmen; not in these degenerate days of Wellington and Peel, but of the times of Cecil or Gondomar. He also enumerates all the honours he received—from Galashiels processions, to Parisian theatres; and, among others, that he was chosen chairman of the Oil-Gas Company. Alas for the dividends of an Oil-Gas Company, having so magnificent and romantic a chairman! The company was of course blown to the wind as soon as the capital subscribed had been wasted; but not without leaving a monument to the magnificent taste, if not to the practical business sagacity of its immortal chief. Upon the banks of the Water of Leith, and near the Canonmills, the traveller towards the sea beholds a desolate and perplexing set of round towers—or what shall they be called?—built, under favour of the Graces, upon the model of the Alhambra, and for the manufacture of oil-gas! The Company, in the maddest period of joint-stock companies, must have been delighted with the novel design of their chairman, whose unfortunate genius for architecture was already begining to develope itself at Abbotsford. If Mr Lockhart can find no better foundation upon which to rest his extraordinary opinions of Scott's statesmanship and generalship, and commercial and publishing enterprise, than the management of the *Beacon* affair, the Galashiels and Darnick arming to put down the Radicals, and the oil-gas, and other concerns, he would do wisely, we venture to think, to rest Scott's fame upon its own true, noble, and solid foundation. Why will he provoke remark by absurd laudation, strangely mixed with candid admissions, and thus really lessen the merited and high reputation of the first novelist of his own, or of any age; and, moreover, of "a thorough good fellow" as Moore, when the opportunity was afforded him of joining the universal acclaim of praise, naturally and happily describes a very great author, and an excellent and amiable man; constituted with many of the original elements of moral greatness, but who, knowing the world chiefly in its conventional sections, chose to give up to it more than it can ever repay to any man, and much less to a Scott? To return to the Gas Companies. Some good came out of their Alhambra towers. After standing for years in monumental irony against joint-stock companies and wild speculation, one of the chambers was splendidly rigged out and illuminated, in the autumn of 1835, for the celebration of the O'Connell Festival; when Mr Tait, and a few Edinburgh Radicals, first instigated the Liberator to his British mission.

"To such base uses may we come at last!"

Could Sir Walter have foreseen this, he might have been tempted to wish the Alhambra tower a second Siloam.

Let us return to our duty, deprecating the farther provocations which the narrative may offer to such irrelevant commentaries. To the bustling season of the King's visit, Scott owed the first attack of the illness which ultimately cut him prematurely off. On the 10th November 1822, when instructing Terry, as usual, about his upholstery wants, silken fringes, and antique mirrors and sofas, he adds—

"I have not been very well—a whoreson thickness of blood, and a depression of spirits, arising from the loss of friends, (to whom I am now to add poor Wedderburne,) have annoyed me much; and "Peveril" will, I fear, smell of the apoplexy." . . . . . .

This letter contains the first allusion to the species of malady that ultimately proved fatal to Sir Walter Scott. He, as far as I know, never mentioned to any one of his family the symptoms which he here speaks of; but, long before any serious apoplectic seizure occurred, it had been suspected by myself, and by others of his friends, that he had sustained slight attacks of that nature, and concealed them.

And he concealed many things, and suffered his over-worked mind to run out more wildly in this and the two following years, than in the heyday of health and solid prosperity. Melancholy and instructive, what a contrast do those letters about the carnival equipments of his castle make with the painful memoranda of Mrs Brown's solitary hard-tasked lodger, only a year or two later!

"The muffled drum is approaching," says Mr

Lockhart, in closing the fifth volume. The sixth, however, opens gaily, with the marriage of Lieutenant Scott, the representative of the rising family of Abbotsford, to Miss Jobson, a pretty and amiable young woman, who, if she added few new quarterings to the family-arms, brought a handsome fortune to their support and lustre, and many engaging personal qualities.

The *Founder of a Family*, and consequent admirer of the rights of primogeniture, settled so liberally upon the young couple, that when, in the course of the same year, his affairs became deranged, the reduction of their marriage-settlement, which placed all his heritable property beyond the reach of his creditors, seems at one time, to have been threatened, in order to the sale of the estate of Abbotsford. There can be no doubt whatever, that, on Scott's part, the settlement was made in entire, though unpardonable ignorance of the real state of his affairs, and under the ordinary fallacious calculations and hopes which laid the ground-work of his insolvency. The marriage, enhanced by the lady's "good gifts," appears to have been peculiarly acceptable to Sir Walter, and his first letter to the young wife, who accompanied her husband to Ireland, is not merely kind, but, if we may thus apply the phrase, motherly and considerate. His territorial pride and antiquarian tastes, expand over the lands of this new daughter-in-law, as proudly as on his own Border regions, and as if Lochore, a very recent acquisition, had been her ancestors' for centuries. The "*Yeard-hunger*,"* was still strong in him; and he writes his son:—

"Nicol is certainly going to sell Faldonside. The Nabal asks £40,000—at least £5000 too much. Yet, in the present low rate of money, and general thirst for land, there is no saying but he may get a fool to offer him his price, or near it. I should like to know your views about this matter, as it is more your concern than mine, since you will, I hope, have a much longer date of it. I think I could work it all off during my life, and also improve the estate highly; but then it is always a heavy burden, and I would not like to undertake it, unless I was sure that Jane and you desired such an augmentation of territory. I do not mean to do anything hasty, but, as an opportunity may cast up suddenly, I should like to know your mind."

About this time, after excellent advice bestowed on Terry, and such as would have saved himself, he pledged his credit for this obliging and devoted friend, who was setting up as a theatrical manager, to the extent of £1,200, and had it all to pay; and also, it is stated, £500, for which James Ballantyne had undertaken, though we do not pretend to know how such of Ballantyne's debts as were not contracted by the Printing Company could fall upon Scott. This seems the only pecuniary loss that Scott ever sustained, that was not incurred by his own commercial speculations as a publisher, a printer, an oil-gas share-holder, &c. &c.

About this time, that grand revolution in the *book trade*, which we find so often attributed to Constable, and in which he certainly made an advancing step, dawned upon the northern wizard. *Cheap publication* of standard works, in numbers or volumes, had been followed, to a very great extent, prior to this time, but it was only by the more obscure publishers; and now Constable chose to strike in, and, instead of attending "only to the wax-lights as hitherto, resolved to have his hand upon the tallow." The example has been beneficially followed by other publishers, and the secret is now as well understood in the town as in the country, that the grand principle of consumption, as of strength, lies among the masses. Sir Walter approved the bold design of the Crafty, which ended in "Constable's Miscellany," a promising concern, but of very limited prosperity. The cheap reprints of the Waverley Novels, were a happier result of this alleged revolution.

Scott's next production was the "Tales of the Crusaders;" and his "Life of Napoleon," was projected, which was to make three or four volumes only, and to be published on Constable's new plan. In the meanwhile, in the summer of 1825, he visited his son in Ireland, and made a tour of that country, where he was for some days the guest of the Edgeworth family. So enthusiastically was Scott received in Dublin and Cork, that he justly describes the whole Irish journey, as "an ovation." No one was inhospitable, save a Catholic gentleman at Killarney, named O'Connell, and who, we suspect, "if not Bran, is Bran's brother." He imagined Sir Walter an enemy to the Catholic claims, which, in a certain sense, he was not, but also a Tory, which he was, even to the folly of pitiful partisanship. Mr Lockhart ascribes to him the holding one opinion of which, we hope, he was incapable, as it is equally discreditable to his understanding and his heart:—

He on all occasions expressed manfully his belief, that the best thing for Ireland would have been never to relax the strictly *political* enactments of the penal laws, however harsh these might appear. Had they been kept in vigour for another half century, it was his conviction that Popery would have been all but extinguished in Ireland. But he thought that, after admitting Romanists to the elective franchise, it was a vain notion that they could be permanently or advantageously debarred from using that franchise in favour of those of their own persuasion.

Mr Lockhart draws largely upon his own recollections and correspondence in writing the narrative of the Irish tour. It is unfortunate that he considers it necessary that a biography should partake of the nature of a jest-book—that, having been bit with the love of telling "good stories" in the easy, jocular, Scottish style of Sir Walter, his natural humour should be as dry as "the remainder biscuit after a voyage." His real Glasgow bailie is anything but a Nicol Jarvie; and his Protestant Squireen scarcely a picture *à la Morgan*. Of the Catholic question, Scott, before he had ever seen Ireland, says to his son—

"I hope, though I doubt it a little, that Ireland will

* Earth-hunger, the phrase used by Sir Walter to Lord Montague, describing his insatiable craving for more acres. Mr Lockhart, who is not much of a Scot, renders it tamely. The Scottish phrase signifies a Kirkyard hunger—*Yird-hunger*, *i. e.*, the sudden, consuming desire for food often felt by persons in the very agonies of death.

be the quieter, and the people more happy. I suspect, however, that it is laying a plaster to the foot while the head aches, and that the *fault is in the landholders' extreme exactions*, not in the disabilities of the Catholics, or any more remote cause."

No one will question the truth of much of this, though we believe that Mr O'Connell, in now opposing poor-laws for Ireland, affirms that the evils of his native country are wholly political. In a letter to Mr Morrit, written from Edgeworth's Town, Scott avers that—

"In sober sadness, to talk of the misery of Ireland at this time, is to speak of the illness of a *malade imaginaire*. *Well* she is not, but she is rapidly becoming so. There are all the outward and visible tokens of convalescence. Everything is mending; the houses that arise are better a hundred-fold than the cabins which are falling; the peasants of the younger class are dressed a great deal better than with the rags which clothe the persons of the more ancient Teagues, which realize the wardrobe of Jenny Sutton, of whom Morris sweetly sings—

'One single pin at night let loose
The robes which veiled her beauty.'

I am sure I have seen, with apprehension, a single button perform the same feat, and when this mad scare-crow hath girded up his loins to run hastily by the side of the chaise, I have feared it would give way, and that there, as King Lear's fool says, we should be all shamed. But this, which seems once to have generally been the attire of the fair of the Green Isle, probably since the time of King Malachi and the collar of gold, is now fast disappearing, and the habit of the more youthful Pats and Patesses is decent and comely. *Here* they all look well coloured, and well fed, and well contented. And as I see in most places great exertions making to reclaim bogs upon a large scale, and generally to improve ground, I must needs hold that they are in constant employment.

"With all this there is much that remains to be amended, and which time and increase of capital only can amend. The price of labour is far too low, and this naturally reduces the labouring poor beyond their just level in society. The behaviour of the gentry in general to the labourers is systematically harsh, and this arrogance is received with a servile deference which argues anything excepting affection. This, however, is also in the course of amending. I have heard a great deal of the far-famed Catholic Question from both sides, and I think I see its bearings better than I did; but these are for your ear when we meet."

In another letter, he remarks to the same gentleman:—

"The Protestants of the old school, the determined Orangemen, are a very fine race, but dangerous for the quiet of a country; they reminded me of the Spaniard in Mexico, and seemed still to walk among the Catholics with all the pride of the conquerors of the Boyne and the captors of Limerick. Their own belief is completely fixed, that there are enough of men in Down and Antrim to conquer all Ireland again; and when one considers the habitual authority they have exercised, their energetic and military character, and the singular way in which they are banded and united together, they may be right enough for what I know, for they have all one mind, and one way of pursuing it."

Mr Lockhart has omitted to publish a very liberal and enlightened letter from Sir Walter to Mr Laidlaw upon the state of Ireland, written upon that tour, which appeared some years ago in the newspapers; but he has made ample atonement in his own remarks:—

But, ever and anon, as we moved deeper into the country, there was a melancholy in his countenance, and, despite himself, in the tone of his voice, which I for one could not mistake. The constant passings and repassings of bands of mounted policemen, armed to the teeth, and having quite the air of highly disciplined soldiers on sharp service; the rueful squalid poverty that crawled by every wayside, and blocked up every village where we had to change horses, with exhibitions of human suffering and degradation, such as it had never entered into our heads to conceive; and, above all, the contrast between these naked clamorous beggars, who seemed to spring out of the ground at every turn, like swarms of vermin, and the boundless luxury and merriment surrounding the thinly scattered magnates who condescended to inhabit their ancestral seats, would have been sufficient to poison those landscapes, had Nature dressed them out in the verdure of Arcadia, and art embellished them with all the temples and palaces of Old Rome and Athens. It is painful enough even to remember such things; but twelve years can have made but a trifling change in the appearance of a country which, so richly endowed by Providence with every element of wealth and happiness, could, at so advanced a period of European civilisation, sicken the heart of the stranger by such wide-spread manifestations of the wanton and reckless profligacy of human mismanagement, the withering curse of feuds and factions, and the tyrannous selfishness of absenteeism; and I fear it is not likely that any contemporary critic will venture to call my melancholy picture overcharged. A few blessed exceptions—such an aspect of ease and decency, for example, as we met everywhere on the vast domain of the Duke of Devonshire—served only to make the sad reality of the rule more flagrant and appalling.

Thank you for this, Mr Lockhart! Von Raumur has not said it better; save, indeed, about "the vast domain of the Duke of Devonshire," with which you are but partially acquainted. One curse of this confiscated country is those vast English ducal and lordly domains being there at all.

Sir Walter kissed the *Blarney Stone*, and returned by the usual route to the English Lakes, waylaid by the celebrated Ladies of Llangollen, as famous in their day as lionesses, as ever was the Great Unknown as a tamed lord of the forest, though lionism itself could not make him ridiculous. Their establishment, their ways, and harmless absurdities, are freely caricatured by their satirical voluntary guest, Mr Lockhart, in a style which *The Quarterly Review* would rebuke in Willis or Cooper—but with little injury now, we dare say, to any human feeling:—

"Imagine two women, one apparently seventy, the other sixty-five, dressed in heavy blue riding habits, enormous shoes and men's hats, with their petticoats so tucked up that, at the first glance of them, fussing and tottering about their porch in the agony of expectation, we took them for a couple of hazy or crazy old sailors. On nearer inspection, they both wear a world of brooches, rings, &c., and Lady Eleanor positively *orders*—several stars and crosses, and a red ribbon, exactly like a K.C.B. To crown all, they have crop heads, shaggy, rough, bushy, and as white as snow, the one with age alone, the other assisted by a sprinkling of powder. The elder lady is almost blind, and every way much decayed; the other, the ci-devant groom, in good preservation. But who could paint the prints, the dogs, the cats, the miniatures, the cram of cabinets, clocks, glass-cases, books, bijouterie, dragon-china, nodding mandarins, and whirligigs of every shape and hue—the whole house outside and in (for we must see everything, to the dressing closets) *covered* with carved oak, very rich and fine some of it—and the illustrated copies of Sir W.'s poems, and the joking, simpering compliments about "Waverley," and the anxiety to know who MacIvor really was, and the absolute devouring of the poor Unknown, who had to carry off, besides all the rest, one small bit of literal *butter* dug up in a Milesian stone jar lately from the bottom of some Irish bog. Great romance—*i.e.* absurd innocence of character—one must have looked for; but it was confounding to find this

mixed up with such eager curiosity, and enormous knowledge of the tattle and scandal of the world they had so long left. Their tables were piled with newspapers from every corner of the kingdom, and they seemed to have the deaths and marriages of the antipodes at their fingers' ends. Their albums and autographs, from Louis XVIII. and George IV., down to magazine-poets and quack-doctors, are a museum. I shall never see the spirit of blue-stockingism again in such perfect incarnation. Peveril* won't get over their final kissing-match for a week."

Sir Walter joined Mr Canning, Wordsworth, and Southey, for a few days at the seat of Mr Bolton, on the banks of Windermere. It was at that time that this fastidious statesman and courtly wit found Peveril's homely Scottish anecdotes, stories, and pithy illustrations, "vulgar twaddle," if we may believe contemporary report. There can be little doubt that they were *caviare* to himself. This illustrious meeting, and the good things which dropped at a Feast of the Poets, are passed in terms of general but high laudation. In the course of this autumn, Mr Moore, and, afterwards, the magnificent Mrs Coutts, visited Abbotsford. In Moore, Scott met a congenial spirit. The morning after his arrival, he laid his hand upon the breast of his brother bard, with a cordial earnestness, saying, "*Now, my dear Moore, we are friends for life.*" There is nothing else remarkable in the account of this visit; for Mr Moore's journal is not half so laudatory as those of other visiters. They walked together, saw the usual sights of the place, and talked sensibly, rather than poetically, of poetry and Byron. The story at page 94 looks exceedingly like a piece of mystification, of which Scott was not incapable in grave moods, as well as in gayer humours. In short, his imagination struck out a pathetic scene, and he became, for the moment, the ideal actor in it. No one can be at a loss to make out the lady, as Scotland had but one in the unhappy circumstances described, nor yet the persons referred to in the journal, such as T. S., whom all the world that care a rush about the matter can read as plainly as if the name were given at full length, while no one else would be a bit wiser or more interested if it were so. These initial, petty mysteries, and small affectations of delicacy, ought to be whipped by the stern *Quarterly* critics.

Shortly after Moore's departure, arrived Mrs Coutts, with her *tail*, borne in three of her seven travelling carriages; a *tail*, ducal, professional, and *toadying*. Since Scott had invited this *grande dame* to his chateau, it was but right and due to himself to treat her as a gentleman ought to treat his invited guests. He, accordingly, rebuked the aristocratic insolence of some nameless "lovely marchioness," also his guest, and secured fitting observance for the lady of millions from the insolent *exclusives*. Mr Lockhart makes an elaborate apology for Scott's alleged worship of wealth, as well as of the finer essence of rank, which at all times intoxicated him; but in this place it would be superfluous, if it could once be established that "he had a kindness towards Mrs Coutts, because he knew that, vain and pompous as her displays of equipage and attendance might be, *she mainly valued wealth, like himself, as the instrument of doing good.*" Mr Lockhart goes rather far, and would, perhaps, have done wisely to have dropped the matter, when he avers, that the narrative and correspondence, subsequent to the autobiography, "must have satisfied every candid reader" that his (Scott's) appetite for wealth was, after all, essentially a vivid yearning for the means of *large beneficence.*" Now, though not pleading guilty to the charge of being *uncandid readers*, we fear the immense majority of all reflecting readers must be forced, by these Memoirs, upon a very different conclusion. In the latter part of his life, the feelings of an essentially honourable and proud mind led Scott to make every exertion to discharge claims in which the love of acquiring money—not altogether, nor in any considerable degree, for the purposes of "a large beneficence"—had involved him. Scott himself never affected this character; and surely such invitations as those to Mrs Coutts and her train, may scarcely be included in acts of beneficence. His fault was falling in with the spirit of the age, when he ought to have opposed or soared far above it—that base spirit, rapacious on the one side to the verge of commercial treachery, and, upon the other, ostentatiously profuse beyond the boundary of pardonable folly.

To waive these melancholy topics, and make all the good we can of Mrs Coutts, here is a shrewd entry from Scott's journal, when the lady, some time later in the season, was elevating and surprising the worthy citizens of Edinburgh, upon her return from her northern progress:—

"Mrs Coutts, with the Duke of St Albans and Lady Charlotte Beauclerk, called to take leave of us. When at Abbotsford, his suit throve but coldly. She made me, I believe, her confidant in sincerity. She had refused him twice, and decidedly; he was merely on the footing of friendship. I urged it was akin to love. She allowed she might marry the Duke; only she had at present not the least intention that way. Is this frank admission more favourable for the Duke than an absolute protestation against the possibility of such a marriage? I think not. It is the fashion to attend Mrs Coutts' parties, and to abuse her. I have always found her a kind, friendly woman, without either affectation or insolence in the display of her wealth; most willing to do good, if the means be shewn to her. She can be very entertaining, too, as she speaks without scruple of her stage life. So much wealth can hardly be enjoyed without some ostentation. But what then? If the Duke marries her, he ensures an immense fortune; if she marries him, she has the first rank. If he marries a woman older than himself by twenty years, she marries a man younger in wit by twenty degrees. I do not think he will dilapidate her fortune—he seems good and gentle. I do not think that she will abuse his softness—of disposition, shall I say, or of head? The disparity of ages concerns no one but themselves; so they have my consent to marry, if they can get each other's. Just as this is written, enter my Lord of St Albans and Lady Charlotte, to beg I would recommend a book of sermons to Mrs Coutts. Much obliged for her good opinion; recommended Logan's—one poet should always speak for another. The mission, I suppose, was a little display on the part of good Mrs Coutts of authority over her high, aristocratic suitor. I did not suspect her of turning *devotee*, and retract my consent as given above, unless she remains 'burly, brisk, and jolly.' Dined quiet with wife and daughter."

* Peveril was Scott's sobriquet in his own family.

There was some good in Mrs Coutts' favour. We find her procuring a cadetship for a son of Scott's friend, Sheriff Shortreed. That incarnation of the mildest spirit of Mammon, the future Duchess, had been the ominous harbinger of *commercial distress* at Abbotsford. It travelled immediately in her train, and was first announced there by Mr Lockhart, though no man can say exactly what Scott himself knew or surmised at this or any other period, or how far he was the dupe of his own credulity. Though five years his son-in-law and constant neighbour, Lockhart had never surmised the nature of the connexion between Scott, Ballantyne, and Constable.

Mr Lockhart, who was at this time negociating about the editorship of the *Quarterly Review*, had just returned from London, where he had heard mysterious and unpleasant hints about a commercial crisis and a panic; but especially of the precarious or tottering condition of some persons in *the trade*; and, among others, the agents of Constable's house. Next, the credit of the Czar himself came in question; a man who, it was known to some of the *trade*, had been wading and struggling in the quagmires of fictitious credit for ten, or, as probably, twenty years, and who still gave extravagant prices to the Author of Waverley. This was written to Scott, in confidence, by Lockhart; and his reply was, that his friend in Edinburgh was "rooted and branched like an oak." Mr Lockhart, after his return, received farther intelligence affecting Constable's credit; and, alarmed for the copy-money of Sir Walter's last novel—for he suspected no greater risk—he went from his cottage to Abbotsford.

I found Sir Walter alone over his glass of whisky-and-water and cigar—at this time, whenever there was no company, "his custom always in the afternoon." I gave him Mr Wright's letter to read. He did so; and, returning it, said, quite with his usual, tranquil, good-humour of look and voice, "I am much obliged to you for coming over; but, you may rely upon it, Wright has been hoaxed. I promise you, were the Crafty's book thrown up, there would be a pretty decent scramble among the bankers for the keeping of it. There may have been some little dispute or misunderstanding, which malice and envy have exaggerated in this absurd style; but I shan't allow such nonsense to disturb my *siesta*. . . . The Crafty and James Ballantyne have been so much connected in business, that Fatsman would be sure to hear of anything so important; and I like the notion of his hearing it, and not sending me one of his malagrugrous *billets-doux*. He could as soon keep his eyebrows in their place if you told him there was a fire in his nursery."

"Seeing how coolly he treated my news, I went home, relieved and gratified. Next morning, as I was rising, behold Peter Mathieson at my door, his horses evidently off a journey, and the Sheriff rubbing his eyes as if the halt had shaken him out of a sound sleep. I made what haste I could to descend, and found him by the side of the brook, looking somewhat worn, but with a serene and satisfied countenance, busied already in helping his little grandson to feed a fleet of ducklings. "You are surprised," he said, "to see me here. The truth is, I was more taken aback with Wright's epistle than I cared *to let on*; and so, as soon as you left me, I ordered the carriage to the door, and never stopped till I got to Polton, where I found Constable putting on his nightcap. I staid an hour with him, and I have now the pleasure to tell you that *all is right*. There was not a word of truth in the story. He is fast as Ben Lomond.

. . . . . .

The night journey revealed serious alarm. My wife suggested, as we talked things over, that this alarm had been, not on his own account, but Ballantyne's, who, in case evil came on the great employer of his types, might possibly lose a year's profit on them, which neither she nor I doubted must amount to a large sum—any more than that a misfortune of Ballantyne's would grieve her father as much as one personal to himself. His warm regard for his printer could be no secret; we well knew that James was his confidential critic—his trusted and trustworthy friend from boyhood. Nor was I ignorant that Scott had a share in the property of Ballantyne's *Edinburgh Weekly Journal*. . . . . That Sir Walter was, and had all along been, James's partner in the great printing concern, neither I, nor, I believe, any member of his family, had entertained the slightest suspicion, prior to the coming calamities which were now "casting their shadows before."

It was exactly at this time that Sir Walter, who must have been troubled with many things, found the safety-valve of the *Gurnal*—the safe bosom-confidant, which he anticipated might one day be found in his repositories, yet to which he did not give his entire mind.

We have spoken of this *Diary* elsewhere. The first entries are reminiscences and anecdotes of the Irish tour, and portraits of friends. The rapid gradations of his ruin follow hard upon these. But first let us notice, that Mr Lockhart, having been forced on making a sort of *amende honorable* to the memory of James Ballantyne, as to one from "first to last a perfectly upright man, with principles of a lofty stamp, and feelings pure, even to simplicity," sets himself to prove that the man who had created and superintended the greatest and most profitable printing trade that ever existed in Scotland, was a very bad man of business: "the most negligent, and inefficient of master printers;" busy, indeed, "though naturally indolent," but altogether mis-employed.

He was busy, indeed; and inestimably serviceable to Scott was his labour; but it consisted simply and solely in the correction and revisal of proof-sheets. It is most true, that Sir Walter's hurried and careless method of composition, rendered it absolutely necessary that whatever he wrote should be subjected to far more than the usual amount of inspection required at the hands of the printer; and it is equally so, that it would have been extremely difficult to find another man willing and able to bestow such time and care on his proof-sheets as they uniformly received from James. But this was, in fact, not the proper occupation of the man who was at the head of the establishment—who had undertaken the pecuniary management of the concern. . . . . Whoever visited him there, found him at the same eternal business, that of a literator, not that of a printer. He was either editing his newspaper—and he considered that matter as fondly and proudly as Mr Pott in "Pickwick" does his Gazette of Etanswill—or correcting proof-sheets, or writing critical notes and letters to the Author of Waverley.

The business was not profitable. It ought to have yielded an income of from £2000 to £3000 a year, Mr Lockhart asserts; but what it did yield before the bankruptcy, he does not state, while he insinuates that it was less than nothing. After that, in years not good, it cleared in profit £1200 a-year; with, if we are not misinformed, the handsome salary of £800 a-year, allowed by the trustees to the individual whom Mr Lockhart considers so incapable of the duties

of superintending a business which he had created and which he conducted, with the approbation of the said trustees, to the day of his death.

The printing business of Scott & Company must have been always profitable; the bookselling and publishing business, while it lasted, always bad; and for this good reason, that a very great author may be an exceedingly bad and injudicious publisher. The embarrassments of the bookselling concern, and the capital improperly withdrawn from trade to be sunk in land, gave rise to the fatal system of accommodation bills, by which James Ballantyne was as much a sufferer as Sir Walter Scott; with this difference, that the one was the self-seeking, and the other the involuntary victim of foolish speculation and blind avidity.

Constable, shorn of his lustre, follows James Ballantyne on Mr Lockhart's canvass, and he is willing to give the Crafty credit for kindly feelings in his desire to support the credit of John Ballantyne in 1812, from which time the Ballantyne firm became the bond-slave to the wheels of his car, whatever precipices lay under its mad course. He says—

He, (Constable,) with pitiable foibles enough, and grievous faults, and I fear even some black stains of vice in his character, was a man of warm, and therefore I hardly doubt, of sympathizing temperament. Vain to excess, proud at the same time, haughty, arrogant, presumptuous, despotic—he had still perhaps a heart. Persons who knew him longer and better than I did, assure me of their conviction that, in spite of many direct professional hindrances and thwartings, the offspring (as *he* viewed matters) partly of Tory jealousy, and partly of poetical caprice—he had, even at an early period of his life, formed a genuine affection for Scott's person, as well as a most profound veneration for his genius. I think it very possible that he began his assistance of the Ballantyne companies mainly under this generous influence—and I also believe that he had, in different ways, a friendly leaning in favour of both James and John themselves. But when he, in his overweening self-sufficiency, thought it involved no mighty hazard to indulge his better feelings, as well as his lordly vanity, in shielding these friends from commercial dishonour, he had estimated but loosely the demands of the career of speculation on which he was himself entering. And by and by, when, advancing by one mighty plunge after another in that vast field, he felt in his own person the threatenings of more signal ruin than could have befallen them, this "Napoleon of the press"—still as of old buoyed up as to the ultimate result of his grand operations, by the most fulsome flatteries of imagination—appears to have tossed aside very summarily all scruples about the extent to which he might be entitled to tax their sustaining credit in requital. The Ballantynes, if they had comprehended all the bearings of the case, were not the men to consider grudgingly demands of this nature, founded on service so important; and who can doubt that Scott viewed them from a chivalrous altitude?

The "chivalrous altitude" from which Scott viewed matters of profit and commerce, may well tempt a smile from those who have read his bargaining letters. Has Mr Lockhart ever read his own book since it was printed? Scott's neglect of these affairs has always appeared to his biographer "the enigma of his personal history;" especially as he prided himself on his acumen in much smaller concerns of profit and loss. We could help Mr Lockhart to a solution of the enigma. Scott, as is a quite common case, was hoodwinked by the immense nominal sums he was receiving from Constable, and must have had a latent suspicion of the fallacious system by which he reaped an excessive immediate profit. How much of all that Scott ever paid from his own funds to the joint creditors, ought he in justice to have given back in restitution of the sums obtained from the vanity, the delusion, the rashness, and absolute madness of Constable — for the waste stock, and the losing volumes, and all the other bad speculations? In a conversation with Captain Basil Hall, one day, Scott said that the author's share of a book ought to be one sixth of the retail price. Apply this text to his transactions with Constable, and let Cocker determine how much more or less Scott had obtained than any fair publishers could honestly have afforded.

In brief, the wrong which Scott and Constable did each other, was a mutual wrong. Each was alike willing to be flatteringly deceived, and Scott, in the first instance, had the pecuniary advantage, and used it.

Though completely negligent, it is insinuated, of his affairs, "*as a printer in the Canongate*," he visited the office every forenoon on leaving the court. But did he ever examine the ledger?

I certainly much question it. I think it very likely that he now and then cast a rapid glance over the details of a week's or a month's operations; but no man who has followed him throughout can dream that he ever grappled with the sum total.

The reason was obvious; yet the books, for all this, might have been examined, and probably were so, but the concern was working smoothly in the meanwhile, and he might work himself clear before the evil day came upon Constable. We must quote this mouthful of moralizing:—

How shrewdly Scott lectures Terry in May 1825:—"The best business is ruined when it becomes pinched for money, and gets into the circle of discounting bills." "It is easy to make it feasible on paper, but the times of payment arrive to a certainty." "I should not like to see *you* take flight like the ingenious mechanist in Rasselas, only to flutter a few yards, and fall into the lake; this would be a heart-breaking business." "You must be careful that a check shall not throw you on the breakers, and for this there is no remedy but a handsome provision of *the blunt*," &c. &c. Who can read these words—and consider that, at the very hour when they fell from Scott's pen, he was meditating a new purchase of land to the extent of £40,000—and that nevertheless the "certainty of the arrival of times of payment for discounted bills" was within a few months of being realized to his own ruin;—who can read such words, under such a date, and not sigh the only comment, *sic vos non vobis*?

Constable, Mr Lockhart is innocent enough to suppose, might have weathered the storm, had not the house of Hurst, Robinson, & Co. played the same game of bills and counter-bills back upon him, which he was doing upon the Canongate Company.

Mr Lockhart winds up this knotty part of his subject, which he would have done wisely to let alone, by concluding, that no man could have lived so long in the world of imagination—"in Fairy land,"—and have preserved his worldly faculties acute and entire; as if Sir Walter Scott had been some dreamer and visionary, whose fancy was wandering in the clouds, while

every worldling jostled, duped, and robbed him. From all this we turn for relief and enjoyment to the "Gurnal." This of *music*:—

"My little *nieces* (*ex officio*) gave us some pretty music. I do not know and cannot utter a note of music; and complicated harmonies seem to me a babble of confused though pleasing sounds. Yet simple melodies, especially if connected with words and ideas, have as much effect on me as on most people. But then I hate to hear a young person sing without feeling and expression suited to the song. I cannot bear a voice that has no more life in it than a piano-forte or a bugle-horn. There is about all the fine arts a something of soul and spirit, which, like the vital principle in man, defies the research of the most critical anatomist. You feel where it is not, yet you cannot describe what it is you want. Sir Joshua, or some other great painter, was looking at a picture on which much pains had been bestowed—'Why, yes,' he said, in a hesitating manner, 'it is very clever—very well done—can't find fault; but it wants something; it wants—it wants—d—n me—it wants THAT'—throwing his hand over his head, and snapping his fingers. Tom Moore's is the most exquisite warbling I ever heard. Next to him, David Macculloch for Scotch songs. The last, when a boy at Dumfries, was much admired by Burns, who used to get him to try over the w rds which he composed to new melodies."

Of all music, he seemed most to hav enjoyed Mrs Lockhart's Scottish songs; they were either his own compositions, or the ballads of his youth, and of his beloved country; and moreover—and the reason is natural and excellent—

"This is my eldest daughter."

Here is *Moore*, and we shall follow him with another of Scott's contemporary portraits:—

"*November* 22.—*Moore*.—There is a manly frankness, with perfect ease and good-breeding, about him which is delightful. Not the least touch of the poet or the pedant. A little—very little man. Less, I think, than Lewis, and somewhat like him in person; God knows, not in conversation, for Matt, though a clever fellow, was a bore of the first description. Moreover, he looked always like a schoolboy. Now, Moore has none of this insignificance. His countenance is plain, but the expression so very animated, especially in speaking or singing, that it is far more interesting than the finest features could have rendered it.

"I was aware that Byron had often spoken, both in private society and in his Journal, of Moore and myself, in the same breath, and with the same sort of regard; so I was curious to see what there could be in common betwixt us, Moore having lived so much in the gay world, I in the country, and with people of business, and sometimes with politicians; Moore, a scholar, I none; he a musician and artist, I without knowledge of a note; he a democrat, I an aristocrat—with many other points of difference; besides his being an Irishman, I a Scotchman, and both tolerably national. Yet there is a point of resemblance, and a strong one. We are both good-humoured fellows, who rather seek to enjoy what is going forward, than to maintain our dignity as Lions."

"Which enables us the better to keep our places as Lions," he might have added. Next he writes of Byron:—

"On comparing notes with Moore, I was confirmed in one or two points which I had always laid down in considering poor Byron. One was, that, like Rousseau, he was apt to be very suspicious, and a plain downright steadiness of manner was the true mode to maintain his good opinion. Will Rose told me that once, while sitting with Byron, he fixed insensibly his eyes on his feet, one of which, it must be remembered, was deformed. Looking up suddenly, he saw Byron regarding him with a look of concentrated and deep displeasure, which wore off when he observed no consciousness or embarrassment in the countenance of Rose. Murray afterwards explained this, by telling Rose that Lord Byron was very jealous of having this personal imperfection noticed or attended to. In another point, Moore confirmed my previous opinion, namely, that Byron loved mischief-making. Moore had written to him, cautioning him against the project of establishing the paper called *The Liberal*, in communion with men on whom he said the world had set its mark. Byron shewed this to the parties. Shelley wrote a modest and rather affecting expostulation to Moore. These two peculiarities of extreme suspicion and love of mischief are both shades of the malady which certainly tinctured some part of the character of this mighty genius; and, without some tendency towards which, genius perhaps cannot exist to great extent. The wheels of a machine, to play rapidly, must not fit with the utmost exactness, else the attrition diminishes the impetus.

"Another of Byron's peculiarities was the love of mystifying, which, indeed, may be referred to that of mischief. There was no knowing how much or how little to believe of his narratives. Instance:—William Bankes, expostulating with him upon a dedication which he had written in extravagant terms of praise to Cam Hobhouse, Byron told him that Cam had bored him about this dedication till he had said, 'Well, it shall be so, provided you will write it yourself;' and affirmed that Hobhouse did write the high-coloured dedication accordingly. I mentioned this to Murray, having the report from Will Rose, to whom Bankes had mentioned it. Murray, in reply, assured me that the dedication was written by Lord Byron himself, and shewed it me in his own hand. I wrote to Rose to mention the thing to Bankes, as it might have made mischief had the story got into the circle. Byron was disposed to think all men of imagination were addicted to mix fiction (or poetry) in their prose. He used to say he dared believe the celebrated courtezan of Venice, about whom Rousseau makes so piquante a story, was, if one could see her, a draggle-tailed wench enough. I believe that he embellished his own amours considerably, and that he was, in many respects, *le fanfaron de vices qu'il n'avoit pas*. He loved to be thought woful, mysterious, and gloomy, and sometimes hinted at strange causes. I believe the whole to have been the creation and sport of a wild and powerful fancy. In the same manner he *crammed* people, as it is termed, about duels and the like, which never existed, or were much exaggerated.

"What I liked about Byron, besides his boundless genius, was his generosity of spirit as well as purse, and his utter contempt of all the affectations of literature.

. . . . . .

Talking of Abbotsford, it begins to be haunted by too much company of every kind, but especially foreigners. I do not like them. I hate fine waistcoats, and breast-pins upon dirty shirts. I detest the impudence that pays a stranger compliments, and harangues about an author's works in his own house, which is surely ill-breeding."

There is more truth in this than in all Sir Walter's other Byronic estimates put together—and what a character! Suspicious, malicious, and capable of being a liar and a braggart! What a concentration of rascally qualities in one Peer! His contempt of "the affectations of literature," was merely contempt of such affectations as he did not adopt himself. His "generosity of purse" consisted in a few ostentatious, and it may be also in a few real charities; while his high spirit permitted him to spend abroad upon his pleasures the income obtained through the wife whom he libelled and maligned. Coming himself, by a succession of fortunate deaths, into the estate of the ancestors of whom he was so vain, his generosity of spirit permitted him to deprive the next heir—the next of *the blood of the Byrons*—of every inch of the ancestral inheritance.

Let us turn to something better. Scott saw a

Lord in Byron, and he might have seen him earlier in the true light which broke on him at last.

On the 22d of November, and some weeks after the midnight journey to Constable, we find him gently letting his fears ebb out :—

"Here is matter for a May morning, but much fitter for a November one. The general distress in the city has affected H. and R., Constable's great agents. Should they *go*, it is not likely that Constable can stand, and such an event would lead to great distress and perplexity on the part of J. B. and myself. Thank God, I have enough to pay more than 20s. in the pound, taking matters at the very worst. . . . . .

"I here register my purpose to practise economics. I have little temptation to do otherwise. Abbotsford is all that I can make it, and too large for the property ; so I resolve—

"No more building ;

"No purchases of land, *till times are quite safe* ,

"No buying books or expensive trifles—*I mean to any extent* ;—and

"Clearing off encumbrances, with the returns of this year's labour ;

"Which resolutions, with my health and my habits of industry, will make me 'sleep in spite of thunder.'

"After all, it is hard that the vagabond stock-jobbing Jews should, for their own purposes, make such a shake of credit as now exists in London, and menace the credit of men trading on sure funds like Hurst & Robinson.

"Dined quiet with Lady S—— and Anne. Anne is practising Scots songs, which I take as a kind compliment to my own taste, as hers leads her chiefly to foreign music. I think the good girl sees that I want and must miss her sister's peculiar talent in singing the airs of our native country, which, imperfect as my musical ear is, make, and always have made the most pleasing impression on me. And so, if she puts a constraint on herself for my sake, I can only say, in requital, God bless her ! I have much to comfort me in the present aspect of my family.

"*December* 12.—Dined at home, and spent the evening in writing—Anne and Lady Scott at the theatre, to see Mathews—a very clever man my friend Mathews ; but it is tiresome to be funny for a whole evening, so I was content and stupid at home."

The catastrophe was rapidly approaching ; but we have previously noticed Scott's painful forebodings, and many touches of true *unpremeditated* pathos. Sometimes a favourable letter from London raised his hopes ; thus :—

"*December* 19.—Ballantyne here before breakfast. He looks on last night's news with confidence. Constable came in and sat an hour. The old gentleman is firm as a rock. He talks of going to London next week. But I must go to work."

He was then hard at "Woodstock." On this visit to London, Mr Lockhart saw the Czar. The meeting is characteristic :—

Having deferred his journey imprudently, he had performed it very rapidly ; and this exertion, with mental excitement, had brought on a sharp access of gout, which confined him for a couple of days to his hotel in the Adelphi—*reluctantem draconem*. A more impatient spirit never boiled in a feverish frame. It was then that I for the first time, saw full swing given to the tyrannical temper of *the Czar*. He looked, spoke, and gesticulated like some hoary despot, accustomed to nothing but the complete indulgence of every wish and whim, against whose sovereign authority his most trusted satraps and tributaries had suddenly revolted—open rebellion in twenty provinces—confusion in the capital—treason in the palace. I will not repeat his haughty ravings of scorn and wrath. I listened to these with wonder and commiseration ; nor were such feelings mitigated when, having exhausted his violence of vituperation against many persons of whom I had never before heard him speak but as able and trusted friends, he cooled down sufficiently to answer my question as to the practical business on which the note announcing his arrival in town had signified his urgent desire to take my advice. Constable told me that he had already seen one of the Hurst & Robinson firm, and that the storm which had seemed to be "blown over" had, he was satisfied, only been lulled for a moment to burst out with redoubled fury. If they went, however, he must follow. He had determined to support them through the coming gale as he had done through the last ; and he had the means to do so effectually, provided Sir Walter Scott would stand by him heartily and boldly. The first and most obvious step was to make large sales of copyrights ; and it was not surprising that Constable should have formed most extravagant notions of the marketable value of the property of this nature in his possession.

The copyrights were not so marketable as Constable had imagined, and,

To be brief, he requested me to accompany him, as soon as he could get into his carriage, to the Bank of England, and support him (as a confidential friend of the *Author of Waverley*) in his application for a loan of from L.100,000 or L.200,000 on the security of the copyrights in his possession. It is needless to say that, without distinct instructions from Sir Walter, I could not take it upon me to interfere in such a business as this. Constable, when I refused, became livid with rage. After a long silence, he stamped on the ground, and swore that he could and would do alone. I left him in stern indignation. There was another scene of the same kind a day or two afterwards, when his object was to get me to back his application to Sir Walter to borrow L.20,000 in Edinburgh, and transmit it to him in London. I promised nothing but to acquaint Scott immediately with his request, and him with Scott's answer.

Against this, Scott was warned by Constable's partner, Mr Cadell, to whom he felt grateful for the friendly advice. "Constable lingered on, fluctuating between wild hope and savage despair, until, I seriously believe, he at last hovered on the brink of insanity. When he returned to Edinburgh, it was to confront creditors whom he knew he could not pay."

We recommend those who admire the Scottish system of banking to read the following extract from the memoranda written by James Ballantyne on his death-bed, for the use of the compiler of these memoirs, and which their author justly extols for candour :—

"I need not here enlarge upon the unfortunate facility which, at the period of universal confidence and indulgence, our and other houses received from the banks. Suffice it to say, that all our appearances of prosperity, as well as those of Constable, and Hurst & Robinson, were merely shadows, and that, from the moment the bankers exhibited symptoms of doubt, it might have been easy to discover what must be the ultimate result. During weeks, and even months, however, our house was kept in a state of very painful suspense."

Scott spent the Christmas vacation of the Court, as usual, at Abbotsford, and in very indifferent spirits. As he returned, the crash came :—

"*January* 17.—James Ballantyne this morning, good honest fellow, with a visage as black as the crook. He hopes no salvation ; has indeed taken measures to stop. It is hard, after having fought such a battle. Have apologized for not attending the Royal Society Club, who have a *gaudeamus* on this day, and seemed to count much on my being the press. My old acquaintance, Miss Elizabeth Clerk, sister of Willie, died suddenly. I cannot choose but wish it had been Sir W. S., and yet the feeling is unmanly. I have Anne, my wife, and Charles to look after. I felt rather sneaking as I came home from the Parliament-House—felt as if I were liable *monstrari digito* in no very pleasant way. . . .

"*January* 19.—During yesterday I received formal

visits from my friends Skene and Colin Mackenzie, (who, I am glad to see, looks well,) with every offer of service. The Royal Bank also sent Sir John Hope and Sir Henry Jardine, to offer to comply with my wishes. The Advocate came on the same errand. But I gave all the same answer—that my intention was to put the whole into the hands of a trustee, and to be contented with the event, and that all I had to ask was time to do so, and to extricate my affairs. I was assured of every accommodation in this way. From all quarters I have had the same kindness.—Letters from Constable and Robinson have arrived. The last persist in saying they will pay all and everybody. They say, moreover, in a postscript, that, had Constable been in town ten days sooner, all would have been well. I feel quite composed and determined to labour. There is no remedy. I *guess* (as Mathews makes his Yankees say) that we shall not be troubled with visiters, and I *calculate* that I will not go out at all; so what can I do better than labour? Even yesterday I went about making notes on "Waverley," according to Constable's plan. It will do good one day. To-day, when I lock this volume, I go to "Woodstock." Heigho! A painful scene after dinner, and another after supper, endeavouring to convince these poor dear creatures that they must not look for miracles, but consider the misfortune as certain, and only to be lessened by patience and labour.

"*January* 20.—Indifferent night—very bilious, which may be want of exercise. *Mais, pourtant, cultivons notre jardin.* The public favour is my only lottery. I have long enjoyed the foremost prize, and something in my breast tells me my evil genius will not overwhelm me if I stand by myself. Why should I not? I have no enemies—many attached friends. The popular ascendency which I have maintained is of the kind which is rather improved by frequent appearances. In fact, critics may say what they will, but "*hain* your reputation, and *tyne* your reputation," is a true proverb.

"Sir William Forbes called, the same kind, honest friend as ever, with all offers of assistance, &c. &c. &c. All anxious to serve me, and careless about their own risk of loss. And these are the cold, hard, money-making men whose questions and control I apprehended! Lord Chief Commissioner Adam also came to see me, and the meeting, though pleasing, was melancholy."

Those were soothing and grateful visits; but where many thousand pounds are concerned, condolences do not amount to much, and Scott appears to have soon got impatient and restive under commiseration. Next day he writes:—

"Poor Mr Pole, the harper, sent to offer me £500 or £600, probably his all. There is much good in the world after all. But I will involve no friend, either rich or poor. My own right hand shall do it—else will I be *done* in the slang language, and *undone* in common parlance. I am glad that, beyond my own family, who are, excepting Lady S., young and able to bear sorrow, of which this is the first taste to some of them, most of the hearts are past aching which would have once been inconsolable on this occasion. I do not mean that many will not seriously regret, and some, perhaps, lament my misfortunes. But my dear mother, my almost sister, Christy Rutherfurd, poor Will Erskine; those would have been mourners indeed. . . . . .

"*January* 23.—Slept ill, not having been abroad these eight days—*splendida bilis*. Then a dead sleep in the morning, and when the awakening comes, a strong feeling how well I could dispense with it for once and for ever. . . . . Wrote till twelve A.M., finishing half of what I call a good day's work—ten pages of print, or rather twelve. Then walked in the Prince's Street pleasure-grounds with good Samaritan James Skene, the only one among my numerous friends, who can properly be termed *amicus curarum mearum*, others being too busy or too gay, and several being estranged by habit. . . . My wife's and girls' tongues are chatting in a lively manner in the drawing-room. It does me good to hear them. . . . . .

"If I am hard pressed, and measures used against me, I must use all means of legal defence, and subscribe myself bankrupt in a petition for sequestration. It is the course one should, at any rate, have advised a client to take. But for this I would, in a court of honour, deserve to lose my spurs. No, if they permit me, I will be their vassal for life, and dig in the mine of my imagination to find diamonds (or what may sell for such) to make good my engagements, not to enrich myself. And this from no reluctance to be called the Insolvent, which I probably am, but because I will not put out of the power of my creditors the resources, mental or literary, which yet remain to me."

In a day or two afterwards, the creditors unanimously agreed to a private trust, and Sir Walter hoped to sleep better that night. A few days afterwards, he writes—"Constable's business seems unintelligible. No man thought the house worth less than £150,000. Constable told me, when he was making his will, that he was worth £80,000. Great profits on almost all the adventures. No bad speculations—yet neither stock nor debt to shew. Constable might have eaten up his share; but Cadell was very frugal." Cordial drops were mingled in his cup of bitterness. "*February* 1.—A most generous letter (though not more so than I expected) from Walter and Jane, offering to interpose with their fortune, &c. God Almighty forbid!—that were too unnatural to accept, though dutiful and affectionate in them to offer."

There was a touch, the smallest possible, of the Archbishop of Granada about Scott, and he could not have been a mortal author with less. He spoke slightly, or thought lightly of his own productions, only until some one else adopted or broached the same opinion; thus, though James Ballantyne thought poorly of "The Doom of Devorgoil," "poor Erskine liked it much;" and, again—"James Ballantyne is severely critical on what he calls imitation of Mrs Radcliffe in 'Woodstock.' Many will think with him—yet I am of opinion he is quite wrong, or, as friend J. F. says, *vrong*."

Perhaps the following sentence lets us more truly into the secret of Scott's fallacious expectations, and his sanguine calculations, than a volume written by another could do:—

"From the 19th January to the 2d February inclusive, is exactly fifteen days, during which time, with the intervention of some days' idleness, to let imagination brood on the task a little, I have written a volume. I think, for a bet, I could have done it in ten days. Then I must have had no Court of Session to take me up hours every morning, and dissipate my attention and powers of working for the rest of the day. A volume, at cheapest, is worth £1000. This is working at the rate of £24,000 a-year; but then we must not bake buns faster than people have appetite to eat them. They are not essential to the market, like potatoes."

Here, too, he leaves out copyright, which would prospectively double or quadruple his £24,000. One might believe, from passages in his diary, that his mind speedily recovered its natural elasticity; yet it is to be feared he had frequent relapses. For despondency he gave himself no leisure. Thus—

"*February* 5.—Rose after a sound sleep, and here am I without bile or anything to perturb my inward man. It is just about three weeks since so great a change took place in my relations in society, and already I am indifferent to it. But I have been always told my feelings

of joy and sorrow, pleasure and pain, enjoyment and privation, are much colder than those of other people.

"Mr Laidlaw came in from Abbotsford, and dined with us. We spent the evening in laying down plans for the farm, and deciding whom we should keep and whom dismiss among the people. This we did on the true negro-driving principle of self-interest—the only principle I know which *never* swerves from its objects. We chose all the active, young, and powerful men, turning old age and infirmity adrift. I cannot help this, for a guinea cannot do the work of five; but I will contrive to make it easier to the sufferers. . . .

"Mr Laidlaw dined with us. Says Mr Gibson told him he would dispose [despair?] of my affairs, were it any but Sir W. S. No doubt, so should I. I am well-nigh doing so, at any rate. But *fortuna juvante*, much may be achieved. At worst the prospect is not very discouraging to one who wants little. Methinks I have been, like Burns' poor labourer—

> 'So constantly in Ruin's sight,
> The view o't gives me little fright.'"

There may be the least touch of bravado in this; but there is a stout heart also.

In a letter to Mr Lockhart, written three days after the insolvency was publicly known at Edinburgh, he makes, as it were, his own defences, and quenches many of his correspondent's subsequent insinuations and charges against his friend James Ballantyne, of whom he says only what we have been saying all along. The letter is important, and most honourable to Scott's feelings, but not more than might have been expected from him. And that "intelligent and liberal establishment," also, which gave such sums at least to one author, will now provoke a melancholy smile.

"My Dear Lockhart,—I have your kind letter. Whenever I heard that Constable had made a *cessio fori*, I thought it became me to make public how far I was concerned in these matters, and to offer my fortune so far as it was prestable, and the completion of my literary engagements—(the better thing almost of the two)—to make good all claims on Ballantyne and Co.; and even supposing that neither Hurst & Co. nor Constable & Co. ever pay a penny they owe me, my old age will be far from destitute—even if my right hand should lose its cunning. This is the *very worst* that can befall me; but I have little doubt that, with ordinary management, the affairs of those houses will turn out favourably. It is needless to add that I will not engage myself, as Constable desires, for £20,000 more—or £2000—or £200. I have advanced enough already to pay other people's debts, and must now pay my own. If our friend C. had set out a fortnight earlier, nothing of all this would have happened; but he let the hour of distress precede the hour of provision, and he and others must pay for it. Yet don't hint this to him, poor fellow—it is an infirmity of nature.

"I have made my matters public, and have had splendid offers of assistance, all which I have declined, for I would rather bear my own burden than subject myself to obligation. There is but one way in such cases.

"It is easy, no doubt, for any friend to blame me for entering into connexion with commercial matters at all. But I wish to know what I could have done better; excluded from the bar, and then from all profits for six years, by my colleague's prolonged life. Literature was not in those days what poor Constable has made it; and, with my little capital, I was too glad to make commercially the means of supporting my family. I got but £600 for the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel,' and—it was a price that made men's hair stand on end—£1000 for 'Marmion.' *I have been far from suffering by James Ballantyne. I owe it to him to say, that his difficulties, as well as his advantages, are owing to me.* I trusted too much to Constable's assurances of his own and his correspondents' stability, but yet I believe he was only sanguine. The upshot is just what Hurst & Co. and Constable may be able to pay me; if 15s. in the pound, I shall not complain of my loss, for I have gained many thousands in my day. But while I live I shall regret the downfall of Constable's house, for never did there exist so *intelligent and so liberal an establishment.* They went too far when money was plenty, that is certain; yet, if every author in Britain had taxed himself half a year's income, he should have kept up the house which first broke in upon the monopoly of the London trade, and made letters what they now are.

"I have had visits from all the monied people, offering their purses—and those who are creditors, sending their managers and treasurers to assure me of their joining in and adopting any measures I may propose. I am glad of this for their sake, and for my own—for although I shall not desire to steer, yet I am the only person that can *cann*, as Lieutenant Hatchway says, to any good purpose. A very odd anonymous offer I had of L.30,000, which I rejected, as I did every other. Unless I die, I shall beat up against this foul weather. A penny I will not borrow from any one. Since my creditors are content to be patient, I have the means of righting them perfectly, and the confidence to employ them. I would have given a good deal to have avoided the *coup d'eclat*; but that having taken place, I would not give sixpence for any other results. I fear you will think I am writing in the heat of excited resistance to bad fortune. My dear Lockhart, I am as calm and temperate as you ever saw me, and working at 'Woodstock' like a very tiger. I am grieved for Lady Scott and Anne, who cannot conceive adversity can have the better of them, even for a moment. If it teaches a little of the frugality which I never had the heart to enforce when money was plenty—and it seemed cruel to interrupt the enjoyment of it in the way they liked best—it will be well.

"Kindest love to Sophia, and tell her to study the song and keep her spirits up. Tyne heart, tyne all; and it is making more of money than it is worth to grieve about it. Kiss Johnnie for me. How glad I am fortune carried you to London before these reverses happened, as they would have embittered parting, and made it resemble the boat leaving the sinking ship!"

Mr Lockhart shews that, if Scott had chosen to take the full advantage of the bankrupt laws, he might have got off easily by surrendering all the literary and other property of the printing company. We own we do not see it. Not only would his life-rent of Abbotsford have been attached, with his salaries of office, copyrights, library, &c. &c., but the marriage-contract of his son might have been set aside, and his estate claimed by the creditors, as at one period seems to have been threatened by the bank. His manful resolution was not only more honest and honourable, but ultimately more wise. We cull a few more entries:—

February 14.—"Saw Cadell as I returned from the Court. He seemed dejected, and gloomy about the extent of stock of novels, &c. on hand. He infected me with his want of spirits, and I almost wish my wife had not asked Mr Scrope and Charles K. Sharpe for this day. But the former sent such loads of game that Lady Scott's gratitude became ungovernable. I have not seen a creature at dinner since the direful 17th of January, except my own family and Mr Laidlaw. The love of solitude increases by indulgence; I hope it will not diverge into misanthropy. It does not mend the matter that this is the first day that a ticket for sale is on my house, poor No. 39.

"*February* 15.—Yesterday I did not write a line of 'Woodstock.' Partly I was a little out of spirits, though that would not have hindered. Partly, I wanted to wait for some new ideas—a sort of collecting of straw to make bricks of. . . . . Poor James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, came to advise with me about his affairs—he is sinking under the times; having no assistance to give him, my advice I fear will be of little service. I am

sorry for him if that would help him, especially as, by his own account, a couple of hundred pounds would carry him on."

His Castle Street house was now disposed of, the furniture sold; and Scott afterwards lived, when attending the Court, in furnished lodgings. The composition of the letters of *Malachi Malagrowther* gave his spirits a fillip at this trying time, and probably did him some good with those *magnates* of the banks, who, by one means or other, had come to exercise something like the old power of pit and gallows in Scotland, and now felt, in the threatened suppression of their one-pound notes, their jurisdiction at stake.

Under the ample veil of Themis, Scott, at all times, wrote many of his letters to friends, and probably some chapters of his novels; and there is no doubt that he was then often much more usefully employed than in the business he was ostensibly paid to execute; yet this is a strange confession:—

"*February* 21.—One person talking for a long time, whether in pulpit or at the bar, or anywhere else, unless the interest be great, and the eloquence of the highest character, sets me to sleep. I impudently lean my head on my hand in the Court, and take my nap without shame. The Lords may keep awake and mind their own affairs. *Quod supra nos nihil ad nos.* These clerks' stools are certainly as easy seats as are in Scotland, those of the Barons of Exchequer always excepted.

"*February* 24.—Whimsical enough, that, when I was trying to animate Scotland against the currency bill, John Gibson brought me the deed of trust, assigning my whole estate, to be subscribed by me; so that I am turning patriot, and taking charge of the affairs of the country, on the very day I proclaim myself incapable of managing my own.

"*March* 1.—Malachi is in the *Edinburgh Journal* to-day, and reads like the work of an uncompromising right-forward Scot of the old school."

Malachi made a wonderful sensation, and the writer says gallantly:—

"*March* 3.—On the whole, I am glad of this bruilzie, as far as I am concerned; people will not dare talk of me as an object of pity—no more 'poor-manning.' Who asks how many punds Scots the old champion had in his pocket when

> 'He set a bugle to his mouth,
> And blew so loud and shrill,
> The trees in greenwood shook thereat,
> Sae loud rang every hill?'
>
> . . . . . .

"*March* 8.—From what I hear, the poor man Constable is not sensible of the nature of his own situation; for myself, I have succeeded in putting the matter perfectly out of my mind since I cannot help it, and have arrived at a flocci-pauci-nihili-pili-fication of misery, and I thank whoever invented that long word."

This is the brave side. At other times, we find the Stoic expressing himself thus:—

"*March* 13.—I have hinted in these notes that I am not entirely free from a sort of gloomy fits, with a fluttering of the heart and depression of spirits, just as if I knew not what was going to befall me. I can sometimes resist this successfully, but it is better to evade than to combat it. The hang-dog spirit may have originated in the confusion and chucking about of our old furniture, the stripping of walls of pictures, and rooms of ornaments; the leaving of a house we have so long called our home, is altogether melancholy enough. I am glad Lady S. does not mind it, and yet I wonder, too. She insists on my remaining till Wednesday, not knowing what I suffer. Meanwhile, to make my recusant spirit do penance, I have set to work to clear away papers and pack them for my journey. What a strange medley of thoughts such a task produces! There lie letters which made the heart to throb when received, now lifeless and uninteresting—as are perhaps their writers. Riddles which have been read—schemes which time has destroyed or brought to maturity—memorials of friendships and enmities which are now alike faded. Thus does the ring of Saturn consume itself. To-day annihilates yesterday, as the old tyrant swallowed his children, and the snake its tail. But I must say to my Journal as poor Byron did to Moore—'D—n it, Tom, don't be poetical.'"

What a strange jumble of opinions Scott held upon public questions! In a letter to Sir Robert Dundas, the largest actual sinecurist in Scotland, he says:—

"I remember the late Lord Melville defending, in a manner that defied refutation, the Scots laws against sedition; and I have lived to see these repealed, by what our friend Baron Hume calls 'A bill for the better encouragement of sedition and treason.' It will last my day probably; at least I shall be too old to be shot, and have only the honourable chance of being hanged for *incivisme*. The whole burgher class of Scotland are gradually preparing for radical reform—I mean the middling and respectable classes; and when a burgh reform comes, which perhaps cannot long be delayed, Ministers will not return a member for Scotland from the towns. The gentry will abide longer by sound principles; for they are needy, and desire advancement for their sons, and appointments, and so on. But this is a very hollow dependence, and those who sincerely hold ancient opinions are waxing old."

And so need and desire of place are the pure motives which hold men to sound Tory principles; and Scott can deliberately regret the abolition of those barbarous and tyrannical India-rubber statutes—stretching any way in the hands of power—under which Muir, Skirving, Gerrald, and Palmer, were, in his youth, condemned to the punishment of the vilest of felons! We are glad to understand this foul blot is removed from the Scottish law-books, and only wish we were sure of it. Here is another pithy bit of sagacious Toryism, dictated by *malice prepense*:—

"Scotland, completely liberalized, as she is in a fair way of being, will be the most dangerous neighbour to England that she has had since 1639. There is yet time to make a stand, for there is yet a great deal of good and genuine feeling left in the country. But if you *unscotch* us, you will find us damned mischievous Englishmen. The restless and yet laborious and constantly watchful character of the people, their desire for speculation in politics or anything else, only restrained by some proud feelings about their own country, now become antiquated, and which late measures will tend much to destroy, will make them, under a wrong direction, the most formidable revolutionists who ever took the field of innovation. The late Lord Melville knew them well, and managed them accordingly. Our friend, the present Lord Melville, with the same sagacity, has not the same advantages. His high office has kept him much in the south."

And, in the South, affairs were managed so differently. There was always something like public feeling there, and freer vent for its healthy ebullition. The paltry allusions to Mr Hume might as well have been omitted. If Sir Walter Scott was not interested "in keeping up the taxes," and that to a handsome amount, we know not who was. He wishes "he had anything else to do with them save to pay them;" but the system which so long gave him his nearly sinecure offices put it handsomely in his power to pay them.

Some months after the ruin of Sir Walter's affairs, Lady Scott, who had been for some time

in precarious health, died at Abbotsford, while he was attending the Court in Edinburgh. He had neither been a very ardent lover, nor an uxorious husband; but the affection of habit, the inevitable tenderness of a long intercourse, was powerful in his steadfast nature; and many of his little incidental notices about his wife, in her last illness, are, without affectation, exceedingly touching. Thus—"My servant cut my hair, which used to be poor Charlotte's personal task; *I hope she won't observe it.*"—"*May* 6.—The same scene of hopeless (almost) and unavailing anxiety. Still welcoming me with a smile, and asserting she is better. . . . Still labouring at this review, without heart or spirits to finish it."

"Charlotte was unable to take leave of me, being in a sound sleep, after a very indifferent night. Perhaps it was as well. Emotion might have hurt her; and nothing I could have expressed would have been worth the risk. I have foreseen, for two years and more, that this menaced event could not be far distant. I have seen plainly, within the last two months, that recovery was hopeless. And yet, to part with the companion of twenty-nine years when so very ill—that I did not, could not foresee. . . . . .

"*Edinburgh—Mrs Brown's Lodgings, North St David Street—May* 12.—I passed a pleasant day with kind J. B., [James Ballantyne,] which was a great relief from the black dog, which would have worried me at home. He was quite alone.

"Well, here I am in Arden. And I may say with Touchstone, 'When I was at home, I was in a better place;' I must, when there is occasion, draw to my own Bailie Nicol Jarvie's consolation—'One cannot carry the comforts of the Saut-Market about with one.'"

In three days he received intelligence of his wife's death, and returned to Abbotsford, where he found his daughter, Miss Anne Scott, worn out with suffering, watching, and grief. He says:—

"*Abbotsford, May* 16.—For myself, I scarce know how I feel—sometimes as firm as the Bass Rock, sometimes as weak as the water that breaks on it. I am as alert at thinking and deciding as I ever was in my life. Yet, when I contrast what this place now is, with what it has been not long since, I think my heart will break. Lonely, aged, deprived of my family—all but poor Anne; an impoverished, an embarrassed man, deprived of the sharer of my thoughts and counsels, who could always talk down my sense of the calamitous apprehensions which break the heart that must bear them alone. *Even her foibles were of service to me, by giving me things to think of beyond my weary self-reflections.*"

There can be no doubt of the affection of a husband, when he has come to find his wife's foibles of service to him. His manly cure for sorrow was hard writing. He returned to Edinburgh, and grappled to the "Life of Napoleon," which was relieved, at intervals, by "The Chronicles of the Canongate." In the Journal there is certainly some writing for effect—something like the journals of Julia de Roubigne, and other heroines—but mingling with inimitable natural strokes, as this:—

"*June* 8.—A dog howled all night, and left me little sleep—poor cur! I dare say he had his distresses, as I have mine. . . . . .

"*April* 24.—Constable is sorely broken down.

'Poor fool and knave, I have one part in my heart
That's sorry yet for thee.'

His conduct has not been what I deserved at his hand, but I believe that, walking blindfold himself, he misled me without *malice prepense*. . . .

"*July* 14.—I have a secret pride—I fancy it will be so most truly termed—which impels me to mix with my distresses strange snatches of mirth 'which have no mirth in them.'"

Here is another strain:—

"*July* 8.—Wrote a good task this morning. I may be mistaken; but I do think the tale of Elspat M'Tavish in my bettermost manner—but J. B. roars for chivalry. He does not quite understand that everything may be overdone in this world, or sufficiently estimate the necessity of novelty. The Highlanders have been off the field now for some time. . . . . .

"*July* 28.—Read through and corrected 'Saint Ronan's Well.' I am no judge, but I think the language of this piece rather good. Then I must allow the fashionable portraits are not the true thing. I am too much out of the way. . . . . .

"*September* 6.—I had a letter from Jem Ballantyne, plague on him! full of remonstrance deep and solemn, upon the carelessness of Buonaparte. The rogue is right, too. But, as to correcting my style, to the

'Jemmy jemmy linkum feedle'

tune of what is called fine writing, I'll be d——d if I do. Drew £12 in favour of Charles, for his Irish jaunt; same time exhorted him to make himself as expensive to Walter, in the way of eating and drinking, as he could."

He wished to go to London, to examine materials for the "Life of Napoleon," and, strange to say, was apprehensive of arrest, by certain bill-brokers, who, at last, graciously assured his trustees that he should not be molested for four or five weeks. His remark on this indulgence is a shrewd commentary on the barbarous principle of imprisonment for debt:—

"And so I am permitted to spend my money and my time, to improve the means of paying them their debts, for that is the only use of this journey. They are Jews; I suppose the devil baits for Jews with a pork griskin. Were I not to exert myself, I wonder where their money is to come from."

His journey extended to Paris, where he was received and caressed, and *fêted* as no Scotsman had been, since the ladies of Paris—philosophers at that time, as they now were *romanticists*—had flirted with David Hume and Gibbon. This journey did his spirits much good; and the racy humour of the *Gurnal* is no longer dashed with bursts of sorrow, or of desperate resolution.

In London, besides the cordial of meeting his daughter and her family, he saw the King, Wellington, Moore, and Rogers; Lawrence, and Croker, and Hook, and other lions; and, better still, Allan Cunningham, and his friend "Dan Terry." This article has already drawn out to such a length, and the domestic notices are so much more attractive than the morsels of wit, mirth, criticism, or adventure, that, skipping Paris—yea, *La Belle France* altogether—we take him up on his return to London.

"*November* 13.—Lockhart and I dined at an official person's, where there was a little too much of that sort of flippant wit, or rather smartness, which becomes the parochial Joe Miller of boards and offices. . . . Went to poor Lydia White's, and found her extended on a couch, frightfully swelled, unable to stir, rouged, jesting, and dying. She has a good heart, and is really a clever creature, but, unhappily, or rather happily, she has set up the whole staff of her rest in keeping literary society about her. The world has not neglected her. It is not always so bad as it is called. She can always make up her circle, and generally has some people of real talent and distinction. She is wealthy, to be sure, and gives petit dinners, but not in a style to carry the point *à force*

d'argent. In her case the world is good-natured, and, perhaps it is more frequently so than is generally supposed.

"*November* 14.—We breakfasted at honest Allan Cunningham's—honest Allan—a leal and true Scotsman of the old cast. A man of genius, besides, who only requires the tact of knowing when and where to stop, to attain the universal praise which ought to follow it. I look upon the alteration of 'It's hame and it's hame,' and 'A wet sheet and a flowing sea,' as among the best songs going. . . . Dined at Croker's, at Kensington, with his family, the Speaker, and the facetious Theodore Hook. We came away rather early, that Anne and I might visit Mrs Arbuthnot, to meet the Duke of Wellington. In all my life I never saw him better. He has a dozen of campaigns in his body—and tough ones. Anne was delighted with the frank manners of this unequalled pride of British war, and me he received with his usual kindness. He talked away about Buonaparte, Russia, and France.

"*November* 15.—I begin to tire of my gaieties; and the late hours and constant feastings disagree with me. I wish for a sheep's-head and whisky-toddy against all the French cookery and champagne in the world. Well, I suppose I might have been a Judge of Session by this time—attained, in short, the grand goal proposed to the ambition of a Scottish lawyer. It is better, however, as it is, while, at least, I can maintain my literary reputation."

On this visit, Scott engaged the interest of the King for his youngest son, whom he wished to become a diplomatist. He applied to Sir William Knighton, rightly considering a friend who had easy access by the back-stairs, more useful than one or more in the Cabinet. With the King's promise obtained for Charles, his name and person revived among all the "magnificoes and potent seigniors," his spirits high, and his Toryism confirmed, he returned to Scotland. Thus he leaves off:—

"*November* 20.—The Duke of York seems still mending, and spoke of state affairs as a High Tory. Were his health good, his spirit is as strong as ever. H. R. H. has a devout horror of the Liberals. Having the Duke of Wellington, the Chancellor, and (perhaps) a still greater person on his side, he might make a great fight when they split, as split they will. But Canning, Huskisson, and a mitigated party of Liberaux will probably beat them. Canning's wit and eloquence are almost invincible. But then the Church, justly alarmed for their property, which is plainly struck at, and the bulk of the landed interest, will scarce brook even a mild infusion of Whiggery into the Administration. Well, time will shew."

During the following Session of the Court, Sir Walter and his daughter occupied a furnished house in Walker Street. And there Mr Lockhart leaves him for the present, in nearly uninterrupted solitude, and giving his nights as well as mornings to his desk. We are not told how much of the Journal remains; but it is evident that, with this valuable volume, the interest of the "Life" is nearly exhausted, though six years were still to intervene before its melancholy close.

DECLINE OF THE DRAMA.

No person who gives the slightest attention to the progress of theatrical affairs, but must have noted the cry with which we are stunned at the commencement of every theatrical campaign, that the drama is about to be restored and rendered triumphant; and, at the close of the same, that the drama has sunk a step lower in degradation, while the names of one or more managers have appeared in the *Gazette*. Throughout the season, we learn, by the daily playbills, that the houses are nightly overflowing, and the pieces and performances produced, beyond precedent, successful; but, at the end, we are annually informed that, in spite of nine months' puffery and lying, the chief difficulty has been, *not* to close the doors of the over-crammed house, but to keep them open.

Articles in the newspapers and periodicals next appear, bewailing the fact, and attributing the fall of the drama to the rise of actors' salaries; being so far borne out in the assertion, that, since the public has insisted on a diminution of the price of entrance to the playhouses, the chief actors have trebled their demands, until performers who, in John Kemble's days, would have been requited with £10 a week, are receiving £20 per night. But what has this to do with the deficiency of theatrical attraction? It is the effect, and not the cause, of the disorganization of the dramatic world. The origin of the evil is to be sought for elsewhere.

The naked truth is, that England has outlived the epoch of dramatic infatuation. By referring to the pages of Cibber's Memoirs, Garrick's Life, and other chronicles of dramatic memorabilia, it will be perceived that the cry to which we allude, was raised so long ago as the reign of Charles II., and that at no subsequent moment has it been admitted by managers that theatricals were actually flourishing. They are fond of attributing their disasters to the modern decline of dramatic authorship. But what did the past century achieve for the drama? "Cato" and "Douglas," its only legitimate original tragedies, were neither more successful nor more meritorious than "Virginius" or "Ion;" while, as to comedy, Congreve, the first classic comic dramatist of his time, was driven from the stage by the public preference accorded to the rattletrap of Mrs Centlivre. At the period, in short, which we wilfully persist in describing as the golden age of theatricals, the managers were in perpetual apprehension of bankruptcy; actors were receiving half salaries; the public was entertained with feeble translations from Moliere, Racine, Corneille, and Voltaire, by Aaron Hill, Ambrose Phillips, and Colley Cibber—Shakspeare being out of fashion, and Massinger a dead letter. The complaints of Dryden concerning the degeneracy of the stage, the sneers of Pope and his contemporaries, the biting sarcasms of Horace Walpole, as recorded in their letters, prologues, and criticisms—may serve to convince the most obstinate, that, for the last 150 years, the stage has been pronounced, by the literary world, to be in a state of decadence.

As when a royal bulletin announces some illustrious patient to be daily "better," he is surely at the worst, we might almost infer, from these declarations of the insolvency of the theatres,

that they are to end in a state of glorious prospects. But, instead of coming to such a conclusion, we deny the premises. Instead of declining and falling, we believe English theatricals to have been in a stationary state of average attraction for a century past. According to Monck Mason's theory, that a balloon elevated above the atmospheric currents may remain poised above, while the earth below performs its gyrations, we believe that the world has been progressing, and the drama standing still.

It is a mistake to describe the drama as an art of civilized life. It is the diversion of a people in process of civilization—and England has consequently outgrown its attractions. London in the time of Elizabeth, Paris in that of Louis XIV., New York in that of President Jackson, or any other capital enjoying the dawn or restoration of letters, eager for excitement, and deficient in the means and appliances of social enjoyment, afford vantage ground for the triumph of the dramatic art. Not so the London of railroad committees, clubs, and Nassau balloons, which has the power and will to choose its own time and place for being amused. The London of today lounges over its breakfast table in a patent reclining chair, or sips its claret or coffee of an evening in a gorgeous club, with its foot on a velvet stool, skimming the new works provided by the circulating library, and turning over the page, or changing the volume, when too wise or too vapid for its purpose. For those who delight in fiction, and who, a century ago, must have resorted to the theatres for the gratification of their taste, the historical novel supplies the place of tragedy; the fashionable novel, of comedy; and "Pickwick" and the periodicals, of farce. All these the idler can now enjoy, secure from the uneasy accommodations, foul air, and unsatisfactory neighbourships of a public theatre—without travelling through the Seven Dials after hurrying through an untimely dinner, or paying the costs of a seat to be made uncomfortable. Theatrical amusements form a tie and an incumbrance to a state of society whose private diversions are so varied, whose colloquial resources so increased, as that of modern London, when newspapers, magazines, reviews, annuals, the whole machinery of light literature, provide recreation for those picktooth hours which had formerly no alternative but the playhouse.

But it is not amusement only which we find promoted by the enormous diffusion of the press. The multiplication of newspapers and periodicals has generalized the study of politics. The rich and idle—nay, even the poor and occupied—busy themselves fifty times more than aforetime with the study of state affairs. Politics distract our attention from romantic interests, or the drolleries of the stage. In these times, a mime must hit plaguy hard who means to be attended to. And what is the result? Exaggeration in the serious drama—buffoonery in the comic. Were Mossop, Barry, Wilks, and the popular comedians of that day to appear again on the stage, they would now be termed "respectable." Kean, the most successful player of our own, was a monstrous exaggeration—a man of unquestionable genius, who occasionally

"Snatched a grace beyond the reach of art;"

but whose acting was as untrue to nature as the majestic designs of Fuseli. His subtlety was too subtile; his passion too impassioned. The public felt this. On his first appearance in London, it was discerned, by the able men who presided at Drury Lane, that the new actor was rather beyond than below the standard of public appreciation; and two thousand pounds were accordingly expended by the committee in puffing him into favour. We appeal, in support of this assertion, to the accompts of Drury Lane treasury; we appeal, with equal powers of proof, to the late editor of the "leading journal of Europe."

From all that tradition has revealed to us, (and, unfortunately, the actor's is and must remain a traditional art,) we are convinced that there are performers now upon the stage, (we do not say *actresses*,) equal in power to any who have figured there in former years. If rendered careless by the inattentiveness of a preoccupied public, or seduced into exaggeration by the coldness of an unexcitable one, we must blame the times we live in, but without looking forward to a favourable change. The next generation of spectators will be more preoccupied—less amusable. Libraries of Entertaining Knowledge will have been multiplied. There will be more Scotch novels—new Bozzes; and the lounger who visits Covent-Garden one night, will have railroaded his way to Munich on the morrow. There is no remedy for all this, but submission to a state of things dependent on the march of society. Heaven forbid that we should retrogress to the epoch when the unlettered cit was content to sit out his afternoon in the Globe, to see his Juliet in a lubberly boy, and to accept his impressions of the Capitol or the heath at Forres from the same dingy canvass.

Colley Cibber, be it observed, attributes the desertion of the theatres, at the commencement of the eighteenth century, to the late hours of the nobility and gentry, who were beginning to dine at four o'clock. We, of the middle of the nineteenth, have deferred the meal four hours later, and the same complaint is renewed. The fact is, that the hour of representation has kept pace with that of our convivial entertainments; and the auditors of Shakspeare's day had finished their second sleep, at the moment when the audiences of the Queen's Theatre are applauding the conclusion of the ballet. Even the frequenters of the winter theatres

"Hear the chimes at midnight,"

as they proceed homeward to their habitations. It is not the hour at which the great meal of the day is appointed which interferes with the playhouses. It is that dinner is now a brilliant and colloquial entertainment, instead of a mere satisfying of the appetite; and, when two or three intelligent men meet to dine together, previous to repairing to the theatre, not one of them but

feels disappointed when the carriage is announced which is to convey them thither, and fix their attention upon the stage. *They* have survived the charm of dramatic illusion which entranced the senses of their barbarous forefathers. They know more and better of Rome and Greece, fervid Italy, or fashionable London, than is shewn them by the players. Nay, the daily business of life is more amusing, the hourly history of nations more astounding. The morning papers have probably afforded deeper excitement for their pity, terror, or mirth, than they are likely to find on a stage, where some familiar historical character is embodied by a vulgar fellow in red calico and rabbit skin, who drops his h's, and sports false calves. And the finest of Shakspeare's plays, though supported by a Garrick, a Kemble, a Kean, or a Macready, is not proof against such accessories as these.

In a new country, such as the England of yesterday or the America of to-day, such discrepancies pass unobserved; and the drama maintains its ascendency. Look at the sums bestowed in the United States upon actors whom we repulse with contempt. Consult these very actors as to the nature of the audiences before whom they have enjoyed the opportunity of playing. Instead of the "rolling pit" of London, wherein each man is whispering to his neighbour, cracking nuts and drinking ginger-beer, every eye is fixed upon the stage—every ear is on the stretch to catch the words of the actor. Instead of the dispiriting influence exercised by our *blasé* private boxes—the inmates of which repair to the theatres to enjoy their flirtations or chitchat, or pay their devoirs to some pretty actress—a wholesome sympathy subsists between the audience and the stage. Nor have the people of Baltimore or Cincinnati any experience in the pomps of courts, to deteriorate the tinsel of the property-man. No Lord Mayor's coach has outshone in *their* eyes the gilding of the car of Julius Cæsar. All is real to their unexhausted imaginations. The grand sentiments of the poet have not been worn down to commonplace in their ears. The dramatized legends and histories of England are as romantic to *their* conception as those of Rome, Greece, or Italy, to our own. Their sympathy is extensive in proportion as their experience is circumscribed; their imagination warm in proportion as their physical nature is cold. Consult the vivid sketch of a dramatic representation on the South Western frontier, contained in Tyrone Power's "Impressions of America," and compare the impressionable public he describes, with the chattering side-boxes of Bath or Brighton, or the yawning public of the winter theatres!

Admitting all this, however, the interests of dramatic literature in this country are to be cared for, and amusement is to be provided for the play-going public. For, though far more limited than theatrical speculators choose to admit, such a public really exists. A certain sum is annually apportioned out of its income by the London public, as amusement money; and it is only surprising how little its amount is increased or diminished by the amount of attraction provided. The vogue of one theatre serves only to empty the others, not to increase the expenditure of society; and it is only by concentration that there is any possibility of forming theatrical establishments likely to prosper, and consequently to uphold themselves in the respect of the public. The little private speculations, set up in this or that neighbourhood, in order to turn to account the popularity of this or that actor or actress, too self-sufficient to submit to the dictation of managers, form the ruin of the grand national establishments. It is absurd to assert that these pet playhouses are sanctioned only because certain localities demand a specific class of theatrical entertainment. Do the purlieus of Wych Street, for instance, exclusively require the light, elegant, superficial vaudevilles of the Olympic Theatre, copied from the pieces called into existence by the gilded trifling of the Parisian Gymnase? Certainly not! The insight of Madame Vestris into the tastes and frivolities of the fashionable world, enabled her to make a better market for her talents, by catering independently for its pleasures; and the best actors were accordingly bought off from the winter theatres, to assist in her lucrative speculation, and further the deterioration of the drama.

We conscientiously believe, after devoting years of consideration and examination to the interests of the drama, that (exclusive of suburban playhouses) London can only maintain two permanent theatres; one devoted by patent to the representation of tragedy, comedy, and farce; the other, to operas, melo-dramas, ballets, and pieces of pageant and parade.

We would have these houses midway in size between the present patent theatres and English Opera-house, the stage retaining its present depth and bearing. We would have them engage permanent companies, and remain open all the year round, like those of Paris. We would have half-price abolished, except in the pit and dress-boxes. We would have a basement circle formed into private boxes; but the whole dress and second circles left open to the public. The theatre apportioned to the representation of the legitimate drama, would comprehend the whole really drama-loving public, and employ the elite of the existing London companies, to the great advantage of the country theatres, which we now gratuitously strip of their second and third-rate actors, to make our various complements complete. Allowing for the defalcations annually produced by the engagement of first-rate performers in America, we have never more than enough to form a single full and efficient metropolitan company; but were such a company organized, and maintained in the degree of subordination spontaneously arising from the knowledge that they have no outlets for their vanity and ill-humour, the best dramatists of the day—Knowles, Sheil, Proctor, Mitford, Talfourd, Jerrold, Morton, Poole,

Planche—would devote their talents to its support; and the best writers in other departments of fiction hasten to become dramatists.

For the second or operatic theatre, the native talent of the country would afford a sufficient vocal company; and operas might be produced, diversified by exhibitions of pageantry and scenic effect, such as the unaided imagination cannot attain. This department of scenic exhibition is still far from exhausted. Scenery and decorations—effects of grouping, and light and shade—the picturesque in its interminable variety of aspects, if adopted in enhancement of well got-up operas and ballets, would prove an irresistible attraction.

Some advance towards these improvements has been already made. Though the strength of the metropolitan dramatic company is split and broken by half-a-dozen enterprising minor theatres, the two patents are now ranged under the banners of the individuals best calculated to do them justice—Macready for the legitimate drama; Bunn for the illegitimate. The only thing we have to regret, is—the unwillingness of each to confine himself to a specific object; and the consequence is, that each has entailed on himself the expense of a threefold company. Bunn, who is unequalled in the art of getting up a pageant, and who improves his taste in such matters by constant excursions to Paris, ought not to have meddled with tragedy and comedy; while Macready, who is great in marshalling the heavy forces of the five-act-dramas, ought to have known better than hazard the additional expense of opera. Each will fail in attempting to rival the other on his own ground; and Macready's operas and Bunn's tragedies will afford grounds for criticism, spleen, and disparagement, discrediting both undertakings. Let us trust that, on this point at least, we may prove mistaken. We heartily wish success to these managers, for *their* sakes, and our own; believing that the present moment is more than commonly auspicious to the regeneration of the drama. The formation of the Dramatic Authors' Society has done much for the protection of writers for the stage; the appointment of Charles Kemble as deputy licenser, has given them a new pledge of security; and the Lord Chamberlain now in office, is known to be favourably disposed towards the interests of the national theatres. The young Queen, moreover, who is fond of theatrical entertainments, has expressed an intention to bestow her patronage on the winter theatres; at each of which she has engaged a box. We shall see. If the opening of 1838 does nothing for the drama, the Duke of Bedford and the renters have no alternative but to turn the winter houses into porter breweries; leaving the sons of Thespis to make their way through the world in their original vehicle; and the pages of Shakspeare, Massinger, Otway, Congreve, Farquhar, and Sheridan to become classed with the dead languages.

WHITE'S VIEWS AND TOURS AMONG THE HIMALAYA.*

In noticing this splendid volume, one is at a loss whether to give predominance to the engravings or the illustrative descriptions. It is only because we are on a ground nearly untrodden by travellers by the fire-side, that we give preference to the latter, and first advert to the magnificent region to which the Views refer. To a certain extent, it may happen of mountains as of birds, of which it is proverbially said, "Far away fowls have feathers fair;" yet we are compelled to believe that the Himalaya range, while it greatly exceeds the Pyrenees, the mountains of Norway, the Swiss Alps, and even the Andes, in altitude, equals them in grandeur of scenery. Travellers who have seen both, yield the palm to this chain, which divides the plains of Hindostan from those of Thibet, and in which the Ganges and the Jumna, and many smaller rivers have their rise. These, however, are but isolated features of this sublime barrier of our eastern empire.

Since the termination of the Goorka war in 1815, this interesting scenery has been opened to English travellers, who, until then, knew comparatively little of the Himalaya, and who have not yet been able to penetrate the regions of perpetual snow. Some of these mountains rise to the immense height of 27,000 feet above the level of the sea; and from 18,000 to 20,000 feet appears a common altitude. The passes which European travellers have already explored, as those of Shastool and Rol, are from 15,000 to 16,000 feet above the level of the sea; and, therefore, higher than the summit of Mont Blanc. The Shastool pass is flanked by an inaccessible icy peak, 2,000 feet higher than itself.

There is very little level ground to be found in these mountainous districts, though cultivation is attempted upon the southward slopes, at the incredible height of 10,000 feet, and in some places even higher. There the crops are cut before they are ripe. Few human habitations are found above 9,500 in height, and at 11,800 the forest ceases, though dwarf birches and bushes creep up to 13,000. Pasture ranges seem to ascend to 14,000 feet. On the northern sides of some of the valleys, having, of course, a southern exposure, both dwellings and fields are found somewhat higher, and furze bushes are found at the immense height of 17,000 feet above the level of the sea. Since the Goorkas, a brave and hardy race of mountaineers, were finally subdued by Sir David Ochterlony, they have been taken under the protection of the British government, and now occupy military stations in the hills, proving faithful mercenaries to their conquerors, who depend upon them alone for maintaining the peace of the country. The conquered

* Views and Tours among the Himalaya Mountains. By Lieutenant George White. Edited by Emma Roberts.

districts are now visited every year by the English, whose summer journeys to the hills, or the inferior range of the Himalaya, form delightful episodes in the lives of the sweltering European residents of the plains. They seek at once health in a bracing climate, and pleasure in contemplating the most sublime and picturesque scenery in the world. The number of visiters in search of health, change of air and amusement, and of scientific travellers and sportsmen, increases every year. Their journeys have been facilitated by the formation of an excellent road, and there are now several hill-stations, in which the residents in the plains have villas, to which they repair during the hot seasons. The description given of these new mountain retreats, remind us of the watering-places in the Pyrenees. *Mussooree*, one of the principal hill-settlements, and a great resort of visiters from the plains, is 7,500 feet above the level of the sea. The neighbourhood commands the most extensive and splendid views of the rich plains of Hindostan, with the Ganges and Jumna winding through them, for forty miles, out of the 1,200 miles of their prolonged course.

The private journals of many of the late Himalaya tourists, and of the enterprising explorers of the mountain fastnesses, far beyond the hill settlements, have been placed at the disposal of Miss Roberts in compiling interesting illustrations of the views; and her valuable descriptions contain much original information concerning the Alpine regions of the East, their scenery, inhabitants, and natural productions, and the manners of the Indian Highlanders. How much of this comes direct from the pen of Lieutenant White we are at a loss to know. To the spirit and fidelity of his pencil we have heard testimony borne by those who have visited the scenes depicted. His original sketches are retouched—or embellished, shall we say?—by Turner, Stanfield, Harvey, and other eminent artists; and the engraving alone, of twenty-nine views, has cost, it is stated, £2,400. This may give one an idea of the scale of the undertaking. They are beautifully executed, and the work, in every department, is finished in that style which reflects so much honour upon our modern enterprising publishers, and indirectly upon the country to which they belong. There are no truer indications of the rapid progress of high civilization than those splendid specimens of the diffusive productions of art, which now adorn the tables of persons of refined taste even in the middle ranks of life, and which, like this elegant volume, become enhanced in value from being purchasable by that most important class of society.

The vignette, by Lieut. White, possesses a purely Oriental character. It represents the encampment of the chief of Lahore, *Runjeet Singh*, on the banks of the Sutlej, the Hyphasis of Alexander the Great, and the boundary of his eastern conquests. It was here that Lord William Bentinck, during a truce, met the great chief and conqueror. The scene of the plate, and another, is thus described:—"Roopur is beautifully situated among the lower skirts of the Himalaya, where the Sutlej first enters the plains; and the splendid encampment shewed to great advantage, amid the low ranges of hills and woody valleys of the landscape. Runjeet Singh's army occupied the right bank, and probably equalled in magnificence any display ever made by the gorgeous satraps of the East. The spot chosen for the temporary palace of the chieftain exhibited, to great advantage, the peculiar ingenuity of native talent, which is never so favourably occupied as in the conversion of some desert waste into a scene which looks like the work of the fabled genii of the soil. A space, about eight acres of land, had been marked out, and the interstices, between the intended erections, were sowed with a quick-growing herb, and kept constantly watered, so that the pavilions and tents appeared to be surrounded by parterres of the brightest green. Nothing could equal the splendour of these tents, which gleamed with the richest draperies of crimson, purple, scarlet, and gold, supported on gilt pillars, and having awnings, embroidered, and fringed, and tasselled in the most costly manner. Each thing was in the same style, and the river, running in front, reflected the whole of this barbaric pomp upon its polished surface. Above a ledge of rock, the highly gorgeous scene was crowned by a pavilion, formed of panels of wood plated with silver, and all around were splendid groups of caparisoned elephants, war-horses, and camels. In the distance, the Maha-rajah's army occupied picturesque positions among the hills, which opened to a view of the snowy range bounding the view. The British camp, on the other side of the river, looked poor in comparison with the barbaric magnificence of the Chief of Lahore and his train. Among the other appendages, were 200 camels, each decorated with housings of crimson and gold, and carrying a swivel, and his principal officers, sumptuously arrayed, and mounted upon elephants." This splendid warlike pageant is well described; yet we turn with pleasure from it to the solitary tours in the Himalaya, which occupy so much of the work. The frontispiece to the "Views in India" is the *Rocks at Colgong* on the Ganges, a scene of exquisite loveliness. These rocks are esteemed holy by the Hindoos; and a fakeer is occasionally found there, and a few religious mendicants. These beautiful crags are luxuriantly garlanded with creepers, and are the haunts of numerous birds. Pigeons nestle in the trees; and, on the smallest alarm, myriads of waterfowl rush out in snowy flocks. The view is exquisite. Over these translucent waters, Turner displays as much mastery as in the fields of sunny air. But these subjects, and the magnificent Oriental shews of Runjeet-Singh, possess less distinctive and original character than the Views as we approach the Himalaya. The first of these is *The Ganges entering the plains near Hurdwar*, at a hundred and fifty miles from its sacred birthplace in the bosom of the mountains, and where it has still to flow on, for twelve hundred more, before it reach the sea. A view of part of the

Ghaut, at the holy city of Hurdwar, introduces a lengthened and animated description of the celebrated fairs of that place—a striking feature in native Indian life, and one strongly marking a particular stage in civilization. These fairs—or convocations for traffic, for religious and secular purposes, as well as for amusement—have, however, been described by former writers, and this volume contains much fresh matter. Hurdwar is almost at the portal of the Himalaya chain, and of the new settlements frequented by the British ; and from it we shall start with a travelling party. Upon leaving Hurdwar, they ascended the valley of the *Dhoon* to the village of Rajpore. Part of the way led through a thick forest of lofty trees, among which the rhododendron, here a tall tree, was seen covered with its rich crimson flowers. The cultivated flowers of English gardens, and nearly all the European fruits, are found wild and abundant in the Himalaya. In the Dhoon, the turf is adorned with the amaranth and the ranunculus, in variety. The ascent from Rajpore to the town of Deyrah, the station of the Goorka battalion of hill-rangers, is so gradual as scarcely to be perceptible ; but thence it becomes so steep that hill-ponies are used, a rough but sure-footed species of small horses, well adapted to the country. The road now leads up the side of precipices of the most romantic character—craggy with rocks, and richly clothed with trees, descending to the bottom of deep and almost unfathomable ravines. From the summit of this ridge, a glorious burst of view is obtained over the plains ; but the mountain-scenery, as seen from all the hill settlements, is yet more striking. These villages themselves are romantic or picturesque in a high degree. At Simlah, the most fashionable of them, the scattered dwellings have been compared to gulls' nests, perched on the side of a cliff. There is no table-land, the level places being chiefly cut out of the rock ; and there is scarcely a road or enclosed piece of ground round any dwelling. The roads scooped out of the sides of the precipices look fearful to strangers ; yet ladies soon learn to gallop along them without apprehension. The pear, the cherry, and barberry, abound in this neighbourhood ; but while the beautiful rhododendron clothes the southward slopes, the northern sides of the hills shew only the gloomy pine, and a stunted and withered vegetation.

The hill-settlements already possess all the necessaries and the western luxuries of life known in the plains. Though delightful as summer residences, they can never become permanent abodes to the English, from the severe and tempestuous weather which prevails in the mountains for a great part of the year. A dwelling at *Mussooree*, termed the *Abbey*, commands, from its elevated and isolated position, the noblest prospects ; but, in the rainy season, is scarcely habitable, and completely enveloped in mists. The entrance of fog into a house is sufficiently disagreeable ; but in those altitudes, the *clouds* take the same liberty ; and suddenly, if sitting in an apartment with the door or window open, the inmates may find themselves drenched through. Terrific storms often rage below the sublime or dizzy peak, upon which the European may have fixed his dwelling ; while, as frequently, thunder and lightning, a snow-storm and a hurricane, assail it all at once. The loss of animal and of human life is often sustained in these terrific tempests.

Sunrise is described by nearly all the tourists as being attended with extraordinary splendour in these alpine regions, when the mountain brows and the snowy peaks are tinted with hues of gold, or glowing in rosy light ; and the settlement of Mussooree must be exceedingly picturesque at night, with the lights twinkling from the numerous scattered dwellings, so fancifully placed on heights, and the gleaming fires which the native servants always kindle on the ground, marking the site of each homestead. Our tourists tired at length of Mussooree, and determined to penetrate into the snowy ranges ; and, indeed, all adventurous persons residing at the hill-stations for a season, make the attempt of going farther into the mountain wilds. The tourists, consisting of three gentlemen, with the host of native servants and coolies which attend all Indian expeditions, mustered to the number of eighty persons, equipped with everything required in this difficult and even perilous journey ; for they contemplated nothing less than reaching the source of the Jumna. The first view taken upon the ascent, is of *The snowy range from Tyne or Marma.* We leave the reader to judge if the scene is not wildly sublime. The place stands at an elevation of ten thousand feet.

The foreground was composed of a rich ridge, covered with timber, the growth of ages; and, contrasting by its dark foliage with the bare eminences, which, rising in all directions, appeared as if the tumultuous waves of a stormy ocean had suddenly been converted into earth ; while the forest, standing forth in the midst, looked like a peninsula, stretching far into the billows. Beyond this wild and confused sea, arose, in calmer majesty, those towering piles of unchanging snow, which, from whatever point they may be viewed, can never fail to inspire sentiments of awe and admiration. The higher cluster of white peaks, near the centre, are those of Bunderpooch, above Jumnootree, the source of the Jumna. To the right are the Rudra, Himala, near Gongootree, whence springs the Ganges ; and, still farther to the east, the loftiest of the peaks, the Dwawalagiri, may sometimes be discovered, although at the distance of two hundred and fifty miles, rearing its snowy coronet, and looking down at the height of 27,000 feet, upon the pigmy world below ; while, far to the east and west, extend the hoary tributaries of the giant, until their snowy summits melt into air, and are lost to the straining sight.

Several enterprising explorers have made their way to the more northward of these hills ; but their peaks remain, and probably ever must, untrodden by human feet. This snowy ridge divides India from the plains of Thibet and Chinese Tartary ; and, at the narrowest part, is penetrated, by tedious and troublesome journeys, through long tracks of rock and snow. The descent upon the other side to Thibet is comparatively easy, as Thibet stands at an elevation of 15,000 feet above the level of the sea.

The journal of the tourists, in this wild and

almost untrodden region, is exceedingly interesting, both from the savage grandeur of the magnificent scenery, and their personal adventures. One day's march may serve us as a specimen of many:—

The first part conducted us through a narrow gorge, walled on either side by fantastic rocks, and crowded with fine alders, the stream rolling beneath our feet; while the path was overhung by dreadful precipices, toppling crags, now and then threatening to follow some of the huge fragments which had already fallen; then the scene widened a little, and a natural terrace, shaded by some splendid mulberry trees, offered rest and repose; the rocks scattering themselves around, traversed, at one place, by a foaming cataract. Ascending a steep and rugged eminence, we toiled on our weary way up rock and crag, until we came to another halting-place of table-land, adorned with fine chestnut-trees, and commanding an extensive view, backed by the snowy ranges; while we looked down upon a splendid confusion of waterfalls, wild precipices, and luxuriant forests. The air was delightfully cool and bracing; and, it may be supposed, we enjoyed the meal that awaited us in this glorious resting-place. In addition to the articles of foreign luxury which we had brought with us, we regaled ourselves with mountain mutton, a hill-pheasant, some of the delicious honey for which the place is famed, and peaches of no despicable size and flavour. Our appetites, sharpened by exercise and the invigorating breeze, enabled us to do full justice to the meal; while we were at no loss for subjects of conversation—the surrounding country being sufficient to inspire the most prosaic mind with poetical ideas.

The absence of lakes, or any large bodies of water in these mountains, is regretted by travellers, as the one thing wanting to complete the beauty of the scenery; but the rolling mists often seen below, as in all mountainous regions, take the form of lakes and seas, and cheat the tourist with an agreeable illusion. The Himalayas are rich in vegetable productions. Nearly all the cultivated fruits of Europe grow spontaneously, and the ground is carpeted with strawberries. Flocks of wild sheep are seen; and deer, and a great variety of game, abound; so that these regions afford the exiles of Great Britain their favourite sports. The musk-deer and the hawk are regarded as a sort of royal game—the property of the state, or of the chieftains of the district; but these are the only rights of forestry which appear to exist in India. Musk-bags bear a high value in the hills and plains; and the drug would seem to be greatly adulterated before it reaches Europe.

The native mode of hunting the musk-deer, reminds us of the ancient royal huntings in Scotland, so often described; and of the chamois hunts in the Pyrenees. When a musk-deer is espied, the whole population of the neighbouring villages turn out—the information being spread through the hills with extraordinary celerity. The country being up, a *cordon* is formed round the destined victim, and he seldom fails to be hemmed in; pelted with stones from the surrounding cliffs, on which the natives are perched like eagles, wounded, scared, and finally surrounded and taken. Ten pounds is sometimes paid for a live hawk, taken in the mountains, and carried down to the plains for sale, for the purpose of being trained for the chivalrous sport of hawking. This is a favourite amusement with Runjeet-Singh and his train. The Himalaya are inhabited, as we have said, to a great height; and the castles of the petty native chiefs, and the scattered hamlets, perched upon some cliff, often form a picturesque feature of the scene. The natives are a harmless race, contented with their few enjoyments, and knowing nothing better. They are easily managed by kindness, but occasionally restive under the scornful treatment of their new European employers. The women, since they have conquered their first fears of the white strangers, have been found particularly obliging to travellers, and as hospitable as their slender means permit. "In passing through a village," says the tourist, "the women will frequently bring out, unasked, milk and fruits for the refreshment of the travellers; and although, according to the custom of all semi-barbarous countries, they are looked upon with great contempt by the other sex, we found them generally more intelligent, as well as more communicative, than the men; and they are certainly quite as industrious." Female degradation is so horrible in one respect, that we would fain hope that the travellers may have been misinformed as to the tenure of Himalaya marriages. A love of flowers seemed to be the most elegant taste manifested by the mountaineers, who are quite insensible to the grandeur and beauty of the scenery which attracts strangers to their country. All tourists appear to be enchanted with the changeful and beautiful skies, and remarkable atmospheric effects seen in the Himalaya, particularly at dawn.

The following random extracts may serve as a specimen of the sylvan delight experienced by the Himalaya tourist and sportsman—for sport seems to have been generally conjoined with the other objects of these excursions:—

We met with some delightful halting-places on the line of march—grassy terraces, carpeted with strawberry and wild flowers, where the cowslip, the primrose, and the butter-cup, brought the pranked-out fields of our native country strongly to the mind. Many of the travellers in the Himalaya are moved even to rapture at the sight of the first daisy which springs spontaneously in their path. As an exotic in some gardens of the plains, it excites deep emotion; but growing wild, spangling the meadow-grass with its silvery stars, it becomes infinitely more interesting, and the home-sick, pining exile will often gather its earliest-encountered blossoms, weeping. Leaving this luxuriant vegetation, we arrived at a wild spot, the summit of a ridge of peaks, covered with snow; and though the prospect was more circumscribed and of greater sameness, we enjoyed it amazingly. We seemed to be hemmed in on all sides by thick ribbed ice, transported to antartic snows, imprisoned amid ice-bergs, ever-freezing and impassable. Presently, however, we emerged, and, descending through the snow, reached the boundary line between the districts of the Jumna and the Ganges. The extreme limits of these river territories, are marked in the manner usually employed in rude and desolate places, by heaps of stone—many raised by Europeans, who thus commemorate their pilgrimage.

Those *cairns* are all nameless. The next point of great interest in this excursion, is the summit of a ridge, whence the first view of the Ganges is obtained; a sight that never fails to raise the drooping spirits of the Hindoo follow-

ers, and which generally excites no small degree of enthusiasm in the breast of the Christian travellers. This holy place is very difficult of approach. It lies in a deep glen, and considerable distances, covered with loose flinty stones, must be traversed at no small peril. Sometimes the face of the rock must be climbed from cliff to cliff, which offered no resting-place for foot or hand, and one scaled by ladders. These difficulties surmounted, behold our travellers near the desired goal.

The grandeur of the scene which opened upon us as we at length stood upon the threshold of Gungootree, cannot be described by words. Rocks were piled upon rocks in awful majesty, all shivered into points, which rise one upon another, in splendid confusion, enclosing a glen of the wildest nature, where the Ganges, beautiful in every haunt, from its infancy to its final junction with the ocean, pours its shallow waters over a bed of shingle, diversified by jutting rocks, and even here shadowed by the splendid foliage of some fine old trees. The devotee, who undoubtingly believes that every step that he takes towards the source of that holy river, which from his infancy he has been taught to look upon as a deity, will lead him into beatitude, is content to seek its origin at Gungootree; but the true source of the sacred stream lies still higher, in still more inaccessible solitudes; and it was reserved for the ardour of those who measured the altitudes of the highest peaks, and penetrated to the utmost limits of man's dominion, to trace the exact birthplace of the holy river. Captains Hodgson and Herbert in 1818, found, at the height of thirteen thousand eight hundred feet above the sea-level, the Bhagarati, or true Ganges, issuing from beneath a low arch, at the base of a vast mass of frozen snow, nearly three hundred feet in height, and composed of different layers, each several feet in thickness, and, in all probability, the accumulation of ages. Neither here nor at Gungootree, is there anything resembling a cow's mouth to support the popular fable.

A pilgrimage to Gungootree is, to the Hindoo, like one to Mecca, performed by the Mahommedan. In commemoration of an act of piety, which comparatively few have the good fortune to perform, a Goorka chief has here erected a small pagoda, in honour of the goddess, on a platform of rock twenty feet above the bed of the river. A few Brahmins live in the vicinity of this temple, to whom the pilgrims make their oblations. Europeans, though not reaping the benefit of the prayers and ceremonies, also pay voluntary toll to the priests of the goddess. Holy water is carried from this place to all parts of India, and is highly prized by Hindoo devotees, and pious frauds are often practised in this traffic, though the portion of water borne away, is carefully sealed up by the presiding Brahmins.

European tourists seem to enjoy these excursions even more than the devout pilgrims. They travel with those appliances and means which leave just as much of danger and hardship as may give zest to their rambling forest life. Their Mahommedan attendants are intelligent and zealous, and an exception to the nearly universal adage about the quarter from whence cooks are sent. No sooner do the party reach the encamping ground pitched upon for the time, than the servants set to work, while the masters use their guns, sketch, or enjoy the scenery. A fire is kindled in a hole in the earth; and if there be no charcoal for roasting their jungle-birds, or mountain mutton, as it may be, they are delicately braised. Spices and materials for a fry are carried along with the party; and whenever eggs can be found, forth comes an omelette. Rain is the greatest drawback upon this sylvan life; it falls in torrents, and for successive days, besides the regular season of rain in July and August. Nor are falls of snow unfrequent at seasons when they are not naturally looked for. To servants from the plain, snow is a marvel and a horror.

Our attention has been riveted upon the descriptive parts of the work; but we must not forget to apprize the reader that this is not considered its strength. It is a book of Views of a fresh and lovely world, remote from our European imagination—the sublime and luxuriant highlands of a tropical country. One or two of the engravings were noticed above; but we shall not attempt to describe them, which is the office of the tours we have been quoting, much less to criticise. They must be seen, to be understood or felt. Those we leave unnoticed are full of character. Those mountain passes, and dreary and forlorn primeval solitudes—those dizzying aerial bridges, spanning chasms and ravines—the animals of the Himalaya, and its peculiar vegetable productions—are all silent historians of this novel region. Sometimes we have an alpine hamlet, with its rude primitive temple, and groups of native inhabitants; and special justice has been done to the new hill settlements, which are all charmingly picturesque; *native* pictures mingling finely with those adjuncts of European civilization which the English raise amidst them, as if by magic. Their incursions, the money they scatter, and their usages, may be expected to have a happy, if not a rapid effect among the natives, who are not so strongly fettered by *caste* as the Hindoos of the plains.

The enlightened benevolence which Miss Roberts displayed in her former work on India does not slumber here. Her reflections upon the sort of influence which the white strangers ought to seek over those "black fellows" whom they are too apt to despise, or forget altogether, save as carriers and serfs—are worthy of the profound consideration of young Anglo-Indians. We could expatiate upon the fool-hardy, undisguised contempt with which the prejudices of the natives, and their most sacred opinions, are too often treated by thoughtless, arrogant young men; but this is not the place; and, moreover, a better and wiser feeling is arising. Let us, therefore, close the book in good-humour. It is one which must be particularly prized by Anglo-Indians and their connexions, and one which adds another splendid trophy to the treasures of diffusive art. Paintings are like the rare illuminated manuscripts of the middle ages, which few could possess; engravings come to us like the same manuscripts having undergone the magic transformation of the printing-press, and ready to fly abroad, carrying enlightenment and blessing over the whole earth.

THE AFFAIR OF THE VIXEN.—CIRCASSIA AND ENGLAND.

"THE affair of the Vixen," as it has been popularly termed, being about to occupy the attention of Parliament, (Mr M'Lean having, we perceive, given notice of a motion upon the subject for the early part of the present month,) we are induced to lay before our readers some facts, derived from peculiar and authentic sources, that will probably tend to throw a little light upon this hitherto mysterious transaction. But it will be necessary, in order to supply something like causality for the singular incidents which we are about to narrate, to premise, that, for several years, appeals have been very industriously made to the pugnacious qualities of John Bull, with the design, which appeared at one time upon the point of being realized, of inciting him to a hostile movement against a certain northern power, more distinguished by the magnitude of its territory, than its wealth, commerce, population, or the other characteristics of a civilized nation. The motives by which we have been invited to make war upon Russia, are as various as the parties by whom they have been urged: One day we have been called upon to defend the Turks; the next to protect the Persians; then to guard the East Indies; and, lastly, to maintain the independence of the Circassians. Our eastern coast has been menaced with a descent from a Muscovite fleet; our commerce has been declared to be in danger from the same quarter; and the balance of power in Europe has been pronounced to be destroyed by the power of Russia! All these reasons for entering upon a war with a country which possesses less attraction than any other for an aggressor, and which once proved itself so inhospitable to an invading army, have been urged by a very heterogeneous party of agitators, the majority of whom are enthusiasts, the honest dupes of their fears; but also comprising in their ranks, political adventurers, speculating pamphleteers, trading journalists, the aristocracy of Poland, adventurous diplomatists, with a numerous band of followers, including monomaniacs of Tory, Whig, and Radical politics. If so much agitation has failed of its object, it is not, we fear, owing to any indisposition on the part of our aristocratic rulers, or even of a rather numerous portion of the rash and unthinking People, to enter upon a fresh career of bloodshed, but from the financial impossibility of the step. The debt—and every Christian may, in return for such a service, exclaim, with Cobbet, "the blessed debt!"—interposed between the nation, and the manifold evils and miseries of a war. There was, however, another obstacle in the way of the attempts to embroil our foreign affairs, in the circumstance of the public attention having been more intensely directed to domestic politics—especially during great part of the last year—which produced great apathy upon the subject of our external policy. It was with a view to rouse the country from this supineness, and to precipitate the long desired catastrophe, that the affair of the Vixen was planned. It was *got up* in Constantinople: but, before we introduce our readers to the *dramatis personæ*, it may be as well to describe the scene where the tragedy was, after due preparation, to have been performed.

Circassia, or Abassia, as the country is, in most of the foreign maps, called, is situated at the eastern and remotest extremity of the Black Sea, and comprises a length of about one hundred and forty miles of the coast, with a depth, towards the interior, of from forty to fifty miles; forming a slope from the Caucassian range, cut up into a very irregular surface of hills and valleys, by the spurs of that vast mountain ridge. The population, which has been guessed to amount to about 200,000 souls, is divided into clans, governed by innumerable chiefs; family being often subjected to no other authority than its patriarchal head. Besides the Circassians, these mountainous regions, which, by the ancients, went under the appropriate name of *inhospitalis Caucasus*, afford shelter to the Kabardians, Tchetchenses, Lesghis, Ossetes, and other tribes, whose names are less familiar to our ears, and whose countries are much less known to the traveller, than those of the Cherokees, the Pottawotamis and the Seminols; and, like those savages of North America, these wild tribes of Asia exist in a state of nature, dwelling in caves or rude wig-wams, and subsisting upon the produce of the chase, or the millet raised by the labour of their *women*—war being the only trade or profession known to the *men*. Those tribes nearest the sea-coast have generally adopted the use of fire-arms; but the inhabitants of the interior still use, in their incessant conflicts with each other, and in their predatory descents upon the more peaceable natives of the plains, no better weapons than the bow and arrow. The religion of these mountaineers partakes of the character of their successive masters. Having been partially subdued by the Byzantines, the Christian faith was planted amongst them; but, when the Eastern empire fell beneath the arms of the Turks, and the Circassians became nominally subjects of the Porte, Mahommedanism supplanted the religion of the Cross. But, although the Musselman creed and habits generally prevail, still the religious and social character of the people is of the most barbarous and degraded order. Recent travellers describe them to be in the practice of gross idolatry, and some of the tribes scarcely exhibit traces of either Christianity or Mahommedanism in their religion.

By the 4th article of the treaty of Adrianople, the country just described, extending along the coast of the Black Sea, from the mouth of the river Kuban to the harbour of St Nicholas, came in 1829 under the dominion of Russia. Notice was formally given to the different powers of Europe, in 1831, by the Russian Government, that custom-house and quarantine establishments had been established in the harbours of Anapa and Redout-Kalé, which places were declared open to the *regular* trade of the world; whilst all intercourse with the other ports, bays, and harbours, upon the coast of Circassia, in which there were no custom-houses or quarantine establishments, was interdicted. The British Government, however, from some cause, to be sought for in the mysteries of diplomacy, abstained from making this communication officially public through the *Gazette*. From this, it would appear, that, although Turkey had formally ceded possession of that territory to her successful enemy at the close of a disastrous war, and notwithstanding that the forts on the coast built and named by the Turks, and being the only works of civilized art in the country, had been surrendered up to Russian garrisons, still the Court of St James demurred to the right of Russia to occupy the coast of Circassia. No resistance was, however, offered to the actual possession of the territory; and, from the circumstance that no intercourse existed between this country and the disputed district—for no British vessel had ever left our shores, or was likely to do so, to traffic with the barbarous and fierce tribes of the Caucasus—no inconvenience was felt, either by our navigators, or Ruasian interests, during the five following years that the question lay in abeyance. The Russian Government, however, reiterated its formal notification of the above-named regulations, affecting the trade with the coast of Circassia, by an official communication, dated 13th September 1836, addressed to our ambassador at Constantinople, with a request that it might be communicated, through our consul there, to all masters of British vessels who might apply for *firmans* to pass through the Bosphorus into the Black Sea. This second communication—which, although it became a matter of notoriety to our merchants at Constantinople, was never formally announced to them through the consulate—originated in the transactions which we are now going to narrate.

As we before hinted, the public mind in England having begun to tire of the rather highly-seasoned appeals that had been made to it, for several years, in behalf of Turkish interests, and something like reaction having

manifested itself, particularly from the trading and manufacturing bodies, who had declared in favour of peace and non-intervention, and against the principle of armed protection of commerce; the leading parties to the agitation upon the Russo-Turkish question—those who inflamed the public press, influenced public speakers, and, in fine, gave to the whole machinery of agitation, a moving power, and who were now to be found at Constantinople—finding that appeals from the pen and tongue had begun to lose some of their efficacy, determined to resort to other and more warlike weapons. The *unacknowledged* possession of the coast of Circassia would, it was thought, if cleverly handled, furnish good materials for a quarrel. The half-subdued inhabitants of the Caucasus were in revolt against the authority of Russia, whose troops were fighting under manifold disadvantages, at the moment when, in the autumn of 1836, the *secret* was suffered to transpire in Constantinople; and the rumour did not want its hundred tongues, in that region of gossip and intrigue, the diplomatic circles of Pera—that some ships were about to be sent from England, freighted with munitions of war, for the Circassians. More than one of the newspaper correspondents* at the Turkish capital were parties to the proceedings; and we find, accordingly, in the *Morning Chronicle* of October 1836, a letter, dated Constantinople, October 5, in which the writer says—"I have positive information that two ships, laden with arms and ammunition, are now on their way for the Circassian coast. The Russian ambassador has got word of this, and has made a second formal notification of the blockade of the coast of Abasia and Mingrelia; which it alleges to have been established for the purpose of quarantine. Lord Ponsonby has forwarded this document to his government, without declaring it here, as the Russian ambassador wished him to do, which would at once have rendered it official." And, again, in the same journal, of December 20, a letter dated Constantinople, November 23, informs the reader, that "the brig Vixen, owners Messrs Bell, sailed from Constantinople, for the coast of Circassia, with an insurance from Lloyd's; that spirited body having treated with contempt the frivolous blockade. The cargo of the ship consisted chiefly of gunpowder, an article prohibited in the Russian tariff, but the more calculated, on that account, from the uncompromising nature of the experiment, to bring the question of the blockade to a test. . . . . And, in thus compelling her to throw off the mask, a great *political object* will be gained."

The writer of these letters had a twofold object in view. In the first place, he increased the vigilance of the Russian cruisers off the coast of Circassia. He very well knew that, within twelve days of publication, the London journals are received at St Petersburg; and it was equally certain that, as nothing of interest escapes the attention of that wary government, the copy of the *Morning Chronicle*, containing the above intelligence, would, in less than twenty days after its appearance, be placed in the hands of Count Woronzow, the governor of the Black Sea provinces, at Odessa, or Sebastopol. How accurately the incidents in this drama were timed will presently be seen. Not to anticipate our narrative, it need only be here remarked, that the official account of the affair of the Vixen, published afterwards in the *St Petersburg Gazette*, refers expressly to the *Morning Chronicle* of the 29th October, as the authority upon which the Russian Government had taken its proceedings. But the writer had a second object in view. It was intended, by thus publishing to the world, in a menacing tone, the designs of the expedition of the Vixen, to place the Russian Government in such a situation as to compel it to assert its right to the sovereignty over the coast of Circassia, or else virtually to resign, in the face of the whole civilized world, all claims to that territory.

In apparent fulfilment of the above threatenings, the Vixen sailed from London, loaded with some iron guns, and an assorted cargo, insured at Lloyd's—not, however, for the destination mentioned so triumphantly by the correspondent of the *Chronicle*, but, in the technical terms of the policy, "insured for time." The vessel was consigned to the house of ——— at Constantinople. On her arrival in that port, her cargo, which had been ostentatiously trumpeted to all Europe as destined for Circassia, was, with the utmost possible despatch, landed; and the Vixen was, with equal expedition, freighted with an hundred tons of salt; and, within an almost incredibly short space from the time of her arrival, she was under sail for the coast of the Black Sea. The motive for this precipitation was to conceal from the Russian agents in Constantinople the real nature of the cargo, which it was designed should appear to be powder, &c.; and to prevent them from having the opportunity of giving notice to the Russian Admiral, in the Black Sea, of the trick that was in the meantime preparing for him. Probably the ingenious projectors of the expedition were aware that, if the Russians had been informed of the real nature of the cargo, they would have cautiously abstained from all interference with the vessel, and suffered her to have landed the salt, trusting to the profitless, and, indeed, very costly result of the voyage, as an ample protection against a repetition of the experiment. This, however, as we shall presently see, by the statement of the principal party concerned, was contrary to the policy of the contrivers of the "affair of the Vixen."

We must now refer to the journal* of Mr James Stanislaus Bell, for farther particulars of his voyage and adventures. After stating that he was engaged to undertake the situation of merchant and supercargo on board the vessel, by his brother, Mr George Bell of London, he proceeds to say, that he had had communications upon the subject of the expedition with Lord Ponsonby, our ambassador at Constantinople, who furnished him with the necessary *firman* and passport, "accompanied with every kind expression of interest in the success of the undertaking." He entered the Bosphorus on the 18th November 1836, in the schooner Vixen, Captain Childs, loaded with a hundred tons of salt, and carrying, besides the crew, the master, and himself, another individual, Mr Charles Morton, who is styled part owner. Our mercantile readers will smile at the *economy* of captain, supercargo, and owner, accompanying, in a schooner, a cargo of salt, value, probably, £100 sterling! Four days after her departure, the Vixen touched at the Turkish port of Samsoun, for a pilot, to whom, the journal tells us, Mr Bell explained, on getting under weigh again, that it was no part of his plan to escape the Russian cruisers. Upon approaching the coast of Circassia, it was at first determined to steer for the port of Djoug; but the wind not being afterwards thought favourable, they ran for a place called Soujak-kale; when, from some cause not very well explained, their course was next directed for Pehiat; but the helm once more proved fickle, and the vessel was again, and finally, put about for Soujak-kalé. From some passages in the journal, and from subsequent disclosures, there are reasons for supposing that the Vixen was sailed to and fro, off the coast of Circassia, for the purpose of attracting the notice of the Russian cruisers,† one of which was seen manifesting every disposition, by flight, to avoid overhauling the British schooner.

Immediately on casting anchor in the bay of Soujak-kalé, Mr Bell sent Islam the pilot, and Luca his servant,

* It may be proper to state that the proprietors and conductors of the "Morning Chronicle" were not cognisant of this abuse of the columns of their paper. Indeed, it is very well known, to those who have visited foreign capitals, and taken any interest in their politics, that the correspondence carried on with the London papers has, generally, the tinge of some party or personal bias, on the side of the writer. One will be found puffing an ambassador, another a consul; a third is retained by the clique of some aspirant for place. At one place may be found a correspondent writing up a Pasha, and another writing him down; whilst, probably, a year afterwards, they might be found to have changed sides. The conductors of journals may put an end to this system, by requiring from their paid correspondents FACTS instead of OPINIONS.

* See Portfolio, No. 45.

† In *The Morning Chronicle*, February 8, 1837, the correspondent from Constantinople, before quoted, says—"Mr Bell paraded the Vixen along the whole coast of Circassia, and almost brought her under the guns of the Russian man-of-war, that she might not be thought to have engaged in any contraband trade; whilst, on the other hand, the Russians appear to have been almost as solicitous to shut their eyes to her presence, till no excuse was left them for so doing."

a native of the country, on shore, in quest of the Bey; and "to have the whole people of the neighbourhood apprised, that an English vessel, with salt, had arrived." The next day, he went on shore, to inquire for the chief; when he was introduced to "Hadgi Oglou Mehmet Emir Effendi, High Priest and Chief Justice of all the hills around," to whom he delivered his credentials: the writer of which document had, however, "forgotten or omitted" to sign his name, an omission which is pointedly and mysteriously referred to several times, in terms which lead one to surmise that it was the production of a well-known hand—*for which we could without difficulty supply a signature.* Guns were now fired, which brought from the interior several other chiefs, who, after a consultation upon the subject of traffic, having nothing ready to offer in exchange, agreed to assist in landing and housing the salt. But a difficulty now arose, owing to the hard terms which the "High Priest of all the hills around," (who appears to have proved true to his order in his respect for temporalities,) attempted to exact for their services. At first, $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. was demanded, but, after some haggling with the Hadgi, the bargain was settled at six per cent.

The next day, being Sunday, Mr Bell went on shore, accompanied by a couple of the natives, to see a little of the country:—"With these two, we proceeded along the side of the valley, where we discovered numerous cots among the trees and fields, which appeared, by the stubble, to have yielded a good harvest last year; in several places, also, heaps of ashes attested the burnings occasioned by the late invasion. At length, we struck into a little wood, entangled with wild vines and other creepers; and had scarcely done so, when one of our attendants set forth, at full gallop, to give notice, as we were told, of our approach; and, accordingly, when we came to a little opening beside a stream, we saw a number of scattered cottages, each of which immediately poured forth more men than it seemed capable of containing. We had crossed the stream, had dismounted, and were being shewn to a new cot, when Hadgi-Oglou, his son, relative, and others of our former friends, came forward, and gave us the most cordial greeting. We entered the cot, and it was immediately crammed to the door. Furniture it could scarcely be said to have any; unless a clean mat on each side of the blazing wood fire, (the day was cold,) a few cutty-stools here and there, and guns, swords, and pistols, hung all round the walls, can be called such. I was placed in the innermost nook, Childs beside me, and Mr Morton opposite; and immediately two or three set to work, with civil force, to pull off our boots, in spite of Mr M.'s declaration that he should never get them on again. An adjustment of the auditors now shewed that a debate was projected; the younger men in front making way for Hadgi Oglou, and other grey-bearded senators, who ranged themselves upon stools across the floor, while all the back-ground was a dense mass of chiefs, dependants, and some boys. Oh! how I wished at that moment (as did Childs too) for the pencil of a Wilkie, or any other equally able, if there be such, that I might convey to others the impression of a scene which I can never forget while memory remains to me."

At this interview, Mr Bell, throwing aside the assumed garb of a dealer in salt, and putting on the real character of a political envoy, says—"I recommended them to prepare another address to the King and People of England, in which they should refer to the one before sent, and get it as numerously signed as possible, and I would see that it was safely forwarded to England; that the British Government had now given Mr Urquhart a high post at Constantinople; which circumstance, while it should be a proof to them of the favourable disposition of the British Government, accounted for their not hearing from him; *that, as to my letter, I could not tell how the signature or seal had been omitted,*" &c. Alluding to a Russian brig of war, which had now made its appearance in the offing, and was apparently watching the proceedings of the Vixen, he says—"I judged it expedient to tell them that I thought it not improbable that she might interfere, and might even carry us away by force; but that, instead of regretting such an incident, they should look upon it as the best thing for them that could happen, as it might be the means of immediately putting an end to the right Russia pretended to blockade their coast."

The "debate" occupied about two hours, during which the dealer in salt, like some hero of the Arabian Nights' Tales, who is suddenly metamorphosed from a slipper-merchant into a Grand Vizier, and surprises us with his intuitive statesmanship, imparted much sage advice to the assembly, discoursing eloquently about war, diplomacy, and every other matter—save salt! At length, this picturesque session was brought to a close, by an abrupt appeal from the English stomachs of his two companions:—"Everything material seeming to have been so far discussed, and as Childs and Morton, who had sat with the greatest patience, indeed, in deep interest, began to talk about getting back in time for our Sunday's dinner, I made a motion of adjournment, and the assembly, or rather the elders, rose, the rest making their way out." On returning to the beach, they found that the brig of war Ajax, Captain Woulfe, had dropped anchor, close to the Vixen, and claimed her as a prize, for breaking the custom-house and sanatory regulations of that coast. Mr Bell received an invitation to go on board the Russian ship, and when there found himself a prisoner: upon which he consoles himself with the remark, that "it will make my case the stronger." Whilst on board the Ajax, he had the best berth in the captain's cabin assigned to him, and enjoyed a monopoly of the only pipe with a Turkish mouth-piece on board. The following description of the *quality* of the Russian naval service, furnished by one who is deeply imbued with Russo-Phobia, we offer for the consolation of Mr Thomas Attwood of Birmingham, and all the other inhabitants of the midland counties, who, like him, may be afflicted with the dread of a visit from the Russian marine. "The brig is well found in all that concerns herself; but her one hundred and fifty human beings they call seamen and marines, are a congregation of the most dwarfish, ugly, pitiful-looking wretches, that I have thought it possible to collect without a good deal of trouble. They give little short tugs at the ropes like boys, and sneak about the decks like dogs not at home. Between eleven and twelve, they are called over by the muster-roll for a large tin measure of dirty weak spirits, called *Watki*; after which, they have their first meal of broth and peas-porridge, a small morsel of salt meat, and plenty of black bread. At sunset, they have a similar meal, and that is all; and yet I am told they are fed like aldermen, in comparison with the soldiers. I have seen a boatswain whisking one of the sailors with a birch rod, and himself lugged about the deck by the ear by one of the lieutenants. It would be a shame for Englishmen ever to attack these people with more than half their number. Perhaps, I have humoured my spleen in thus pulling to pieces people who are really kind to me. But are they not the deadly enemies of those noble Circassians?"

The man-of-war and her prize proceeded to the Bay of Ghelendjik, where Mr Bell and Captain Childs were subjected to separate examinations, by the naval officer commanding on the station, Admiral Esmant; who, amongst other inquiries, asked Mr Bell whether he had conversed with Lord Ponsonby, at Constantinople, about his intended voyage; and he remarks, in the journal, that "they smiled one to another, when I refused to answer this question." On the vessel's arrival at Sevastopol, to which place his case was referred by the Admiral, for the decision of his superiors, the salt was removed, in the vain expectation of finding the much vaunted cargo of gunpowder, &c. The Vixen was confiscated, and declared good prize, for having violated the custom-house and municipal laws of the Russian empire; but the captain, crew, and passengers, were set at liberty, and conveyed, at the expense of Count Woronzow, the Governor of New Russia, to Constantinople. So far, then, the performance of "the affair of the Vixen," had gone off to the satisfaction of those who got up the piece. To be sure, if the Russians had displayed less courtesy to the prin-

cipal actors in the drama—had they, for instance, discharged a broadside into the British merchantman, and killed, or even wounded, a British subject or two, or even had the crew been sent to Siberia—the catastrophe would have been more in unison with the designs of the concoctors of the affair; but still the quarrel was a very pretty one as it stood, and nothing remained for the O'Triggers concerned, but to make the most of it.

Accordingly, the very same post that conveyed the tidings of the capture of the Vixen to western Europe, carried also to the newspapers of London, Paris, &c., letters from their correspondents at Constantinople, containing exciting appeals, addressed to the whole civilized world, against the lawless act of aggression, perpetrated by Russia, "upon the persons and property of British subjects, engaged in the legitimate pursuit of commerce." The pride, cupidity, and the pugnacious propensities of John Bull, were roused, simultaneously, by editors and public orators; and even Parliamentary speakers denounced the seizure of the Vixen, as an insolent attack upon our national dignity; and menaced the "Muscovite barbarians" with a war in defence of "our valuable trade with the Circassians." The French journals, true to their character, rung a warlike peal; and the *Allgemeine Zeitung* gravely informed its readers that, "among the questions which now excite the attention of the nations of Europe, that of the seizure of the Vixen stands in the first rank."* *The Portfolio*,† a periodical since deceased, which devoted its short life to the labour of exposing and denouncing Russian politics, in an article upon the subject of the Vixen, exulted that "the affair is as notorious by this time throughout Central Asia, on the banks of the Indus, along the shores of the Caspian, the Euxine, the Persian and Arabian Gulfs, the Red Sea, and the Mediterranean, as in every port in the Baltic, every court in Europe, and every village in the British islands;" and the writer, in alluding to the war between Russia and her Caucasian provinces, declared, that upon the issue of that struggle depended "the downfall of her power, and thereby the emancipation of Europe, or her conquest of the world, and the ruin of England's greatness." The St Petersburg government journal also appealed to public opinion, by publishing a narrative of the affair; agreeing in the chief incidents with the account given in Mr Bell's journal. After saying that Captain Childs had stated in his examination that he was originally a stranger to the objects of the voyage, it proceeds to award all the disgrace and responsibility of the transaction to the English shipowners, and others who had conceived "the criminal views of the enterprise;" and who, "disregarding the respect which they owed to their national flag, did not hesitate to employ it for the purpose of protecting a shameful traffic, or of covering traitorous intentions, which the impartial judgment of all well-disposed persons must condemn and stigmatise." In this state-paper, we find threefold allusion made to those false alarms and perverted statements, respecting the cargo of the Vixen, published in the *Morning Chronicle*, of October 29, 1836.

In consequence of the imputations thus cast upon the motives of the projectors of this "affair," a letter written by Mr George Bell, and dated 157, Fenchurch Street, February 2, 1837, appeared in the *Times* newspaper, bearing the titles of—*Facts relative to the Capture of the Vixen*, complaining of the conduct of the Russian Government, in publishing through their official gazette, and the *Frankfort Journal*, statements relative to the voyage of the Vixen to the Coast of Circassia—"*which they must know to be grossly false, and which are intended to hold up the British Government to the eyes of all the world, as instigators and co-operators in an attempt to aid and supply with munitions of war, what they call, rebellious subjects of Russia, and to stamp my brother and me as agents of our government for that purpose, as smuggling contrabandists, and not as merchants prosecuting legitimate trade.*"

The writer, then, with a view to put an end to such misrepresentations in future, proceeds to "make public the real facts of the simple case;" and describes how his attention was first directed to the subject of the trade with Circassia, in consequence of his house in Bucharest having been applied to by the Turkish Governor of Wallachia, to aid in the sale of the produce of the salt mines of that principality; that, conceiving Circassia to offer a good market, he applied to the British government, to learn whether that country was in possession of Russia—"and I received such a reply from the Foreign Office, referring me to the *Gazette*, as convinced me that, if Russia made such a claim, it was not recognised by our government." He then states that the Vixen was originally ordered by him to proceed to the Danube, to take in a cargo of salt at Ibrail; but, "in consequence of her having arrived a month later than was expected at Constantinople, and, *as the Circassians had, according to our previous arrangements with them, got ready near the coast a quantity of goods for barter, which could not be left over the winter*, my brother, with my knowledge and concurrence, loaded a cargo of salt at Constantinople."

We shall have occasion presently to call the reader's attention to the first of the above passages printed in Italics, for the purpose of confronting the statement, that the British Government were not "instigators or co-operators," with an allegation of a contradictory character, in a subsequent letter, published by the same writer. With respect to the second passage, similarly printed, alleging that the Circassians had entered into an agreement to provide a stock of goods to exchange for the salt, we must refer the reader to the journal of the voyage, as published by Mr James Stanislaus Bell, in which, so far from hinting at any such appointment, he does not even appear to have determined at what particular point of a coast, extending nearly 150 miles in length, he should make an attempt to trade with the natives; at first, fixing upon Djoug—then hesitating about steering for Soujak-kalé—afterwards running for Pchiat—and finally putting into the bay of Soujak-kalé; and where, after firing guns, and sending in search of customers, he tells us that the natives who came down to the beach had nothing to offer in exchange for the salt.

A very cursory glance at the successive incidents, must suffice to bring the review of the affair down to the present day.

Our readers will recollect that the affair of the Vixen was, during the last session, brought, with much solemnity, before Parliament by Mr Roebuck; that Mr Ewart, the then member for Liverpool, aided him in denouncing "the encroachment upon our commerce;" and that he was ably supported by Mr O'Connell's splendid invectives against the Russian Government. "The affair" continued to be the subject of serious discussion with our politicians; we were, from time to time, assured by the government journals, that Lord Durham, who had been sent on a special mission to St Petersburgh, was incessantly labouring to bring the "affair of the Vixen" to an amicable settlement; and, at length, when that nobleman returned to England, we were consoled with the solemn intelligence that he was to be rewarded with a ribbon—we have forgotten the important fact whether red, blue, or some other hue—for his diplomatic services at the Court of the Autocrat. A change now took place in the composition of our embassy at Constantinople. It had been publicly announced that Sir Charles Vaughan was appointed to succeed Lord Ponsonby as ambassador to the Porte; and, in the month of March, he set out with the usual state equipage for the capital of Turkey. On his arrival at Malta, however, he was delayed; and afterwards deterred from proceeding on his voyage by advices from Constantinople. These proceedings were of course involved in mystery;—the only points of diplomatic intrigue which the people learn, know, and feel, are *the expenses*, which, in this case, gave rise to a little unavailing grumbling from Mr Hume. We were not informed that Lord Ponsonby had resumed his functions; as also that Mr Urquhart was no longer chief secretary. Lord Pon-

* The singularly appropriate *name* of the vessel afforded matter for merriment to those who were in the secret of the plot. The editor of the Smyrna newspaper, a clever Frenchman, referring to his English dictionary, and finding the word *vixen* to mean *a female fox, a quarrelsome woman*, he indulged in some harmless pleasantry, for the amusement of his readers, upon the affair.

† No. 39.

sonby, who is described by Mr J. S. Bell, in his journal, to have taken leave of him with expressions of kind interest in the success of his voyage, now took every opportunity, in his circle at Therapia, of disavowing all participation in the designs of the concoctors of "the affair of the Vixen."

The subject seemed almost forgotten, when Mr Thomas Attwood—to whom the opponents of state intervention in foreign politics, and of depreciated paper money, are deeply indebted for the ridicule which he contrives to throw upon the advocacy of those pernicious principles—brought the matter again before Parliament a few weeks ago. In reply to his speech, Lord Palmerston intimated that it was not the intention of Government to claim redress for the capture of the Vixen, which, he said, had occurred in consequence of the violation of the custom-house and municipal regulations of "a country undoubtedly in the possession of Russia." This declaration of the Foreign Secretary brought the individuals who owned and chartered the Vixen again before the public; and their letter, which we publish entire, places them in a novel and very singular position.

"THE CAPTURE OF THE VIXEN.

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE STANDARD.

"*Fenchurch Street, Dec.* 18, 1837.

"SIR,—As the speech of Lord Palmerston, in the House of Commons, last Thursday, contains statements at variance with the facts of the case of the capture of the Vixen, and imputations on us as the parties concerned in that affair, which we could hardly have believed the Russian Government could have got his Lordship to re-echo; it now becomes necessary for us to state, that, independent of proceedings which are now in progress, in a court of law, we intend to make an application to Parliament, soon after the approaching holidays, for that redress in this case which her Majesty's Government has refused either to obtain or to grant; and since, notwithstanding our patient forbearance, during the extraordinarily tardy course of the Government's proceedings, these calumnies now issue publicly from the mouth of a minister, we shall be under the necessity of publishing, before that time, a series of correspondence and documents, and a statement of facts, capable of proof, which will shew that the Foreign-Office, and their agents abroad, were collusive abettors of the origin and progress of the voyage of the Vixen, and that our interests have been treacherously betrayed in this case, in consequence of a change of Lord Palmerston's policy.

(Signed) "GEORGE BELL, } Owners of the
"POLDEN & MORTON, } Vixen."

The reader will not fail, at a glance, to perceive the contrast between the contents of the above letter, and the extract before given from a previous one, in which the same writer who now menaces the minister with "a statement of facts," proving the government to have been "*collusive abettors*" of the affair, published that which he then termed "the real facts of the simple case," assuring the public that the same government were not "*instigators and co-operators*" in what he solemnly asserted was a regular commercial undertaking, entered upon, after due inquiry and consideration, by "merchants prosecuting legitimate trade." The above threat of exposure, after the very tender expressions of regard for the fair fame of the Ministry, expressed in the former letter, by the same writer, reminds one of a quarrel between lovers, in which one of the parties, possessing the smaller sense of shame or decency of the two, threatens to publish the private and confidential correspondence of the other, with a view to the exacting of certain compliances. What the terms extorted may turn out to be in the present case, we shall not pretend to divine. Should the threat of exposure not be carried into effect, we presume the *price* of secrecy may be estimated according to the pliancy of the consciences of Cabinet Ministers, and the extent of means at the disposal of the dispensers of secret service money.

We have now, so far as a narrative of the incidents goes, completed the history of the affair of the Vixen. Hitherto we have confined ourselves to a statement of facts, which fell under our observation, or which we have had the opportunity of verifying by personal inquries, both in England and Turkey; and, although we have, out of courtesy to those who might, whether justly or not, consider themselves entitled to privacy, abstained from mentioning the names of the principal actors, and, notwithstanding that, from similar motives, we have avoided allusions to some points which, if stated, would have evinced still more clearly our peculiar intimacy with the particulars of this singular transaction; yet enough has probably been stated to shew that the voyage of the Vixen, instead of having been a regular expedition, undertaken and planned in the legitimate pursuit of trade, originated in a mean conspiracy, concocted amidst artifices and misrepresentations, and that the conspirators, whoever they were, sought only to accomplish their own fantastic views of foreign policy, at the sacrifice of the peace and the best interests of the country. We shall not pretend to speculate as to the extent to which our Foreign Secretary, or the British Legation at Constantinople, were accessories or instigators to the paltry and undignified proceedings just described. Unhappily for Brisish interests, our diplomatists and statesmen are actuated by an incessant love of intervention in the affairs of other states. Russia being, in our day, the *movement-power*, it is with her clever but unscrupulous agents, that the comparatively simple spirits who guide our foreign relations, are most frequently brought into contact; and no sooner do they find their negociations conducting them to the usual results of defeat and mortification, than they instinctively fall back for support upon the material resources of the British empire—thus reminding one of the country-clown who, although ignorant of the game, risks his stake at the table of the sharper, trusting, as a last resource, to his stout oak cudgel, if his lucky stars should fail him.

Probably no event in our history has tended to display in such glaring relief, the strong propensity of both the government and British people—for the people of the middling class have become imbued with the aristocratic spirit of their rulers—to embroil themselves with the affairs of other countries, as the attempt to involve this country in a contest with Russia in behalf of the Circassians. The affair of the Falkland Islands, which the pens of Junius and Johuson have rendered famous, naturally occurs to us. But the advocates of a war with Spain, for those uninhabited islands, did not want arguments to prove that they had very strong grounds of right and interest on their side.

They had been visited and named, if not discovered, by our earliest circumnavigators, and had afforded refuge for their ships, and restored the health of their crews; whilst they possessed the still more substantial temptation, from being placed on the verge of that vast continent whose trade and mineral treasures were sealed against British enterprise, of offering a point of attack in case of war with Spain, or a convenient station for smuggling, in time of peace. But, in the case of Circassia, *we* do not lay claim to the disputed territory—*we* do not pretend to have first discovered it, or named its ports or bays. No British vessel had ever reached its coast, until the Vixen, ostensibly a trader, but in reality an incendiary, sought it, in the vain hope of lighting up the flames of war between two great nations. We have been appealed to in behalf of our commerce with the inhabitants of Circassia; but it may be worth while, before entering upon hostilities in its defence, to inquire what the nature of the trade is, that can be carried on with the savage clans of the Caucasus? It is pretty generally known, that their staple export, hitherto, has consisted of slaves of both sexes; the harems of Turkey, Egypt, and the Barbary Coast, having been for ages peopled from Circassia and the adjoining countries. We are told, indeed, that the mountains are clothed with timber, and impregnated with mineral treasures. These are, however, but meagre gifts, to compensate for the absence of a broad expanse of cultivable soil, deep and slow rivers, facilities of transmission by land, and the other advantages of a plain country. The Alps and the Pyrenees of Europe, and the Alleghanies of America, are clothed with the richest woods, but being

inaccessible from the sea, they are valueless to the trader. The countries of the Caucasus, resembling the mountains of Switzerland, must ever be the abode of a poor but hardy race. Being denied the luxuries that are derived from commercial and manufacturing pursuits, by the very character of their territory, they will, in return, enjoy that freedom which has rarely been found long to accompany wealth. Had the Circassians, however, in lieu of a rugged territory and an inclement sky, possessed, like the United States or the Brasils, a fertile soil and a genial climate, still, in their present state—without laws, government, or even a uniform religion; possessing no towns, or trades, or professions; destitute of even the first elements of civilisation; constituting, in short, not a nation, but an unreclaimed race of barbarians, amongst whom industry and accumulation are unknown—they could not yield us the advantages of a profitable commercial connexion.

There is a very prevalent delusion, which has indeed seized hold of some minds that ought to be embued with sounder views—that our commerce admits of valuable extension amongst savage or uncivilized communities. A moment's reflection must demonstrate that the products of our looms are little calculated for the clothing of roving tribes of hunters, or fierce bands of banditti, amongst whom the decencies of life have scarcely established their claims, and where the wants of taste, comfort, and refinement in costume are unknown. The skins of the wild animals killed in the chase, afford, in every respect, the fittest covering for men who lead a life scarcely less savage than that of the beasts of prey. What has been the amount of our commerce with all the barbarous races of Africa since the suppression of the slave trade? What is the amount of our manufactures consumed by the hordes of central Asia—by the millions of fierce islanders of the eastern Archipelago—by the tribes of Indians roving over the prairies of America—or the untamed wanderers of the Arabian deserts? Probably, to all these uncivilized countries, though more populous than the Christian world, our exports are less in amount than to one of the smallest of the civilized nations—Holland!

LITERARY REGISTER.

Private Correspondence of Sarah Duchess of Marlborough. 2 vols. 8vo, with Portraits.

THE commencement of a female reign, is opportune for the appearance of a work, illustrative both of the public and secret history of the reign of the last female sovereign of England, and one remarkable for the struggles of domestic parties, as well as for foreign transactions. The work contains the select correspondence of the Duke, when commanding the army on the Continent, with his high-spirited dame; who, the bosom-friend of the Princess Anne, in the early part of the reign of Queen Anne became rather the Vice-Queen than the favourite. How glad the enthralled "good Queen Anne" must have been to cast off the yoke of the imperious Duchess, and to find a more complacent female minister and easy and congenial friend in Mrs Masham! Some of the letters in this correspondence bear the romantic names of Mrs Morley and Mrs Freeman, the appellations adopted by the Queen and the Duchess during the early ardours of their friendship; though it was far in its decline before their date. And what a picture of the mortifications of ambition, the humiliations of pride, does the correspondence unfold!

The opinions of the Duchess of Marlborough, her sketches of the leading characters of her age, those statesmen and courtiers with whom she came in so close contact, is the most interesting feature of the work. Few of her letters written while she was a daily actor and prime mover in all public affairs, have been preserved; and thus these sketches embody all that can now be known of the opinions of a woman of great acuteness, who piqued herself upon sincerity; and who latterly never scrupled to tell truths, however unpalatable. The applicability of many of the opinions and remarks, contained in these volumes, to modern affairs and to our times, must strike the most careless reader; nor is it wonderful that Whigs and Tories should, after the lapse of a century, be found the self-same animals with whom this lady acted. We talk of the *Movement*, when a snail's pace would distance it. The following observations we find in an epistle from Dr Hare, afterwards a bishop, who had been the tutor of the Duke's eldest son, the Marquis of Blandford, and much in the confidence of the Marlborough family. The epistle is a kind of dissertation on party, and was written about the time that the Tories triumphed and the Duchess lost her place, long after having lost her personal influence with the Queen. The extract we give goes to prove what the political writers in this Magazine have often asserted—that any liberal measure to be expected for the country, will come neither from Whigs nor Tories, as such, but from a vigorous Opposition:—

Your *Habeas Corpus*, *Treason*, and *Triennial* acts are owing to the *Tories;* chiefly because, it may be said, they did not press their point as Tories, but as malcontents. But this I may say, that the good things the Whigs have done, they did likewise out of play, and either not used or laid aside. . . . . As long as men are men, self-interest will have a mighty influence; and if the Whigs have escaped the faults the Tories are blemished with, I suspect it is their good fortune more than their superior virtue, or the power of better principles. 'Twas their happiness to be out of play in those reigns when the princes had such corrupt purposes to serve; for, as soon as they came into play, *they were as devout courtiers as their predecessors.* . . . . They always, *when in*, took the side of the Court; and every bill gained in the last reign was owing, as it commonly is, to the side that at that time was out. . . I say nothing of their *voluntary* associations, and other contrivances, made use of for no other end but to ensnare honest men, and *secure a faction for themselves.* I don't add to this their endeavours for a standing army. . . . . I think there is great reason to suspect that the good laws that were obtained were not so much owing to men's being Whigs and Tories, *as to their being in or out.* When men are out, they have nothing to do but to act the patriot; to spy faults in them that are in; to make themselves popular by invectives against the Ministry, or by self-denying motions, in order to be taken off by the Prince, or to ingratiate themselves with the People, in order, by a majority in Parliament to force themselves upon the Prince, and to get into the administration.

Our friends of the newspaper press might do worse than cite the above passage.

The *forebodings* of the Duchess in 1739, have a remarkable coincidence with the forebodings of some gloomy-minded capitalists ninety-nine years later, and when, if there ever was any good cause for such apprehensions, it must be augmented tenfold. The party in Parliament neither Whig nor Tory, and which was soon afterwards absorbed in these rival factions, was then called the *Patriots.* It is in some sort represented by the *Radicals* of our day. The Duchess had a great deal of funded property, which quickened her fears; and "the sponge" was as familiar in her mouth as in that of Cobbett. She ommences—

Miserable condition of the country! some accident may, perhaps, put some little stop to the ruin of it; but nobody can foresee when it will happen, or whether we shall be much the better for it. . . . . I really question whether, if a king and a minister designed to do every thing that was right, a parliament could be got that would let them; for they could say that they must be paid as they used to be, [must now have pensions, places, and sinecures,] whatever consequence that produced; and, like people that live upon drams, they will have money as long as any is left for them. . . . . I think in all

ages there have been as bad men, and some worse, than Sir Robert, [not Peel, but Walpole.] 'Tis true he has impoverished and ruined this country, for power and gain; but he could have done no mischief if men of greater fortune had not assisted him; which will certainly end in the ruin of themselves and their posterity. . . . . I find some people who are so sanguine as to think still that England will be saved; I cannot, for my life, see which way, since Sir Robert has all the money and power, and there are such numbers of fools and knaves to support whatever he has done or shall do. . . . . Had a great deal of discourse last night with one who calls himself a Patriot; but I don't find that he or any of the rest of them can give anything like a reason for any hope; and when I press them upon the subject, all I can get is, that some accident may bring things about to the better. An accident is a very uncertain, remote comfort; and what accident can do it? For my part I cannot yet see into it, nor what great good it would produce if Sir Robert should die. . . . . The public is more in debt than ever. [Debt in 1740! Oh, short-sighted female politician, what would you have said to our eight hundred millions!] There is a vast army already in England, which is to be farther increased; and much greater taxes must be raised to pay that expense, as well as a great fleet; neither of which have done anything, or are intended for any service, except the soldiers to awe the People of England, if they ever be provoked to oppose arbitrary power; in which case I am apt to believe that people would reflect how many had been hanged, and lost their estates for doing it.

The *vast army* which frightened the good Duchess, does not amount to one-third of the troops now required to overawe the Irish alone.

1737—8. Have made a great purchase, thinking one may have a little from land for some time, whatever happens. . . . . For fear of a *sponge*, I have sold my stocks low, and bought land dear, which I did because I thought that would hold longest.

The Duchess was not aware of the financial resources of a heaven-born minister. The Duchess is seen at times in a nobler temper than that produced by fears for the loss of any part of her enormous wealth. She had considerable experience of courts and princes, and her opinions of them are certainly not more favourable than those of persons totally ignorant of their ways. She says—

As princes are not the best judges of right and wrong, from the flattery they are used to, not to say worse of them, I think the best thing for them, and the whole nation, is not to let them have power to hurt themselves or anybody else. . . . . I am of opinion, from woful experience, that, from flattery, or want of understanding, most princes are alike; and therefore it is to no purpose to argue against their possessions, but to defend ourselves at all events, against them. This makes me think of the Castile oath—"We that are as good as yourself, and more powerful, choose you to be our king upon such conditions;" and concludes with what is just and proper. . . . I don't find that anybody thinks it is possible for any good to be done this session. Everybody that should act don't mean the same thing. Some are influenced wholly by bribes; others have views which they cover: and, upon the whole, I think *that Sir Robert will die in power.*

Some of those people who call themselves *Patriots*, [Radicals,] are certainly very good men, but I am sure the whole party don't mean the same thing. They don't all go in a straight line to pursue steadily the right points; but they act coolly, [coldly,] sometimes one way, sometimes another, as they think it will turn most to what they secretly have in view; some to keep places they are in possession of, and others to get into them.

The Duchess had been reading the Memoirs of De Retz, and thus pithily concludes her criticism :—

By the description De Retz makes us of the nobles—their taking bribes, being very simple, [*i. e.* foolish,] and wholly bent on private interest—they resemble very much our House of Lords.

We might multiply such quotations *ad infinitum*, but the sample proves the stock.

Among other characters of contemporaries sketched by the Duchess of Marlborough, we find that glory of the Tory priesthood of her day, Dr Sacheverel; the genuine prototype of the O'Sullivans and M'Creas of our time. The excitement of "*Church in Danger*," caused by Sacheverel, and those who used him as a tool, exactly prefigures the commotion emanating from Exeter Hall, and from the provincial pulpits and rostrums. Sacheverel himself is described by the Duchess, who was none of his admirers, as an ignorant, shallow, and pompous man.

He had a haughty, insolent air, which his friends found occasion often to complain of; but it made his presence more graceful in public. His person was framed well for the purpose, and he dressed well. A good assurance, clean gloves, white handkerchief, well managed, with other suitable accomplishments, moved the hearts of many at his appearance, and the solemnity of a trial added much to a pity and concern which had nothing in reason or justice to support them. *The weaker part of the ladies were more like maidens bewitched than like persons in their senses.* At length, by the help of proper officers and tools, great mobs were raised, to whose outrages and violence nothing more conduced than a prevailing opinion, artfully spread amongst them, that one above [the Queen] was herself on the side of those disorders. There was a machine for the great projectors to move!—and it was so dexterously moved, that the whole nation was moved with it. Several eminent clergymen, who despised the man in their hearts, were engaged to stand publicly by him, in the face of the world; as if the poor Church of England was now tried in him. . . . . Everybody knows that he was afterwards [after his trial and mock punishments] sent about several counties, where, with his usual grace, he received, as his due, the homage and adoration of multitudes; never thinking that respect enough was paid to his great merit; using some of his friends insolently, and raising mobs against his enemies, and giving ample proof of how great meanness the bulk of mankind is capable; putting on the air of a saint upon a lewd and pampered man, dispensing his blessing to all his worshippers, and his kisses to some; taking their good money as fast as it could be brought in, drinking their best wines, eating of their best provisions, without reserve and without temperance; and, what completed the farce, complaining, in the midst of this scene of luxury and triumph, as the old fat monk did, over a hot vension pasty, in his barbarous Latin, "Heu! quanta patimus pro Ecclesia." Oh, what dreadful things do we undergo for the sake of the Church! This engine proving so fortunate, and the nation being now roused to a violent heat of mad passion for the *Church and Crown*, there was no longer any doubt of giving the finishing stroke to the designs which had been busy in agitation.

This design was the farther triumph of the Tory party, and directing the succession to the Crown past the House of Hanover. But how exact the parallel between Sacheverel and the uses made of him, and the leading agitators among the Tory parsons of the present period! All the work is not of equal value with these extracts; but the student of the political movements of England will find in it much to interest and entertain him, independently of the history of the great personages to whom the book relates.

The Scenic Annual.

This beautiful table-book is made up of a selection of views in *Scotland*, *Switzerland*, and the *United States*. It possesses a peculiar national interest to Scottish people, both from the scenes and the editor, who is no less distinguished a personage in letters than Campbell. Thus the Annuals, instead of falling off, as was predicted, are drawing into their vortex some of the most eminent modern authors. Mr Campbell was late, he says, of engaging in the duty, but he will buckle earlier to the work, and do far better next year. We do not see much that requires to be amended, but would be loath to baulk his generous vow in favour of the public. He has had an anonymous coadjutor, whose verses flow as sweetly as those of the greater *artist*. The same energy and nobility of sentiment, which ever inspires Campbell when liberty is the theme, breaks out bravely in this work, in notices which are appended to views, in which the old Scottish Covenanters, and the Waldenses, are the heroic actors. To a bold view of the old West Bow—now alas! no more—this emphatic notice is attached :—

The Scotch Covenanters have a right to a high niche in history, for having illustrated a twofold truth :—In the first place, the impotence of persecution to put down opinions; and, secondly, the value of determined men main-

taining their conscientious belief. An age of persecution affected Calvinism only as the wind makes the corn grow. It is not necessary to be a Calvinist to admire, with one's whole heart, the courage of men who bled and died for what, to their feeling, was truth: nor is it necessary to subscribe to all the dogmas of the Scottish Church to appreciate the beautiful results that sprang up from the graves of its martyrs—results unforeseen by the Presbyterian martyrs themselves. The courage of Scotland preserved her national religion; and that religion, with its asperities softened, and its pulpit eloquence refined, by a Robertson, a Blair, and a Chalmers, has produced a clerical body that yields to none in the world for respectability.

Campbell's illustrations of the engraving, representing the wild mountain passes and rocky fastnesses, so long defended by the brave and devoted Christians of the Vaudois, is equally admirable.

Leonidas and his Spartans were not more self-devoted than the Vaudois were, for many centuries, under sufferings and persecutions; nor were the former braver in battle, or more attached to their native soil. The Vaudois, or Waldenses, to whom Milton alludes in his sonnet—

"Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold," &c.,

were at one period nearly exterminated by their Popish enemies; but a remnant of them found refuge in other countries, and THERE they might have existed, and melted into a foreign population, if they could have forgotten their native valleys, or tolerated life under the home-sickness of exiles. But they could not forget their native hearths and hills, the caves that had hid their forefathers from their persecutors, the fastnesses where they had secured themselves; and the very expatriated men refused even grants of land in foreign Protestant countries, over which they were scattered; and, though not a thousand in number, they resolved to regain their native valleys. They collected themselves together—they rendezvoused in Switzerland—crossed the Lake of Geneva, disembarked on the Savoy side, and, by a series of unparalleled efforts, succeeded—made a way with their swords through opposing myriads, in narrow defiles, and on giddy precipices, to their sacred homes. A more interesting scene than the return of the Vaudois is not to be found in human history. The retreat of Xenophon's Ten Thousand has an humble resemblance to it. The Vaudois were the Covenanters of Italy; but they surpass even our Scotch Covenanters in traits of heroism. And yet how unequal are the results of virtue! The descendants of the brave Vaudois are still a people depressed beneath their natural rights by the Sardinian government, while the Scottish nation owes to its Covenanters their equality with England.

It would only fill the mind with tedious horrors to recount minutely the earlier sufferings of this people. Their historians take pains to prove that they were original and Apostolic Christians, whose orthodoxy of faith can be traced back to the eighth century. But what has orthodoxy, or heterodoxy, or antiquity of faith, to do with the lawfulness of persecution? Whether their faith was new or old, or false or true, there was the same atrocity in attempting to extirpate it by violence.

To a view of Cora Linn, which is not among the finest in the collection, Mr Campbell has devoted the following sweet lines:—

"The time I saw thee, Cora, last,
'Twas with congenial friends;
And calmer hours of pleasure past
My memory seldom sends.

"It was as sweet an autumn day
As ever shone on Clyde;
And Lanark's orchards, all the way,
Put forth their golden pride.

"Ev'n hedges, busked in bravery,
Looked rich that sunny morn;
The scarlet hip and blackberry
So pranked September's thorn.

"In Cora's glen the calm how deep!—
Its trees, on loftiest hill,
Like statues stood, or things asleep—
All motionless and still.

"The torrent spoke as if his noise
Bade earth be quiet around,
And give his loud and lonely voice
A more commanding sound.

"His foam, beneath the yellow light
Of noon, came down like one
Continuous sheet of jaspers bright,
Emblazoned by the sun.

"Dear Linn!—let loftier falling floods
Have prouder names than thine;
And, king of all, enthroned in woods,
Let Niagara shine.

"Barbarian, let him shake his coasts
With reeking thunders far,
Extended as the array of hosts
In broad embattled war.

"*His* voice appals the wilderness:
Approaching thine we feel
A solemn, deep melodiousness,
That needs no louder peal.

"More fury would but disenchant
Thy dream-inspiring din;
Be thou the Scottish muse's haunt,
Romantic Cora Linn!"

The assistant-editor has contributed many copies of pleasing and elegant verses. We gather one flower from his chaplet—

"Brothers!—the day declines;
Above the glacier brightens,
And red through Hündwyl' pines
The vesper-halo lightens.
From hamlet, rock, and chalét,
Your grateful song be poured,
Till mountain, lake, and valley,
Re-echo—Praise the Lord!

"The sun sleeps in the west;
And stars gleam bright and cold,
And bring the hour of rest
To the shepherd and his fold.
Now swell the mountain chorus
To Him our sires adored,
Whose glorious works before us
Still whisper—Praise the Lord!

"And, hark!—below, aloft,
From cliffs that pierce the cloud—
From blue lake, calm and soft,
Lulled in its twilight shroud—
Fresh strength our anthem gathers;
From Alp to Alp 'tis poured—
The song that soothed our fathers—
Ye shepherds, praise the Lord!

"Now, from forest, flood, and fell,
Let the voice of old and young—
All the strength of Appenzell,
True of heart, and sweet of tongue—
The grateful hymn prolong,
And tune the spirit's chord,
Till yon stars take up our song—
'Hallelujah to the Lord!'"

This Annual has been tardy in its appearance, but it possesses beauties and merit to ensure its success.

Hood's Comic Annual for 1838.

With the usual quantity of drolleries, quips, cranks, and clinches, whether printed or pictured, Mr Hood, in his ninth appearance, has played the good-humoured satirist more directly than in any former year. In the "Carnaby Correspondence," he has successfully exposed and ridiculed the present system of education at those suburban or country seminaries, where boys are dieted and drugged, whipped into Latin and Greek, and drilled into religion and morals, in the cheapest and most expeditious manner. The disappointment of Mr Carnaby, senior, who had laid out "sich mints of munny for Bob's skulling," and found Bob not only "fammished in his vittels," but "fammishin in his Latin and Greek," is great; as he had "set his art upon to hav won clasicle skollard bransh in the famely." Mr Carnaby, a worthy London tradesman, is somewhat caricatured, but Master Bob is true boarding-school-boy nature, especially as he comes forth in the epistle sent clandestinely from Dr Darby's Academy, to his papa:—

"What I want to tell you is, as the holidays is so nigh, I wish you would make up your mind for me to be took away for good and all. I don't like the victuals for one thing; and, besides, I am almost sure we are not well teached. The table-beer always gives me the sto-

mach-ache, if I don't tie a string round it; and I only wish you see some of Mr Murphy's ruling when he smells so of gin. Another thing is the batter-puddings, which the fellows call it putty, because it sticks pains in our insides; and sometimes we have stinking beef. . . . . .
I am certain sure we should have a barring out in our school-room long and long ago, only the Doctor hardly ever wants to comes in. That's the way the ushers do, just as they like in school hours; and Mr Huckings does a leather-seller's bookkeeping; and Mr Snitch makes poetry for the newspapers. It's not my fault, then, if I am backward in my Greek and Latin, though I have got a prize for spelling and grammer; but we all have prizes for something, to please our parents when we go home. . . . Philip Frank says there's a capital school at Richmond, where the master permits fishing, and boating, and cigars, and gunpowder, and pony chaises, for only sixty guineas a-year. I often think that's the sort of genteel school my poor dear late mother, if she was alive, would like me finished off at. But that's as you prefer; and if you will only promise upon your honour to remove me, I won't run away."

Dr Darby's seminary is, we fear, too true a picture of many modern boarding schools; and Mr Hood's burlesque of their systems and charlatanerie, cannot fail to do some good. "Dr Darby of SOCRATES HOUSE," turns out to be one Darby, a bankrupt ship-chandler of Wapping; and some of the masters of such academies as his, may probably have even a more illiterate and vicious origin. We would seriously recommend the study of the Carnaby correspondence to all honest, wealthy, and unlearned parents, ambitious of giving their children a polite or classic education.

"Patronage" is another clever squib, though running rather too much into burlesque. It would not, however, be easy to exaggerate the impudent and barefaced system of aristocratic patronage, so happily ridiculed in Mrs D.'s application to Lord Viscount ———, for a change of place for her nervous husband—"an unfortunate gentleman of birth and breeding;" who, after waiting forty years for a place, had been appointed inspector of powder mills, where he lives in a continual agony of apprehension for an explosion. The lady says—

"To favour with particulars, my husband has the honour to be related very distantly to the Peerage; and, as your Lordship knows, it is the privilege of Aristocracy to provide for all connexions by comfortable public situations, which are sometimes enjoyed very early in life. To such Mr D—— had a hereditary right from his cradle; for his noble relative, the Duke of ———, was so condescending as to stand sponsor by proxy; and, instead of the usual spoons, or a silver mug, made a promise to the infant of some office suited to its tender age—for instance, a superannuation or the like, where there is nothing to do but the salary to receive. In point of fact, the making the baby a retired King's Messenger, was undertaken at the font, but, before the child could come into office, his Grace unfortunately went out of power, by dying of apoplexy, leaving nothing but a promise, which a new Ministry was unjust and ungrateful enough not to make good. In this shocking manner, your Lordship, was my husband thrown upon the world, without proper provision, according to his station and prospects; and was degraded to the necessity of his own exertions for his support, until the new Duke thought proper to stir in his behalf."

We leave the remainder of Mrs D——'s grievances to the reader. Her letter is quite as good as many a long and laboured article against pensions and sinecures.

Animal Magnetism, which is not losing ground in Great Britain, is the next subject upon which Mr Hood has chosen to exercise his powers of ridicule.

Of all the signs of the times, (he says,) considering them merely as *signs*, and the public literally as 'a *public*,' there are none more remarkable than the Hahnemann's *Head*—the *Crown* and *Compasses*, devoted to Gall and Spurzheim's entire—and the *Cock* and *Bull*, that hangs out at the House of Call for Animal Magnetizers. The last concern especially—a daring, glaring, flaring, gin-palace-like establishment, is a moral phenomenon.

Mr Hood calls upon the temperance philanthropists to set their faces against "Mesmer's particular," which he considers a much more deleterious mixture than Old Tom.

Seriously, (he says,) might not the temperance societies extend the sphere of their operations, by a whole hemisphere, and perhaps with equal advantage to mankind, by attacking mental *dram-drinking*, as well as the bodily tippling of ardent spirits? . . . . Take the wildest freaks of the most fuddled, muddled, bepuddled soaker, such as "trying to light his pipe at a pump"—attempting to wind up a plug with his watch-key—or requesting, from a damp bed in the gutter, to be tucked in,—and are they a bit, or a whit, or a jot, or a what-not more absurd, more extravagant, or more indicative of imbecility of reason, than the vagaries of a somnambulist, gravely going through the *back*-gammon of reading *Back's Journal*, or a back-number of the *Retrospective Review*, through the back of his head?

The correspondence touching *Animal* Magnetism, is carried on betwixt Mr Reuben Oxenham, (an honest Lincolnshire grazier, who fancies it some new plan of fattening cattle, patronized by the Duke of Bedford, at his show, or by that benefactor of the bestial, Lord Spencer—"Althorpe as was,") and his nephew, Mr Robert Holland, linen-draper in Tottenham Court Road. From him, the worthy grazier requests to be informed whether the magnetism is likely to supersede oil-cake and mangel-wurzel in fattening stock, considering it a main thing in these times to be put up to such secrets at the first start. To satisfy his uncle's rational curiosity, Mr Robert went to make inquiry and observation in person; or, "to examine a sample of animal magnetism," which turned out to have no connexion with such animals as Mr Oxenham was in the habit of handling, nor yet with magnets. He discovered it to be—

"All of a piece with juggling, quack-salving, and mountebanking, such as universal physic, spitting Coventry ribbons, tumbling and posturing, thimble-rig, and the like fabrics. One of the principal tricks is, sending people off to sleep against their wills; not so new a trick though, but it has been heard of, years and years ago, at Bow Street; and easy enough to perform any day with a pint of porter, provided one was rogue enough to want to hocus-pocus the money out of other people's pockets into one's own. To come to the point, there's an outlandish Count set up at the west end; and, no doubt, will realize a fortune. He has his carriage-people for customers, as well as Howel & James; indeed, I have heard of the Somebodies as well as Nobodies, running after common fortune-tellers' tales, and not too high to be above going up into their back garrets. Some say he is a Frenchman; others a German; but the last for choice, for he smokes enough to drive all the rats out of the neighbourhood. Besides, the Germans, I am told, will believe anything, provided it is impossible; which is some excuse for their wanting other people to give them the same long credits. . . . . I determined to go wide awake, and to keep my eyes open too, by not taking bite or sup in the house, if offered ever so politely. It surely is shewing no disrespect to object to hocussed victuals and drinks. I might have spared my fears, however; for there was nothing provided but the legerdemain, &c., and that was charged a guinea for, which you can repay at convenience. I preferred to see somebody taken before me, and another patient was taken first. She was a fine strapping young woman enough, dressed between a fine lady and a servant-maid; but as sly-looking a baggage as you could select from an assortment of gipsies; and, unless her face belied her, quite capable of scratching a Cock Lane ghost. . . . . Something came across me that I had seen her before; and, if memory don't deceive, it was at some private theatricals, contrary to law. For certain, she could keep her countenance; for, if the outlandish figure of a doctor, with his queer face, had postured, and pawed, and poked towards *me* with his fingers, for all the world like the old game of 'My grandmother sends you a staff, and you're neither to smile nor to laugh,' as he did to her, I should have bursted to a certainty, instead of going off, as she did, into an easy sleep."

"As soon as she was sound, the Count turned round to me and the company with his broken English—'Ladies and Gentlemens,' says he, 'look at this young Maidens, Mizz Charlot Ann Elizabet Martin,' for that is his way of talking. 'Wid my magnetismuses I tro her into von state of somnamboozleism,' or something to that effect. 'Mizz Charlot Ann, dou art a slip.'

"'As fast as a church, Mister Count,' says she, talking and hearing every word as easy as broad awake. 'Ferry goot,' says he. 'Now, I take dis boke, Mizzis Glasse.' Cokery, and I shall make de maidens read som leittle of

lim wid her back. Dere he is bytween her sholders. Mizz Charlot Ann, what you see now wit your eyes torned de wrong way for to look?' 'Why, then,' says she, 'Mister Count, I see quite plain a T and an O; then comes R, and O, and S, and T; and the next word is H, and A, and I, and R.'

"'Ferry goot,' cried the Count, over again, 'dat is to rost de hair. Ladies and gentlemens, you all hear? As Gott is my shudge, so is here in de boke. Now, den, Mizz Charlot Ann, vons more. Vot you teste in your mouse?' 'Why, then, master,' says Charlotte Anne, "as sure as fate, I taste sweet herbs, chopped up small!' 'Ferry goot, indeed; but vat more bysides de sweet herrubs?' 'Why,' says she, 'it's a relish of salt and pepper, and mace; and, let me see—there's a flavour of currant-jelly.' 'Besser and besser!' cried the Count. "Ladies and gentlemens, are not dese vonderfools? You shall see efery wort of it in de print. Mizz Charlot Ann, vot you feel now?' 'Lawk-a-mercy, Mister Count!' says she, 'there's a sort of stuffy feel, so there is, in my inside!' 'Yaw! like von fool belly! ferry goot. Now, you feel vot?' 'Feel! Mister Count!' says she; 'why, I don't feel nothing at all; all the stuffing is gone clean away!' 'Yaw! my child!' says he, 'dat is bycause I take away de cookery boke from your two sholder. Ladies and gentlemens, dese is de grand powers of Magnetismus! Ach himmel! as Hamlet says, dere is more in our philosofies dan dere is de heafen or de eart! Our mutter nature is so fond to hide her face! Bot von adept, so as me, can lift up her whale!' To shorten a long story, the somnamboozleism lasted for two hours; while Miss Charlotte Anne told fortunes in her sleep, and named people's inward complaints, and prescribed for them with her eyes shut. Mine was dropsy. . . . . For my own part, I mean to suspend myself till I feel more symptoms; and, in the meantime, I have experimented on myself, so far as to try, behind my back, to read the 'Ready Reckoner.' But I could not even see the book, much less make ou a figure. To be sure, I was broad awake; but it stands to reason that the circumstance only gave the better chance in its favour; at least, it has always been so with a book held the proper, natural way. To my mind, it is all Sham Abraham; or else the little boys, that go every day with whole satchels full of books at their backs, would know more about them than they generally do at leaving off school."

Mr Holland thus leaves off in a postscript, and, after having discussed the subject with a neighbour, "a veteranary surgeon," who told him animal magnetism "was all very well for the old men and women physicians; but it won't go down with the horse doctors." If Mr Hood's pasquinade do not shame the admirers of the exhibiting magnetizers, we despair of grave argument convincing them. Even from these indications, our readers may understand that, in fun, broad humour, and comic spirit, ever enlisted in the service of good sense and cheerful virtue, the ninth volume of this unique annual shews no abatement of original talent and vivacity.

The Comic Almanac

Is more than *comical*—it is satirical and moral; it conveys instruction under the guise of broad fun. But it is impossible to give any idea of its vein, without the cuts. In the chronology of the month of January we have the colonization of Botany Bay, upon the 26th of the month 1788, and these verses to Lord John Russell's "most profligate society on the face of the earth."

"Rejoice and praise, in merry lays,
The wisdom of the wigs,
Which kindly found, on classic ground,
A paradise for prigs.

"Assembled there, in talent rare,
Each knave salutes a brother,
And friendly yet, their wit they whet,
By practice on each other."

31. Young Pretender d. 1788. *N.B.* Race not extinct.
April 3. Low Sunday. "*Facile est descensus*"——
8. Sir R. Peel resigned, 1835.

"To all the virtues of exalted station,
He adds the greater one of resignation."

This is for the anniversary of *Charity Children's Jubilee*, merrily termed "The Martyrdom of St Paul."

"O Charity! celestial *dame!*—I cannot call thee *maid*,
While ev'ry year thy children dear make such a grand parade.—
Ah! 'tis a glorious sight to see thy little pauper brats
Parade the streets of *Baby*lon, like demi-drowned rats.
Before the sun's begun to run, they're startled from their nest,
And by their anxious mothers in the parish finery dress't;
And how those mothers' hearts must leap with gratitude to see
Their offspring all so nicely clothed in that smart livery!
The girls all clad in worsted gowns, mob caps, and aprons white,
Like Lilliputian grandmothers—a venerable sight:
The boys in pretty blanket coats of green or brick-dust red,
With tawny leather breeches, and a thrum cap on their head;
And then that splendid pewter badge, worth all the rest beside;
No medal worn by hero could inspire more honest pride.
While to the neighbours they're a mark of pleasant observation,
How must their happy mothers bless a parish education!
It is so very handy, too, when in a crowd they're brawling,
To pick them out so easily, and save a world of bawling.
"Oh! merry day of jubilee to every little sinner,
When ev'ry one receives a bun and goes without a dinner.
Ah, happy England! thou'rt indeed a charitable nation!
Thy charities thou dost without the slightest ostentation!
How proud it makes a Briton feel to view this glorious sight,
Though some there are too dull to share the exquisite delight.
I heard a surly cynic once thus vent his angry spleen,
As he with jaundic'd eye beheld the animated scene."

We omit the splenetic effusion.

Among the sketches in prose or verse, there is a clever paper entitled, "Manners made Easy," written in ridicule of the absurdities in the numerous *Codes of Etiquette* that have lately come abroad. Here are a few of those guiding maxims, teaching how to make a silk purse out of a sow's ear:—

Never introduce your friends to strangers without their consent, nor permit such a liberty towards yourself, especially about November. Many have been entrapped into the hands of John Doe and Richard Roe thereby, unawares.

Choose rainy days to pay your visits on. You will thus shew your sincerity, and be less likely to miss callers at home. Take your cloak and hat into the drawing-room—to leave them below would be like one of the family; but, above all, carry in your umbrella,—you have no right to leave it streaming in another person's hall.

When you visit your maiden aunt, as you value your legacy expectant, preserve an amiable face, and keep your hands and feet to yourself, while her favourite tom cat reposes in you the height of his friendship by looking you full in the face, and vigorously stretching himself by the aid of his ten talons, hooked through your tight and tender kerseymeres.

Never marry a widow, (unless her first husband was hanged,) or she will be always drawing unpleasant comparisons.

When a lady sits down to the piano-forte, always volunteer to turn over the leaves. To be able to read music is of no consequence, as you will know that she is at the bottom of a page when she stops short. If you turn over two leaves at once, you will probably have the secret thanks of most of the company.

When your friend enters the room, instantly rise, and, though there may be half a dozen unoccupied chairs at hand, draw him with gentle force into your own. You will thus shew the warmth of your friendship; for a damp seat may be as bad as a damp bed.

Never hesitate to take a friend with you, when you go out to dinner. Disappointments are so frequent that the lady of the house may perhaps be glad of a spare gentleman, to fill up a gap.

In carving, remember that "'twere well it were done quickly." He must be, therefore, the best carver who soonest fills the greatest number of plates. Waste no time in asking if people like a wing or a leg, this bit or that—many do not know their minds on any subject. Besides, as they cannot all have the prime cuts, nothing but discontent can ensue from giving them the choice.

As too much of a good thing is morally impossible, fill the plates well—the delicate can leave half, and the modest are saved the unpleasantness of a second application; besides making the hostess your eternal friend, if, through

your management in the outset, some of the dishes go away uncut for another day.

Instead of waiting for the dessert, let your children come in with the first course—they cannot be used to good society too soon.

Help the darlings first—they are dearer to you than mere visiters, to whom you might, otherwise, inadvertently transfer some delicate bits on which the little cherubs had set their minds.

Do not detain the toothpick long after dinner, it's unpleasant to be kept waiting for it.

Always wipe the brim of a pot of porter with your sleeve, if you are about to hand it to a lady.

There are several copies of lively and clever verses; but perhaps the heroics on the Queen's visit to the city come most *pat* at the present time. We give the end of them:—

"Now the best of the fun is just begun; for, prancing, may be seen
The handsome Common Council men, in their gowns of mazarine,
And the sheriffs bold, in their chains of gold, and not disposed to quarrel,
Though one the song of *Moses* sings, and the other a Christmas *Caroll*.
And each Alderman fat, in his three-cock'd hat—so comely, one by one,
They stately ride, with their grooms beside—no doubt to hold them on.
'Tis the Mayor of course, outside a horse, with the sword of state before him,
He looks in his pride, from side to side—*How the prentice boys adore him!*
Hurrah! Hurrah! she comes this way—stand firm to see her pass!
Well, what have you seen? Why, not the Queen, but the glare of the window glass.
Oh, I'm going wild! have you seen my child? from above I let him fall—
Yes, there he rolls on the people's polls, and he'll soon be at Guildhall.
That little crowd, they scream so loud, it pierces through and through you;
It's all the charity girls and boys a-singing 'Hallelujah,'
And 'Live the Queen'—'tis a lovely scene—did you hear that cracking note?—
'Tis a little lass, in the second class, she's burst her little throat.
And now the bells ring round again, and the cannon loudly thunder,
But, before we go, do any know which *was* the Queen, I wonder?
I saw the Queen, she was dressed in green, and a gold tiara crown'd her —
No, I rather think that was her in pink, with the silver all around her.—
In pink or green she never was seen, but she wore a robe of red,
And she rode a horse, as a thing of course, with a fur cap on her head.—
I think it's plain we shall know her again, so now we'll quit our station,
And will take a turn, when the gas-lights burn, to see the illumination.
See crowns and stars, and bright V.R.'s, and wreaths and garlands pretty,
And laurels green all round the Queen, and mottoes quaint and witty.
Here's 'Wax and Wicktoria' (*Cowan, in gloria,*) 'May she long wear her crown' (*Alderman Brown,*) 'Ourselves and the Queen' (*Pellatt and Green,*) 'She'll ne'er have her match, if she reads the *Dispatch*,' (*says that jolly farmer, Alderman Harmer,*) 'Success to Regina and Essence of Bina' (*inscription good, by Matthew Wood,*) 'Long live the Queen, to drink Black and Green,' (*Mr Twining, in bright lamps shining.*) 'None shall dare to affront her' (*Sir Claudius Hunter,*) 'In a lot we'll knock down all the foes of the crown,' (*a desperate go, by Fairbrother and Co.*.)
But none of the sight gave such delight as the Aldermen and the Queen,
And throughout the land, such spectacles grand will never again be seen."

The Rural Life of England. By William Howitt.

This long-promised work, composed upon, perhaps, the only subject that never waxes stale, has just come forth in two handsome and prettily-embellished volumes; and these by no means slim or sparse. Much of the world lying at our door is absolutely unknown to us. "Life in the Dales of Lancashire and Yorkshire," introduces us to manners, and usages, and a dialect, as primitive as those of the days of Chaucer. It does one good to learn that so much of rustic, Merry England, still exists in integral simplicity; and that so many stately ancient halls and sequestered hamlets, and *bits* of forestry, adorn those "nooks" which slumber beautifully on, unheeded by nine-tenths of mail-coach and railway travellers, and unheeding the march of improvement. The headings of a few of the chapters will indicate their pleasant contents;—"Life of the Gentry in the Country;" "Country Sports;" "Gardens;" "The English Farmer;" "The English Farm Servant;" "The Forests of England"—(a charming series of chapters;) "Cottage Life;" ditto, and "Popular Festivals"—best of all; and also giving place to many chapters. We cannot imagine whence the sober-minded Friends derive so much poetical fancy and graceful devotion to the beautiful. The work will delight the reader by its freshness and amenity, and as a record of the fast perishing usages and enjoyments of THE RURAL LIFE OF ENGLAND.

Dr George Redford's Lectures on the Holy Scriptures.

These Lectures were delivered at the *Congregational Library*, London, where a Course of Annual Lectures was established at the commencement of the Institution. The Lectures are afterwards published by the committee of management; and those before us are, we suppose, among the first fruits of a scheme by which the Congregationalists intend to rival in usefulness those worthies who established the *Warburton* and the *Bampton* Lectures; and all the others which have emanated from the zeal of Churchmen. The subject of this course is the Authenticity and Divine Authority of the Bible, which are established by proofs drawn from the whole circle of human knowledge.—Dr Wardlaw's "Christian Ethics," and Dr Vaughan's "Causes of the Corruption of Christianity," have previously appeared as fruits of this Lectureship; and its publication well deserves the support, not only of Congregationalists, but of all Dissenters.

The Church in Epha; or, Expository Remarks upon the Prophecies of Haggai and Zechariah.

Our chief inducement to notice the publication of this book is, its being the production of a female pen, and that it has some affinity to the subject of Redford's Lectures. Farther, in the face of so many periodical publications wholly devoted to works upon religious subjects, we shall not presume to go.

Conversations Lexicon. Parts XLI., XLII.

This work is hastening to a conclusion. It has reached the letter S. The present part, among other articles, contains "Rome" and "Russia"—the latter a useful paper, though undue prominence is given to the Russian-German war, which occupies space that would have been as well bestowed upon the manners and customs of the various tribes now included in the unwieldy empire of the Czar, and fuller geographical and topographical descriptions. Part XLII. contains the important article, "Scotland."

Outlines of Naval Routine. By Lieutenant Alexander Dingwall Fordyce, R.N.

This work is intended as a manual, or work of reference for seamen. We are not qualified to pronounce upon its fitness to supply or acknowledge merit; but great pains appear to have been bestowed upon it by an intelligent practical seaman. Sailors dislike publishing. They have an idea, that those only write upon nautical subjects who know least about them. Hence, according to our author, "every old admiral or officer who dies, carries with him to the grave a fund of professional information, which, if communicated to the public, might have been of great importance to the service." Lieutenant Fordyce, late of his Majesty's ship Algerine, resolved to keep and collect the notes which are now arranged in order. He

modestly disclaims the name of "System" for his work: but states that his "Outlines" are of a nature to indicate a system, in which, if he is encouraged, he may, assisted by the experience of friends and brother officers, proceed to complete. The work is appropriately inscribed to the Earl of Minto. If it merit encouragement, which we have every reason to believe, it will certainly receive it from the proper quarter, which is the Admiralty.

Dr Dick's Celestial Scenery.

The well-known popular author of the *Christian Philosopher* and other works, in which science is blended with religion and morals, has devoted a thick volume to the Astronomy of the Planetary System; the system we call *our* Solar System, that of *our* sun, his planets, and their satellites. The title, probably meant to be catching, is partial and incomplete, as *Celestial Scenery* is but one feature of this elaborate and instructive work.

Mary Raymond and other Tales. By Mrs Gore.

The tragic story which occupies the greater part of the first of these three volumes is original, and of the shorter Tales, it is said—"a few have appeared anonymously in popular Miscellanies." This Magazine, as its diligent readers will perceive, has been illustrated by many of these stories. We are glad to meet them in a collected form, and nothing that Mrs Gore has written, excels several of these tales, over which touching pathos and the playful graces alternately flit, in tears and smiles. A more cheerful tone, a shade more of the *couleur de rose*, is all that we have to desire in her sketches. We do not object to being steeped and dissolved in sorrow in the course of a story, but to being left in this heart-aching, disconsolate, and hopeless condition.

Memoirs of John Rattenbury, a West-of-England Smuggler, commonly termed "The Rob Roy of the West."

Age is stealing on this hardy tar, and poverty has preceded it. From his *Diary* and *Journals*, a Memoir has been compiled, with a view of benefiting the veteran, by the profits of publication. The preface states, that the name of Rattenbury has long been familiar to the public, and his exploits a theme of conversation from the little fishing cove of Beer (where he was born) to the rocky shores of Vesta; from the islands surrounding the coast of Normandy and Brittany, to the Land's End. In the sixty years of his pilgrimage, Rattenbury has seen enough of vicissitude, and suffered sufficient hardship. His *Autobiography* is a better illustration of the contraband trade, and the inutility of the preventive service, than Miss Martineau's tale of "The Loom and the Lugger." It proves that restrictions on industry and trade, are thrice cursed, the smuggler not being the least sufferer. Rattenbury was a skilful pilot, as well as a bold, daring, adventurous smuggler. This gives variety to his history.

A Manual of Conduct; or, Christian Principle exemplified in Daily Practice. By the Author of "The Morning and Evening Sacrifice," "Farewell to Time," &c. &c. Edinburgh: Adam & Charles Black. Pp. 453.

This volume is the essence of a much larger and very elaborate work by the same author, published some years ago, and entitled "The True Plan of a Living Temple." Without making any comparison between the relative merits of the bulkier work and the present compendium, it may be safely surmised that the book has gained by the absence of much speculation, and that the abstract is likely to be more popular and extensively useful. Of the shorter work, we can affirm what the *North American Review* says of an abstract of the "Living Temple," published in the United States—"That for those who are seeking in earnest their moral and religious improvement, who desire a book which shall help them as a friend helps a friend, and who, in their hours of serious reflection, prefer the still small voice to that of passionate appeal, this will be a welcome publication." The author is, we believe, a minister of the Church of Scotland.

A Letter, by Dr Ayre of Hull, to Lord John Russell, *upon Asiatic Cholera*,

Repudiates the notion of that dreadful disease being infectious; objects to quarantine regulations; and, best of all, instead of so much cleaning, and fumigating, and drugging in hospitals, recommends generous meat diet, as the surest preventive of the disease. It is not without feasibility that its spread is attributed to the innutritious, unwholesome, or insufficient food of the poorer classes.

A Letter

Has been addressed to the Archbishop of Canterbury by the Curate of Swalescliff, in consequence of his being publicly cited to answer for alleged heretical doctrines before the ecclesiastical authorities of Canterbury. The Letter is worthy of attention from those who prefer the investigation of truth to unquestioning submission to authority.

The Miseries and Beauties of Ireland. By Jonathan Binns. London: Longman & Co. 2 vols.

No right-hearted, intelligent man, ever yet set foot on the emerald sod, be he Whig, Tory, or Radical, without loving "Ireland and the Irish" the better, the more nearly he looked into their character and condition. Mr Binns, who went to Ireland as an Assistant Poor-Law Commissioner, is no exception to this rule. His book, dictated by a kind and liberal spirit, abounds in important, if homely details; and is full of the sort of information which we should delight to see made familiar to the *whole* people of Great Britain. Mr Binns enjoyed excellent opportunities of acquiring information, and he has made good use of them. He is, besides, a practical agriculturist.

Some Account of the Life and Writings of the Celebrated Rabbi Maimonides, the celebrated "Egyptian Moses."

This is the first of a set of curious Tracts, of which those published are upon the Laws of the Jews relating to "The Poor and the Stranger;" "The Judaic Law as Opposed to the English Military;" "The English Pauper-Law, and Factory-Slave Law;" and "Testimonies to the Fertility of Ancient Palestine." The whole of these Tracts are the pleadings of an advocate of justice and mercy, who has devised this ingenious mode of making the voice of humanity be heard. The Pamphlets display considerable erudition; and, to render them more generally attractive, as well as to illustrate the text, they are embellished with numerous wood engravings. Some of the Tracts are exact translations from Maimonides; others are original compositions. The Author is a decided enemy to the Factory System, so far as over-working and beating children are concerned; to the Flogging of Soldiers, and to the New Poor Laws.

Yarrel's British Birds.

A few more parts are published—the letterpress shews the opinions and the newest facts collected by the leading naturalists. The engravings of birds are beautiful, lively, and true.

Burke's Genealogical and Heraldic History of the Commons of Great Britain and Ireland.

Two more Parts of this *amusing* and curious work, the XIV. and XV., have appeared. Independently of its main purpose, we consider it exceedingly interesting, from the antiquarian details, and also as a domestic history. In this respect the notes are peculiarly valuable.

Rowbotham's new Derivative and Etymological Dictionary of Words, having their origin from the Greek and Latin Languages.

A useful school-book. A perfect work of this kind would supply to such children as have neither fortune nor time for classical education, one main use of classical attainments, in being able to recognise the origin, and, hence, the full force and meaning of all English derivatives.

Duties of the Young.

The alleged object of this little treatise is to form the moral character of youth upon the basis of good sense and practical piety. With somewhat of formality, and ultra-precision in small matters, it appears a plain useful code of instruction and self-discipline.

Temple's Christian's Daily Treasury. **Second Edition.**

In it, a brief religious Exercise or Meditation is given for every day of the year. To each section a suitable text of Scripture is prefixed.

POLITICAL REGISTER.

ATTENTION during the month has been absorbed by Canadian affairs, and intelligence from North America has been looked for with the greatest anxiety. We have not yet received any account from the insurgents, of the immediate causes of the revolt, or why they took up arms, when—as far as has yet been seen—they were so ill prepared to enter into a contest with the power of Britain. All the intelligence yet arrived is from the Tories, or rather the Orangemen of Canada, of whom their brethren on this side of the Atlantic boast that there are not fewer than 16,000 in the Upper Province alone. We, therefore, believe that very little reliance is to be placed on the statements we find daily reiterated of the revolt being entirely quashed; for we have seen enough to convince us, that the Whig and Tory press are willing to resort to any device, to delude the People as to the real state of matters in this most important colony. A week or two ago, we were told by the London daily press, that the insurgents were completely dispersed, tranquillity restored, and all possibility of hostile collision at an end; but, a very few days afterwards, we found that, amidst all this tranquillity, Sir John Colborne had found himself under the necessity of putting himself at the head of three regiments, six pieces of artillery, a large body of volunteers—in short, the whole disposable force of the province—to attack a body of insurgents who had taken up a strong position within twenty-five miles of Montreal. Sir Francis Head also was so confident of the loyalty of the Upper Province, that he sent all his troops from Toronto to the assistance of Lord Gosford; and, no sooner had they departed, than he found himself besieged in his own seat of government, obliged, for safety, to embark his wife and family in a steam-boat, and indebted for his own personal safety to the gross mismanagement of his antagonist, who, instead of making an immediate attack on Toronto, and seizing the Governor and the 6000 stand of arms which had been left there under the charge of the magistrates and constables—many of the inhabitants being favourable to the insurgents—allowed himself to be amused with negotiations, while a force was collecting to oppose him.

Meanwhile, matters are going on in the same course with the Canadians as with their southern neighbours sixty years ago. One measure of coercion follows another in rapid succession. The first was to plunder the Canadian exchequer, which may be compared to the Stamp Duty Act of the old provinces. The next, which it needed not have required three weeks nor three days to concoct, is to abolish their constitution. Suspension is what is held out; but abolition is, in reality, what is intended. This is of a piece with the suspension of the trade of Boston, to punish the inhabitants of the province. During the recess of Parliament, it was whispered that the suspension of the sittings of the Legislative Assembly was to be only for one year. The bill actually suspends them to 1st November 1840. The winter of 1840 is, *in prospectu*, somewhat stormy, and, therefore, no longer suspension is *at present* ventured on. Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof! It is impossible to think of suspensions without recollecting that of cash payments by the Bank of England. On *Sunday*, the 25th February 1797, was the meeting of the Cabinet Council, requiring the Bank not to pay their notes in cash for *three weeks*.—They ceased to pay for *twenty years!* On Sunday, the 14th January 1838, Ministers were so busy in *suspending* the constitution of Lower Canada, that the Queen could not attend "divine service in St George's Chapel, and did not leave the Castle; but was engaged the greater part of the morning in state affairs." We hope that we are not again to have a reign parallel in events to that of George III.; but we have similar elements to commence with—a young Sovereign, an imbecile Ministry, discontented colonies, and foreign enemies, under the mask of friends, ready to pounce upon us in the first moment of distress. We see the same ignorance, and the same confidence, that preceded the loss of the older States; the same apathy among the People; similar misrepresentations on the part of the aristocratic press; the same contempt of the power and influence of the colonies; the same eagerness to enter into an unjust and unholy war, in which no honour nor advantage can by possibility be gained, and in which victory will be ruinous and defeat disgraceful.

Assuming, what appears to be the universal opinion, that the insurrection in the Canadas will be completely put down before the end of this year, what is the situation of matters? We will then be in possession of a territory 1400 miles from east to west, and from 200 to 400 miles from north to south, comprising nearly 500,000 square miles, with a population so much discontented as to have in both provinces out-voted, in their Legislative Assemblies, by immense majorities, the governing power, and subsequently risen in arms. How many soldiers will it require, and what will be the expense of keeping up the authority of Britain in this vast and hostile country? We may judge from this circumstance. Ireland, with a much larger proportion of its population than the Canadas, favourable to British rule, with *all* its representatives supporting British connexion, and not containing above 35,000 square miles, not one-tenth part of the superficies of Canada, requires from 20,000 to 30,000 British troops to maintain tranquillity; and, although in a more peaceful state at this moment, than at any former period, not a soldier can be spared. Where are troops to be got for this service? Can Irish soldiers be employed to put down men like themselves, aliens in language and religion, and suffering under grievances similar to their own? *Lower Canada is lost to Britain.* In disputes between a mother country and her colonies, there are *vestigia nulla retrorsum.* The attempt to conciliate will utterly fail; and in the attempt, the Earl of Durham will lose the remainder of the popularity he still possesses. The inhabitants of Lower Canada will spurn a commission, by the constitution of which the Upper Province is put on an equality with themselves, and used to trample them under foot, and in which commission all their grievances are sure to be voted frivolous. But we have exceeded our limits, and have only room to protest against the further continuance of a most absurd, a most unjust, and, however it may end, to this country a most ruinous quarrel.

ENGLAND.

OPEN VOTING, OR THE BALLOT.—We observe that the names of the voters at Stockport, and how they voted at last election, have been published. This is as it ought to be. If we are not to have secret voting, let us have open voting in reality. At present neither the non-electors, nor the great body of the voters, know how votes have truly been given, and have no readily-accessible means of ascertaining the fact. If open voting is really useful, it can only be under a system of publica-

tion; and we recommend that, in future elections, lists of the voters should be published. We particularly direct the notice of such of the non-electors to this, as consider the electors hold a trust for their behoof. The expense of publishing the lists in most constituencies would not be considerable; and we doubt not that the sale would go far to reimburse the expense. We shall revert to this subject at the proper opportunity.

SCOTLAND.

THE ANNUITY TAX.—As this is the month in which the compulsory collection of this tax begins, we consider it our duty, as the newspaper press has allowed the matter to pass over in silence, to explain how things at present really stand. By a unanimous decision of the Court of Session, acquiesced in by all parties, it has been found that the whole money collected under name of Annuity Tax for eighteen years, from 1818 to 1836, has been illegally exacted, owing to the Stent-Masters not having been appointed in terms of law. This is a settled point. The results of this decision are—1st, That the arrears prior to 1836, amounting to £8000, cannot be collected; 2d, That all persons, who, during that long period have been imprisoned, or who have had their goods distrained and sold, including, of course, the whole body of Quakers, have good actions of damages against the Chamberlain, as well as all other persons concerned in such proceedings; 3d, That all persons who paid Annuity Tax, during the eighteen years specified, have claims for repetition against the City, and are entitled to rank and draw dividends, with the other creditors of the city; 4th, That every person now assessed for the Annuity Tax, and who paid any part of the illegal exactions in the years between 1818 and 1836, *is entitled to withhold the tax for this year*, and for every subsequent year, until the sums illegally exacted from them, with interest, are repaid. It is clear that this is one of the cases in which compensation can be effectually pleaded. From what we have stated, it is *perfectly plain* that, if the inhabitants of Edinburgh act on this occasion with ordinary firmness, they have it in their power, before this year is expired, to put an end, in unquestionably the most legal manner, to this obnoxious tax. If, on the other hand, they do not use the legal weapons with which the Court of Session has armed them, the inference that will be naturally drawn is, that the agitators for the repeal of the Annuity Tax are not serious in their opposition, and that, therefore, they no longer deserve the support of the citizens.

JUDGES' SALARIES.—We understand that another attempt is to be immediately made to obtain an increase of the salaries of the judges of the Court of Session; and we have great reason to fear, from what took place when the subject was last before Parliament, that the attempt will be successful. A Bill is now before Parliament for making some new arrangements and reductions in the inferior offices of the Court; and although full compensation is proposed to be given to those whose emoluments may be curtailed, or whose offices are abolished, so that no saving from the reduction will accrue to the public for twenty or thirty years, yet this contemplated reduction is to be made in Parliament the ground for an augmentation of salary to the judges. The Lord President at present receives L.4,300 for 114 days' attendance in Court, averaging two hours' sitting a-day; so that he is paid at the rate of L.17 : 10s. each hour he is in Court! Suppose he were to work, like other people, 300 days in the year, for eight hours a-day, and to be paid at his present rate, his salary would be L.42,000 per annum! The Lord Justice-Clerk has L.4000 a-year; five of the other judges, in addition to L.2000 of salary for the Court of Session, have L.600 more, as Commissioners of Justiciary, and several of them have other L.600 a-year as Commissioners of the Jury Court. In addition to all this, they are entitled, after fifteen years' service, or when "afflicted with some permanent infirmity," to a retired allowance of three-fourths of their salary during life—and this regulation is not allowed to remain a dead letter. The present salaries were fixed in 1810, during the heat of the war, when the expense of living was much higher than at present, and the business of the Court much more extensive; and, as we are confident that there are not thirteen men in Edinburgh who have a joint income equal to the aggregate salaries of the judges, we have no hesitation in saying, that an increase of their salaries is totally indefensible, and a downright plundering of the public. Is it upon this service that Lord Meadowbank has been so long in London, not only neglecting his duties in the Court of Session, but leaving a bare quorum of the Commissioners of Justiciary during the last three days of the cotton-spinners' trial? If any of the three Judges left had been indisposed for a single day, this case could not have been properly tried, solely owing to his Lordship's absence; for they could not have been convicted after the last day to which the trial extended—the 13th; and the two other justiciary judges were necessarily in Glasgow!

THE LAW PROFESSION.—Although law business of all kinds continues to diminish yearly, the numbers of the profession rapidly increase. The society of Writers to the Signet now consists of 703 members, 24 of whom have entered last year; and, if we add to these, 240 solicitors entitled to practise in the Court of Session, and look at the number of cases before that Court, we shall find that more than one lawsuit cannot annually fall to be conducted by each practitioner. To entitle him to practice, he must annually pay a license of L.12 to the Stamp-Office, under the severest penalties. But, what is still worse, it appears that the whole conveyancing of Scotland has fallen off one-half during the last twenty years; yet this is the time chosen for the Judges asking an increase of salaries, and for expending, without the slightest necessity, £40,000 or £50,000, on two new Court rooms, which, we believe, are unequalled in Europe in point of commodiousness and elegance!

PUBLIC MEETINGS.—We have had two public meetings in Edinburgh during the month. The first, on the 3d January, Mr Fraser in the chair, on the subjects of the English Poor-Law Act, the grievances of the Canadians, and the Cotton-Spinners' trial—was addressed by the Rev. Mr Stephens, Mr Feargus O'Connor, Mr Beaumont, and Dr Taylor. An attempt was made to hear both sides on the Canadian question, and the result was the most extraordinary scene of noise, uproar, and confusion, probably ever witnessed at a public meeting. Although the supporter of the Government measures against the Canadians spoke, or rather read a newspaper, for upwards of twenty minutes, only a word now and then, which he screamed out at the utmost pitch of his voice, was heard. Mr Stephens, who was stated in the placards to be "the most eloquent man in England," naturally excited some expectation; but, as soon as it was discovered that his topic was the New English Poor-Law, his voice was drowned with yells; and cries of "Canada," "Canada," "Canada," were vociferated at the end of each sentence. It was quite plain that the agitators of the Repeal of the New Poor-Law met with no sympathy from the working classes of Edinburgh. These persons should know that the workmen and labourers of Scotland, so far from looking to poor-laws as a resource for living in idleness, when they have dissipated their wages in debauchery and extravagance, or even as a resource in times of destitution or sickness, regard it as disgraceful that even their aged parents should be supported by any other means than the labour of their children's hands. A man or woman able to work, has, with us, not even *legal* claim to relief, however destitute; and, over the greater part of Scotland, no such things as poor-rates exist. We are advocates of a Poor-Law; but this state of matters, so far from being considered a grievance, has always been the proud boast of our workmen and peasantry; and nothing is felt so humiliating as to accept parish relief, which is never received but under the compulsion of absolute necessity. Great as the complaint is about the diet given in the English poor-houses, it is better than that of a great part of even our middle classes; and it is vain to come here to agitate Poor-Law Repeal, *the more especially when that agitation is combined with support of the Corn Laws, and of the prohibition of the importation of foreign beef and mutton, oxen, or sheep.* We, in this end of the island, are still so ignorant as to imagine that, if provisions of

all sorts were at half their present price, the condition of the working-classes would be improved; that cheap food, by enabling us more effectually to compete with foreigners, would extend the market for British manufactures; that such extension would increase the demand for labour, and raise the real value of wages, because the rate of wages depends on nothing else than the demand for labour. Mr Beaumont's anathemas against what he calls "Middle Class Government," met with still less attention. We wish we were the length of Middle Class Government. Without the Ballot, the middle class only seem to elect the House of Commons: the real electors are their employers, customers, and landlords. The consequence is, that we are governed by an aristocracy, under the name and pretence of a monarchy, dictating to the throne and oppressing the People. Nothing, in fact, tends more to maintain in power that aristocracy, than setting up the ignorant of the working classes against the middle, opposing every practicable and attainable reform, supporting the exclusive privileges and grinding monopolies of the landed interest, and opposing the Ballot, and other essential reforms, till universal suffrage be obtained.

The other meeting was held on the 11th January, in the Cowgate Chapel. Mr Gillon, M.P., was in the chair, and the resolutions were moved by the Rev. Mr Turnbull, (a Dissenting clergyman,) Messrs Cruickshanks and Howison, (of the Society of Friends,) Mr Burton, Advocate, Mr Tait, and others. It is highly discreditable that the Established Clergy of Scotland, the ministers, as they ought to be, of peace, have not raised their voices against the unholy Canadian War. The object of the meeting being confined to Canada, and the resolutions against the Whig and Tory treatment of the Canadians, and the addresses of the speakers, being both moderate, the utmost quietness, order, and unanimity prevailed, though the number of persons present at this meeting was treble those at the former. Among the working classes of Edinburgh there is but one opinion in regard to the atrocity of the proceedings of the Ministry towards Canada, and very few of them, indeed, approve of aiding the Tories, by placing the working men in opposition to the middle classes, by whose co-operation alone any measure can be carried through Parliament.

AGRICULTURE.

The accounts of the last crop, now that farther opportunity has been obtained to judge of it, are less favourable than we anticipated; as will be seen from the following excerpts from the county reports. *Perthshire.*—With respect to the quality of last crop, we have, in some measure, been disappointed. The farmers, in general, complain of the wheat, and, in particular, of the barley, exhibiting a coarser and lighter sample than was expected. *Fife.*—The yield is much complained of, both as to quantity and quality; much, or rather most of the barley samples being under 50 lbs. per bushel, and wheat under 60, which is fully two lbs. per bushel lighter than last year's crop; so that, unless a very material improvement in the price takes place, this must prove the least profitable crop to the Fife farmer that he has experienced during the present century. *Roxburghshire.*—The wheat is inferior in quality. Turnips have also turned out a rather deficient crop. In *East Lothian*, they have brought from £8 to £9 per acre when consumed on the ground, and from £12 to £16 when carried away. Markets continue dull for home grain; for it is an article no one will speculate on, under the present Corn-Laws. On the other hand, the price of foreign wheat in bond has risen 2s. a-quarter; the accounts from the United States of America of the last crop being unfavourable, and by purchasing foreign grain there is the chance of gain not only in the rise of price, but in the fall of the duty. When will our farmers come to the conviction, that to them—as to all the other productive classes—dear corn is injurious, and that fair profits for capital and industry can exist only in conjunction with cheap food? Was there ever a period in the history of any branch of industry, so disastrous as that of agriculture, since the laws against the importation of foreign corn came fully into operation, in the year 1815?

TRADE AND COMMERCE.

The effects of the derangement of the currency in America last year still operate on our manufactures; for it will require the whole of this year at least to pay off the debts already contracted, so that few new orders for goods can be expected. Although, however, no great briskness exists in any branch of trade, except the iron manufacture, tradesmen, generally speaking, obtain employment, though at wages, in many instances, lower than they have of late years been accustomed to receive. But there is in reality no great ground of complaint. Fluctuations in the supply and demand of manufactured commodities are probably unavoidable, though they are rendered both more violent and of more frequent occurrence from the artificial system of commerce presently existing among civilized nations. The great principle which has actuated statesmen for the last two centuries, is to create a balance of trade in favour of their own country—that is to say, to endeavour, by all means, to export goods to a greater amount than they import, on the assumption that the balance would be received in bullion; our wiseacres thinking that gold and silver alone constitute wealth, for no better reason probably than that these metals have been generally coined into current money. It has never occurred to those who are at the head of nations, that the only true policy is to leave trade free; for by this means alone, will every nation betake itself to the production of those commodities for which the climate, soil, nature and habits of the people, and geographical situation of the country adapt it. They have never, for example, been able to see, that, by employing a hundred men in Britain, on the manufacture of iron or cottons, and a hundred men in Prussia growing wheat, a greatly larger quantity both of iron and wheat will be produced, than if the employments of the men in Scotland and in Prussia were reversed. Till this small degree of illumination not only reaches, but is acted upon by "the powers that be," throughout the civilised world, the great body of the People must content themselves with being periodically starved, whenever they have, either by too much industry, created an oversupply, and consequent glut in the markets to which the disposal of their labour is confined, or whenever operations on the currency, or retaliatory acts—such as the Custom-House league of Germany—are resorted to by one state, because another conducts itself with greater folly than itself. The behaviour of nations towards each other, is precisely similar to that of spoiled children. The Germans, for example, can buy better cottons, and the French better cutlery from us, than they can, at the same cost, either make themselves or procure elsewhere; and we can purchase better wines, corn, cattle, sheep, from them, than we can either buy elsewhere or raise; but, because it has been found impossible to arrange among the statesmen of the different countries, a system of reciprocity as it is called, all the three nations, in revenge, not perceiving that in punishing their rivals, as such each is pleased to consider the other, they are, at the same time, punishing themselves—continue, generation after generation, to produce, each within its own territory, commodities which they could get much more cheaply from abroad; while branches of industry, peculiarly fitted for each country, are neglected or despised. Well might Oxeinstern exclaim—"*Quam parva sapientia gubernatur mundus!*"

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